February 6, 1932

Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Man Must Fight

His own story

By GENE TUNNEY

FEB. 6, 1932

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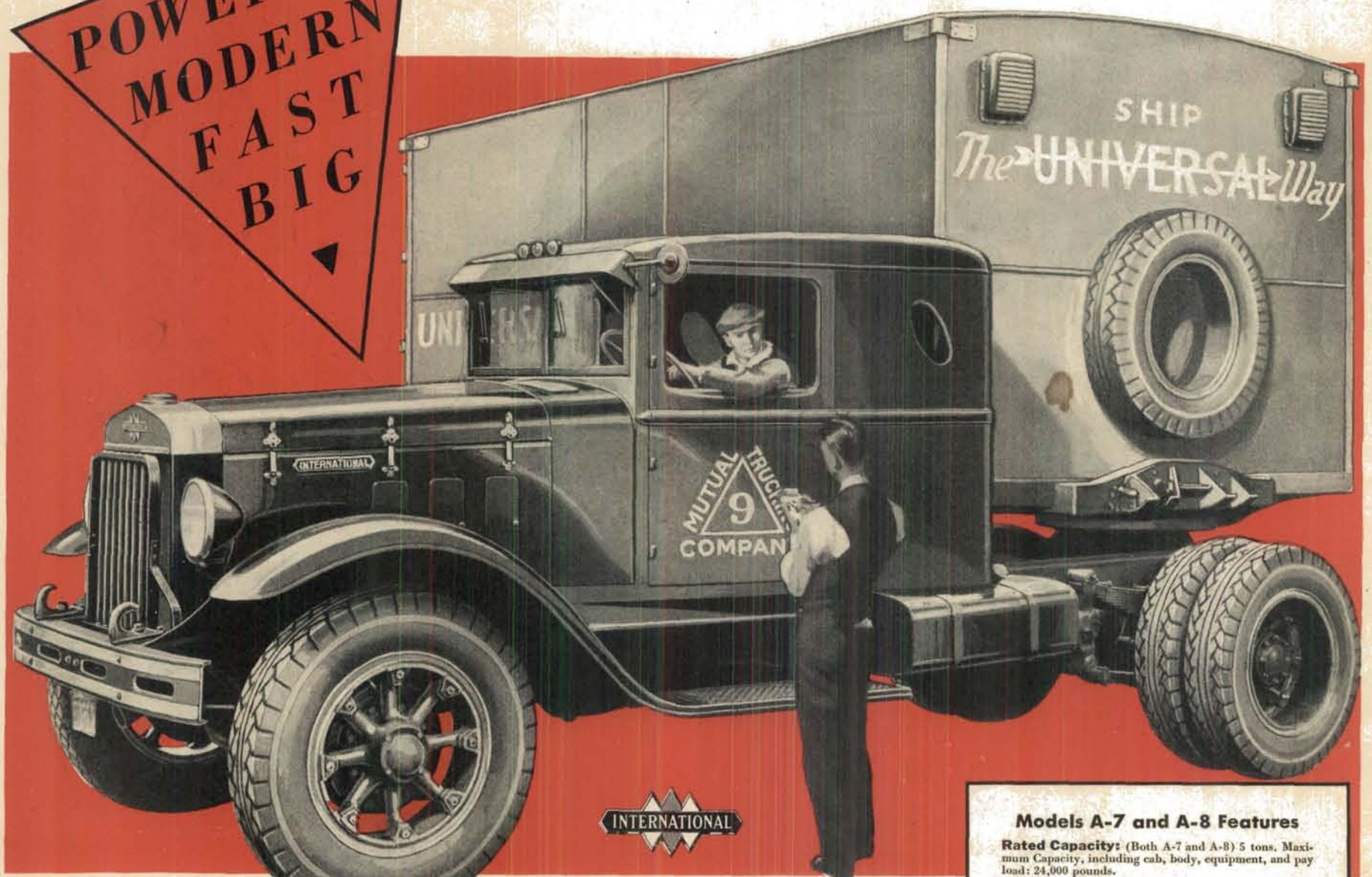
Announcing the NEW

INTERNATIONALS

Models A-7 and A-8

POWERFUL
MODERN
FAST
BIG



Two new Internationals are now available—Heavy-Duty Models A-7 and A-8. Big, yet fast! Powerful, yet unusually easy to handle. They are Harvester's answer to present-day demands for moving heavy loads with speed and unfailing dependability!

These two new Internationals are built in 160, 180, 200 and 225-inch wheelbases. They are adaptable for dump and tractor-trailer service and the heaviest kind of cross-country hauling. Cross-continent hauling, for that matter, for they have at their service the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world.

The engines of both these new models are 6-cylinder, valve-in-head type, with removable cylinders—an International feature that makes for remarkably low maintenance cost!

There are five speeds forward—two reverse.

There are four rear springs instead of the conventional two. These are of dual, semi-elliptic type, one mounted above and one below the rear axle on each side—assuring improved cushioning, and greater strength to absorb the enormous torque and driving stresses of the rear axle.

See the Models A-7 and A-8 now. Have the nearest International showroom arrange a demonstration. In no other way can you get a true picture of the new truck-value these two new trucks represent!

Models A-7 and A-8 Features

Rated Capacity: (Both A-7 and A-8) 5 tons. Maximum Capacity, including cab, body, equipment, and pay load: 24,000 pounds.

Wheelbases: 160, 180, 200, and 225 inches.

Engine: Both models, 6-cylinder valve-in-head type. Model A-7, 4½-inch bore x 5½-inch stroke. Model A-8, 5-inch bore x 5½-inch stroke. Engine features include removable cylinders, full pressure lubrication, oil filter, oil-type air cleaner, fuel pump, and downdraft carburetion.

Clutch: 15-inch, single-plate type.

Transmission: 5 speeds forward, 2 reverse.

Final Drive: Full-floating double-reduction gear type.

Steering Gear: Irreversible cam-and-lever type.

Springs: Semi-elliptic front and dual semi-elliptic rear.

Brakes: 4-wheel, mechanical, internal-expanding type service brakes with vacuum booster. Ventilated disc type emergency brake on propeller shaft.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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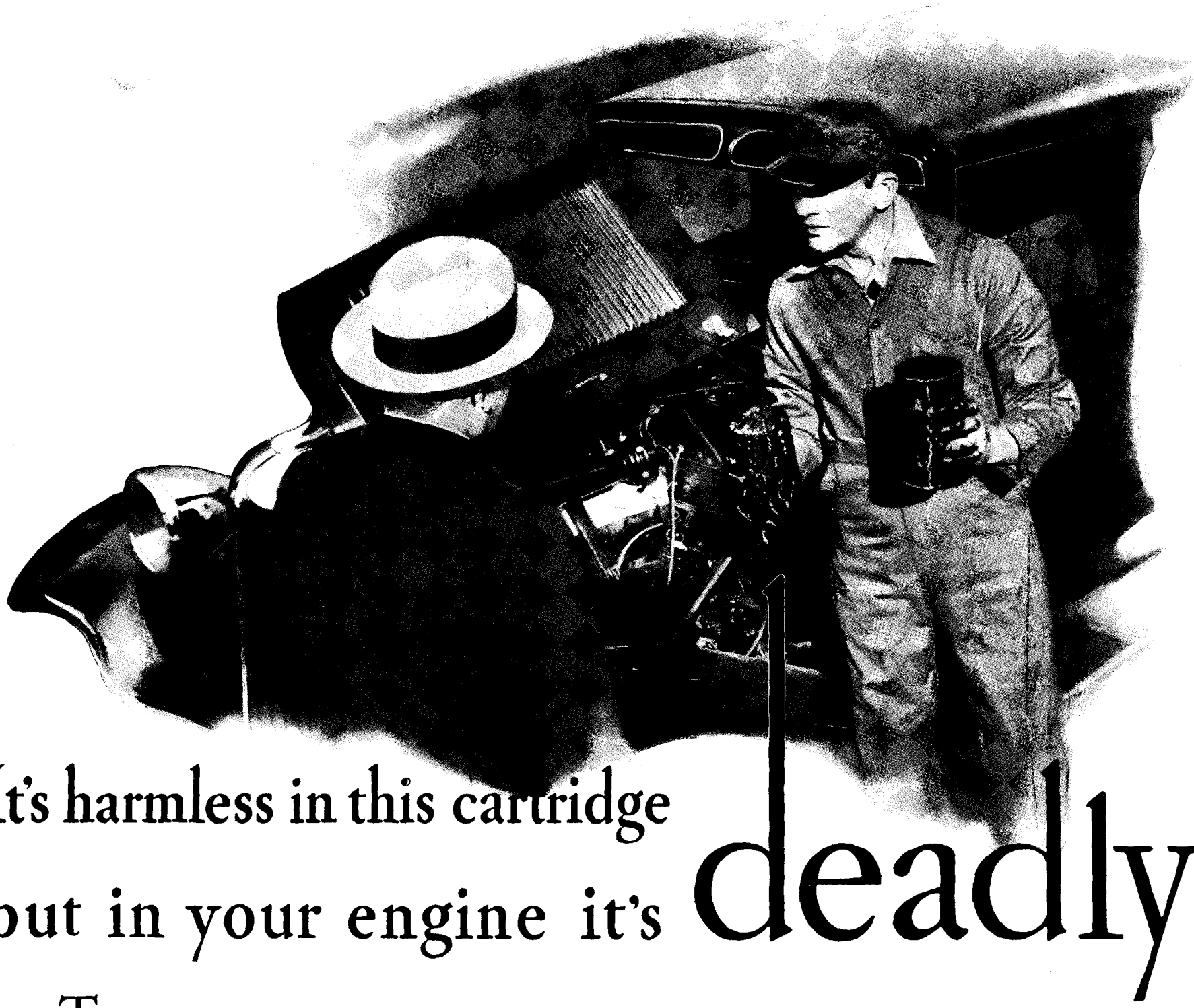

It's harmless in this cartridge but in your engine it's deadly

THE mass of dirt and grit, of metal chips and hard carbon in this split-open PUROLATOR cartridge speaks for itself. It is graphic proof of the need for a reliable oil filter.

This cartridge was taken from a car whose name is a hall-mark of quality. Its owner used motor oil of the finest grade. Yet, in just 8,000 miles of driving, the PUROLATOR Oil Filter removed from the crankcase enough of this slimy, abrasive material to cripple half a dozen fine motors.

PUROLATORS BEAR THIS TRADEMARK

There is no way to prevent destructive substances from settling in motor oil, and an efficient oil filter that catches and holds these harsh, grinding foreign particles is the only way to prevent them from scoring cylinder walls, breaking down bearings, and generally playing hob with the engine.

So well has the PUROLATOR Oil Filter done this job that the name PUROLATOR has become a generic term, rather than the identifying mark of a particular oil filter.

But the name PUROLATOR has a definite meaning for motorists—especially from this time forward.

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

Because the court of last resort has said that two basic patents, covering filter principles through which the PUROLATOR has secured and held its reputation for reliability, are valid, and belong exclusively to the makers of the PUROLATOR Oil Filter.

And so, it is just common sense for the motorist to always insist upon a *genuine* PUROLATOR . . . the filter that has withstood the test of time, and the exacting requirements of automotive engineers.

If your car isn't PUROLATOR equipped, ask your garage man about it. And if it is, be sure to see that the PUROLATOR is serviced after each 8,000 miles of driving. MOTOR IMPROVEMENTS, INC., 354 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

February 6, 1932

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Next Week

LET'S suppose you are a very eligible and popular young man returning to America on an Atlantic liner to receive an answer to your proposal of marriage. Within a few hours' run of New York you receive a wireless message. You open it with eager fingers. It is a rejection, polite, cordial and definite. But the name signed to it is not the name of your beloved. The sender is a charming young person you've known all your life but you do not love her, have not proposed to her and have no intention of doing so. For some reason, however, she thinks you have. Probably someone's ghastly idea of a joke. But what are you going to do about it? You can't wound her by telling her the truth.

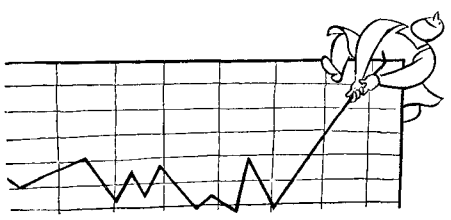
The situation would cause you no little anguish but Arthur Somers Roche is quite unruffled by it. That's merely the beginning of his new novel, "The Gracious Lady," and to our eyes it is his most successful story. Moreover, those readers who have been writing us threatening letters because we have had no Roche opus in recent issues can compose themselves for a spell of reading and give us some peace.

—

GENE TUNNEY continues the absorbing narrative he begins in this issue. He tells of his first professional fight, which his father refused to attend; of the following ill-paid matches; the paralyzed left arm which caused his rejection when he first tried to enlist in the Marine Corps (it is shorter than his right arm to this day); of his early experiences in France and a night at Romorantin when he discovered that a man may turn certain defeat into victory if only he keeps on trying.

—

THE prophets of pessimism are further confounded next week. John T. Flynn has condensed into one article the most striking stories taken from the letters of the retailers who told us how they had increased their profits in a year of depression. Many hundreds of letters came in response to Mr. Flynn's series of articles called "Business Is What You Make It," and they prove that no enterprise is too small to feel the invigorating effects of courage, ingenuity and the work of a man or woman who doesn't know what surrender means.



THERE are at least two short love stories, one with a slightly criminal aspect, "Star Sapphire," by Sidney Herschel Small, and another permitting nothing but temporary misunderstanding to delay its triumph: "Romance Preferred," by Diana Bourbon.

—

ALAN LEMAY, Harold Sterner, Richard Connell, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work, The Short Short Story, a page by the all-seeing Gentleman at the Keyhole and other choice items taken direct from life and put down in glowing words.

Any Week

PERPLEXED again is Mr. Joel Sammer of Little Rock, Arkansas. He reports that some time ago he was unable to find a politician who didn't try to dissuade him and his friends from getting overheated about farm relief.

"We have finally calmed down," says Mr. Sammer, "and aren't making so much noise as we used to and the result is that the same politicians are running around asking us why we're so quiet. Seems to me they are afraid we've quit hollering and started thinking."

MRS. LYDIA O. LARSON of Knoxville, Tennessee, has reached the end of her patience.

"I'm sick and tired," snaps she, "of hearing all our troubles blamed on Congress, Wall Street, tariffs, distribution systems and so forth. The germ of our sickness is cultivated in our own homes by ourselves. A little more cooking, scrubbing and sweeping at the sacrifice of a few hours of bridge won't hurt any woman. A little less gambling and some additional leg-work isn't going to make any man poorer either. More backbone and less wishbone is what we need. I will close now as I have to look for a washboard I discarded about two years ago."

—

THIS is going to be a great issue for Mr. George Leahy of New York City. Ever since Mr. Leahy read Gene Tunney's Russian article he has demanded more by the same socking author. We can just see Mr. Leahy sitting well back in his chair, Collier's gripped firmly in his hands, reading this opening installment of Gene's Own Story. Is this service, Mr. Leahy, or isn't it?

—

MR. SAM LEVI of Indianapolis writes that his son, Sydney, is on his way home, in good health and as happy as his parents. Perhaps you recall that some time ago we published here a letter from the elder Levi lamenting Sydney's absence and wondering whether we could help locate the boy. And you see what happened. Sydney had the family habit of reading Collier's. All of which adds proof to what we've contended right along: If you must contract a habit, you simply can't select a better one.

—

AND Mr. Arden Slay of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, thinks Congress should do something about "the insufferable conceit of people who give their own pictures for Christmas! I got five. And to think I could have had practically a life subscription to Collier's for what they cost!"

—

FROM Aruba, Dutch West Indies, we hear from Mr. Ned C. Bell that we are pretty popular down there. If it should get much chillier here the Dutch West Indies would be pretty popular with us. That sneeze you just heard was ours.

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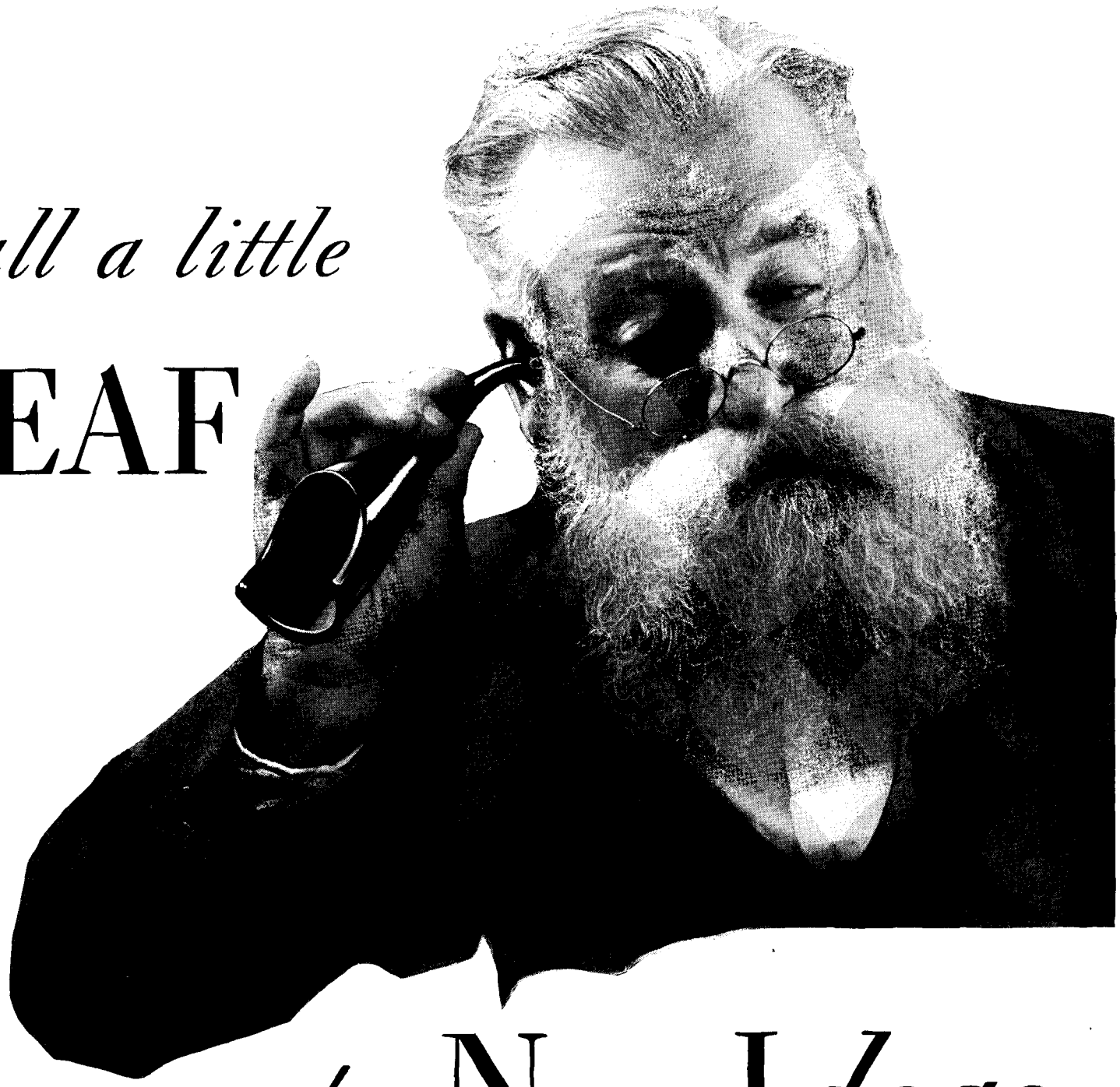
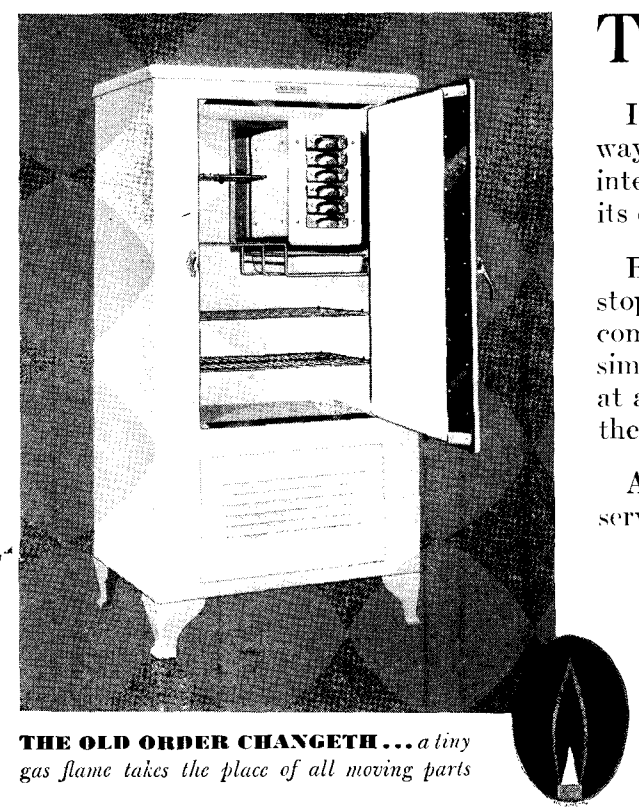
We're all a little DEAF



. . . *to New Ideas*



THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH . . . *a tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts*

THE BIG NEW IDEA in automatic refrigerators today is Electrolux.

It's not so much what Electrolux does as the way it does it. You may take for granted its intense powerful cold, its fast-freezing ice cubes, its chilled salads and frozen desserts.

But the constant even temperature, with no stopping and starting . . . the permanent and complete silence of Electrolux . . . its bare stark simplicity, with no machinery or moving parts at all . . . its unbelievably low operating cost—these things are different.

And the longer you live with this magical servant, the more thrilling does it seem to own an automatic refrigerator so soundless, so simple, so perfect that you almost forget it's there. All we say is: "go and see it."

Examine this proven refrigerator at the nearest showroom of your gas company. Then you'll better understand its spectacular four-year success—1931 sales far ahead of 1930 . . . hundreds of thousands now in use today . . . chosen by experts for thousands of the country's finest and newest apartment buildings—including the world's largest, with 1669 kitchens.

If you'd like to know more about Electrolux, write your local gas company, or go in and see them personally. They'll gladly give you complete and detailed information.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

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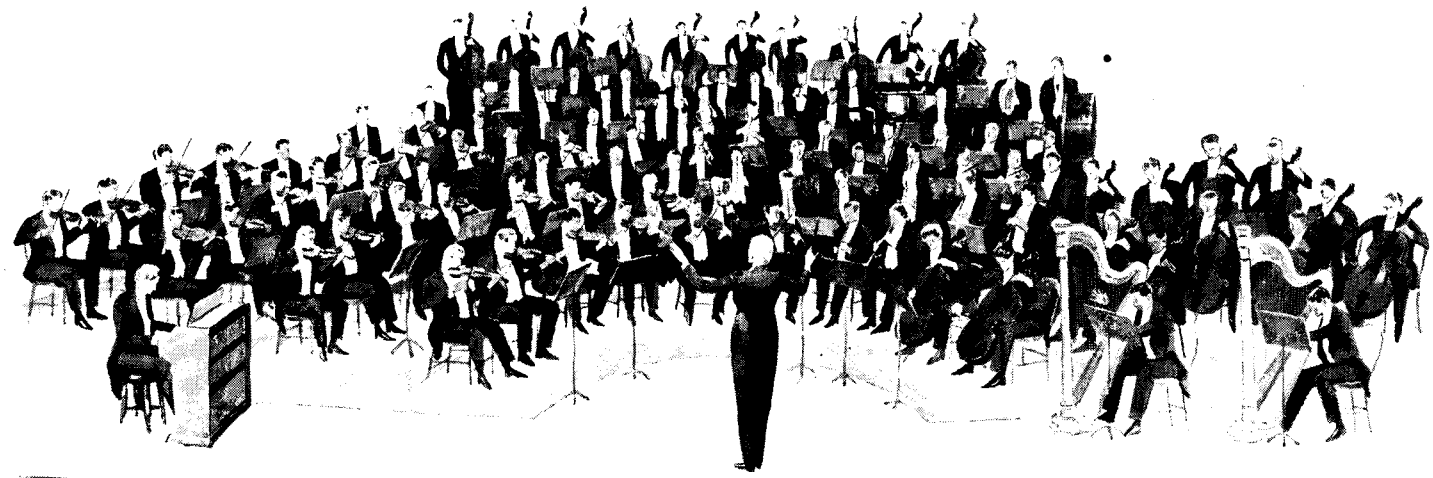
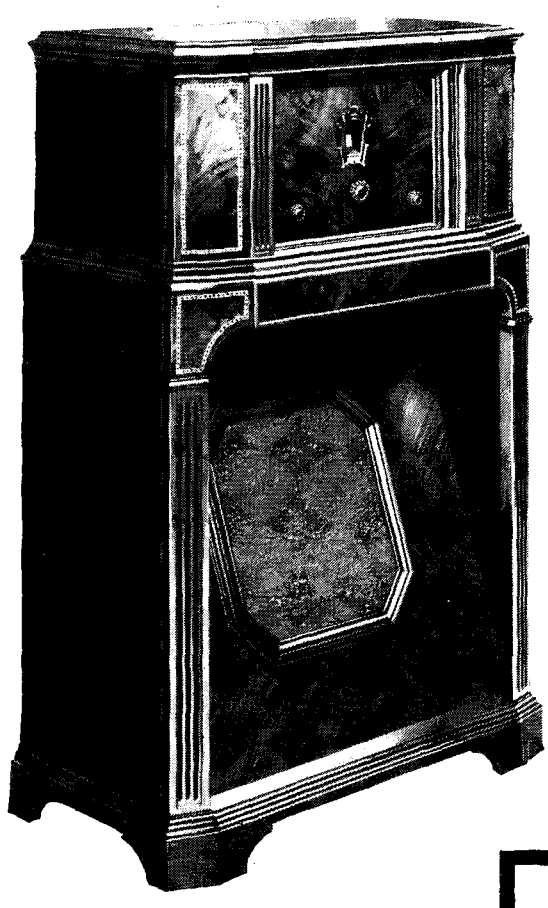
From Primitive Tom-Tom to Stately Symphony Orchestra





No sound is too subtle for PHILCO. The lowest notes, the highest notes, the most elementary tones, the full majesty of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—all are yours with a PHILCO.

Radio is no longer an experiment—nor even a novelty. PHILCO engineering has stabilized it. With a PHILCO you may have your choice of the world's most distinguished talent in music, both instrumental and vocal, and in the spoken word. PHILCO brings you this "wealth of the air"—any or all of it—in its true, natural tones, undisturbed by its long journey through space. Your ear cannot distinguish between the voice of PHILCO and the original.

PHILCO is easy to operate. It has unusual selectivity and power. The Illuminated Station Recording Dial, with glowing arrow indicator, exclusive with PHILCO, enables you to tune in your favorite stations without having to remember their wave lengths. PHILCO Automatic Volume Control counteracts fading of distant stations, and blasting of nearby ones while "tuning in," and more than doubles the number of stations you can get and enjoy. Leading dealers everywhere are happy to show and demonstrate PHILCO. See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

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ABOVE IS MODEL 112X Balanced Superheterodyne, eleven tube, Automatic Volume Control, $150. Other Philcos from $36.50 to $295, complete with Philco Balanced Tubes, including new Pentode Power Tube, illuminated station recording dial, hand rubbed cabinets, and many other exclusive Philco features . . . Also Philco Balanced Tubes for replacement, Philco Short Wave Converter, Philco Transitone for motor cars and boats, Philco Electric Clock and Radio Regulator.

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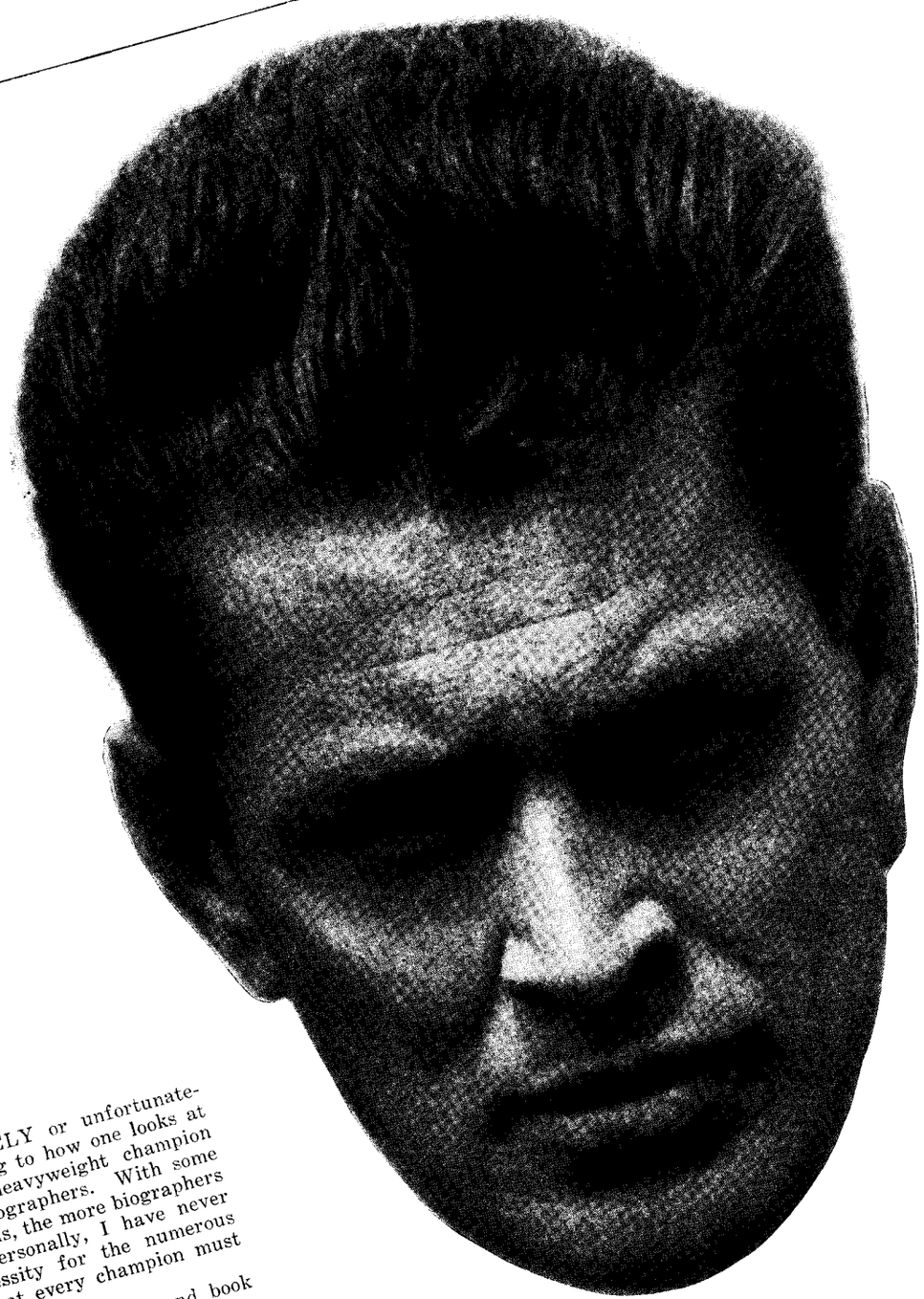
The National Weekly for February 6, 1932



A Man Must Fight

"When my story is told, I'll tell it myself. And I'll write it myself. It may not be great literature but it will be the truth." Thus for four years spoke Gene Tunney, conqueror of the terrible Dempsey, to editors who besought him for the story of his rise to the winning and defending of the heavyweight championship. But here, ladies and gentlemen, here it is. All of it. Before you've finished this series, you'll have the story of how Dempsey was defeated in Philadelphia, the tale of that famous long count in Chicago. Here are the punch and politics of prize fighting. And written by the man who did the fighting. Listen! There's the bell. Tunney leads

By Gene Tunney

FORTUNATELY or unfortunately, according to how one looks at it, every heavyweight champion inherits biographers. With some of the champions, the more biographers the better. Personally, I have never seen the necessity for the numerous biographies that every champion must stand for.

The newspaper, magazine and book publishers say the public wants them. No matter how the individual looks upon the thing, he can be sure that the usual number are going to be written. There have been at least four biographies written about me. They were so inaccurate from beginning to end that to me they were more amusing than historical. A short time ago "Pugilism's Greatest Historian" came into my office with a biography which he wanted me to look over before he incorporated it in his history of Irish pugilists. In glancing over the first page of the manuscript I saw six glaring inaccuracies, the first one being what to my mind is the most important part of the story, namely, the correct name of the "biographee."

I have come to the conclusion that since the public is sufficiently interested in its pugilistic champions to want to know the intimate details of their careers from beginning to end the least they should get in return for this interest is a true account and not a ghost-writer's dream.

I am one of that public who enjoys reading biographies of prominent figures whether in athletics, politics, science, art or literature. I insist, however, on having accuracy. It is, for example, terribly amusing to read the opinions of sports writers, and hear barbers, policemen, waiters, fictionists, *et al.*, express their "expertness" on what took place in the ring at Soldier's Field, Chicago, on September 22, 1927.

It occurs to me, now that all the experts are on record and the public knows what actually took place, I, as one of the principals in that affair, might humbly add my impressions to that already greatly swollen record. The average record of an event, if reported by ten witnesses, will as a rule be somewhat garbled. To add to the general confusion I am going to tell what happened in Chicago during my fight with Dempsey as far as my recollection will permit. But I insist here that there is no experience in my entire life that stands out as clearly in relief as do the incidents leading up to the Chicago match, the match itself and what took place afterwards. However, this event and its most interesting sidelights will be described in their proper sequence. For the moment let us go back. . . .

A great deal has been written by experts about "natural" and "made" fighters. I have never gotten a clear understanding of what constitutes a "natural" fighter or a "made" fighter. To me it has always been a difference in styles. One man finds out, not necessarily consciously, that an aggressive, swinging attack, without much regard for defense, is the most effective style. Others learn that feinting, slipping, blocking, making openings, etc. (which we call skillful boxing), is their most effective style. One is the fighter and the other the boxer. The so-called fighter or boxer, like a plumber or carpenter, must learn the mechanics of his game. These mechanics must be taught him, they are never a natural inheritance. The greatest barroom fighter who can be termed a natural fighter could not hope to cope successfully with the poorest fourth-rate professional.

I have never in my time seen a very clever boxer who when called upon to slug could not give a good account of himself in that department; and the good, aggressive fighter when called

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upon can give a surprisingly good account of himself as a boxer.

When I told the newspaper men in my training camp in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, while preparing for the first Dempsey fight, that if Dempsey would slug with me he would be the first to back up, I defined what I meant by "slug." I did not mean that he should drop his head on his chest and swing a sneaky punch now and then from a comparatively safe position, but for us both to forget defense and shoot punches at each other. Hype Igoe, a sports reporter who was one of my listeners and who knows a good deal about boxing, asked why I thought so. I replied that if Dempsey would gamble with me in a slugfest I would beat him to the punch every time. But I did not say at that time how I would beat him. I will, however, explain later.

It has been claimed by the "experts" that I was a "made" fighter. I was described as an "automaton" that an engineer might put together, with no instinct for fighting and a distinct dislike for the whole business. There were and are a great many things about the business of prize fighting that I did not and do not like; but to make a sweeping announcement that the whole thing nauseated me was somewhat overstating the case.

I honestly do not believe there ever was a boxer who had more genuine love for boxing competition, or for prize fighting if you will, than myself. Moreover, I do not think that any champion has ever done one tenth the amount of boxing for sheer love of the sport that I did before taking up the game professionally.

An Early Interest in Fights

On my tenth birthday my father, who was a great admirer of the old pugilists, particularly Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons, presented me with a new set of boxing gloves. This birthday gift stands out in my mind as the most valuable and most desirable one I had ever received and one that gave me more pleasure than any other gift I have ever had.

At that time the boy who later became the heavyweight champion of the world was an unpromising-looking lad. He was rather tall for his age, very slight in build and not particularly robust as physical strength goes. However, he was sound in health.

My father was inspired to make his gift because of my avid reading of the sports columns. The first paragraph I ever read I remember distinctly as being part of Bob Edgren's column in the New York Evening World. Edgren excited my curious and childish interest with his drawings and cartoons of fighters and fights. Long before I was able to read, these drawings had me spellbound. I wanted to learn to read just to know what Edgren was saying about these fascinating pictures.

I labored for days and days and, eventually, with the aid of the nuns of St. Veronica's Parochial School in New York, who were unconscious of my ambition, I finally deciphered the first paragraph. Edgren became and remained, for many years, my oracle. I believed Edgren to be not only the editor of the "best sporting page in New York" as he advertised his page, but "a Daniel come to judgment." Fate should provide against the discovery of clay in idols.

My father, being moved by my love of boxing and its fascination for me, gave me the gloves. I shall never forget the first day I had them. I verily believe I boxed more rounds on that one day—my tenth birthday—than I was called upon to box in both the Dempsey contests. Nor shall I ever forget the terrific headache I had upon retiring that night.

Four or five of the neighbors' boys, my brothers and myself all had swollen noses and lips the next morning, but they were proud badges of honor!

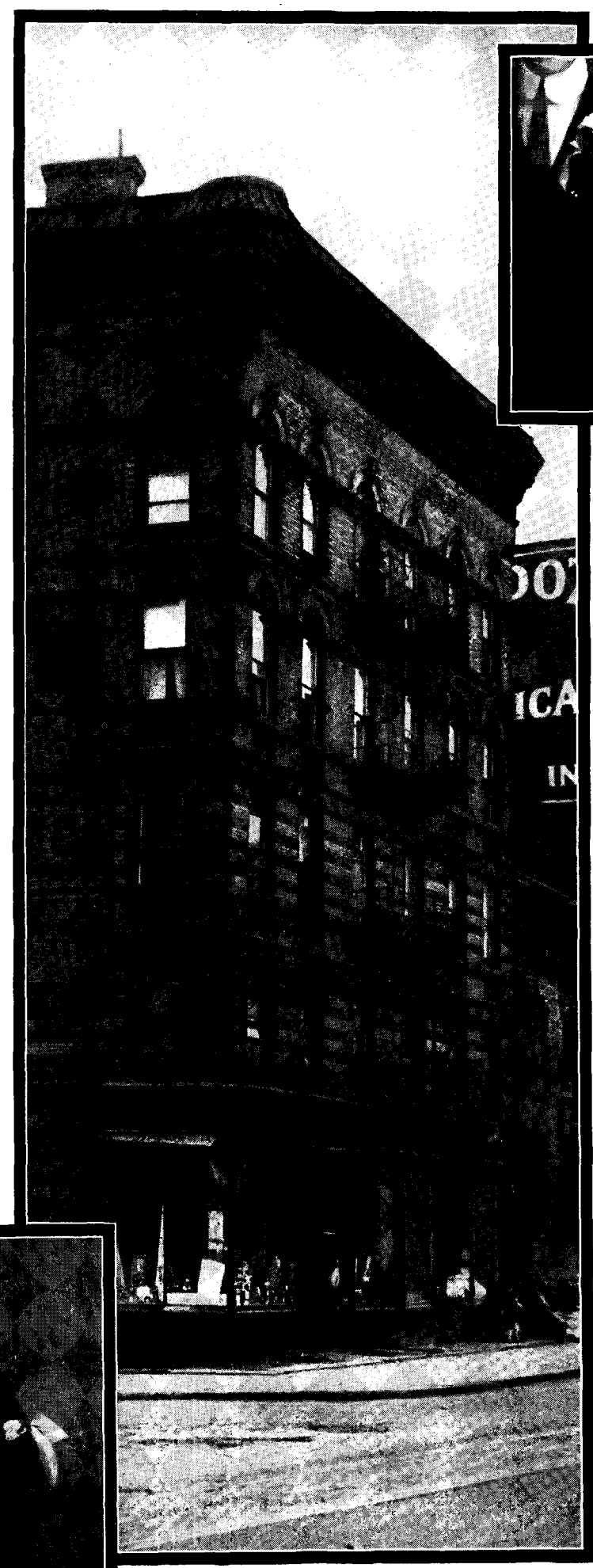
We continued the daily use of those gloves until they actually fell apart. I must admit I had a little edge on the other youngsters, because I had a theoretical knowledge gleaned from the "expert writings" of Bob Edgren. In other words, I knew the difference between a straight left and a right swing.

The next addition to my boxing paraphernalia was an inflated turkey bladder. I had learned that bag-punching was as important a part of boxers' training as boxing. I remember getting this bladder from the turkey on Thanksgiving Day, and recall tying it with a string to the transom between two rooms. What thrills I had as the greasy bladder bobbed around from the violent attack of my small fists!

Unfortunately, the bladder was not up to my ambitions and after a couple of hours it started to dry and crack. My first punching bag went "the way of all flesh."

About this time I became interested in foot racing and broad jumping and during the annual meets of the parochial schools of New York at Clason Point Military Academy, under the jurisdiction of the Christian Brothers, I competed in the running broad jump and the 220-yard dash. While I was able to outrun and outjump most of the boys at my school, I did not fare well with the competitors in the annual meets. I never won a prize.

An early photograph of Tunney, made when he was a pupil at St. Veronica's school in New York



Wide World

The Greenwich Village apartment in New York which was Tunney's home for the major part of his life

Young James Joseph Tunney's first public appearance—his "first communion" picture

Basketball was also a part of our athletic curriculum. Each class had its own team. For several years I jumped center and learned about the game that I was later to spend a good deal of my spare time playing.

During the summers I did what most of the youngsters brought up on the west side of New York were doing: I learned to swim in the Hudson River and to dive from barges, transatlantic steamers and other high footings.

In those days it was my great brag that I would dive from any place I could climb to. Naturally that boast brought me into serious trouble. On one occasion I climbed to the uppermost deck on the old S. S. Majestic to do a soldier's dive. A soldier's dive is made by holding the hands firm to the sides, as a soldier stands at attention, with the head striking the water first.

Boyhood Battles

All divers know that this is a most idiotic and dangerous thing to attempt. Diving from heights is made safe by breaking the water with one's hands and making a path for the head to follow. I must have gotten a slight concussion, for I had a frightful headache for three days.

Of course, during that time I had my share of fist fights with my companions. I did not always win, either. Though I was not a belligerent kid, I do not think I ever passed up a good opportunity to fight. This was the training that the youngsters of the big cities got in those days. Guns were not thought of. In one scrap that I remember distinctly, after we had fought for what seemed an eternity, we got into a clinch. We wrestled each other furiously and both fell to the asphalt Although I was on top when we landed, my head struck the asphalt hard and I was temporarily dazed. The other youngster got up immediately. Realizing that the shouts and yells of the gang meant recognition of my opponent's victory I jumped up shouting:

"Come on, this fight's not over yet!" So we went at it again. At the end of another hour we were both quite ex-

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hausted. An Irish bricklayer on his way home from work stopped the battle.

Another boyhood fight lasted three days. My opponent and I met for the first time in front of the White Star Line pier and hammered each other until a policeman chased us. We continued for the next two days, meeting at different places after school was out, each time being chased by a policeman. On the third day, my opponent decided he had had enough and quit before the arm of the law arrived.

I was considered rather incorrigible by my parents because no matter how much they would punish me, after hearing of each scrap, I would go right out and on the slightest provocation get into another one.

As I advanced in school I became more important to the athletic teams. The admonitions of my parents and the training of the nuns in school eventually made their impression. I gradually gave up the habit of street fighting. My spare time was now spent at running, handball and basketball.

A Small Boy's Heroes

I soon learned to play a good game of handball and to this day without preparation or training can deport myself quite well on a handball court. I played my first game of handball with a Christian Brother when I was not much beyond the age of ten. Handball, swimming, running, jumping, basketball and boxing were as much a part of me as breathing.

My first boxing idol was Jack Goodman, a very good west-side lightweight. He lived on the same street as I did—Perry—only a few doors away, in Greenwich Village. Though he met all the topnotchers of his class, he had no marks of his profession and was referred to therefore as "Handsome Jack, the idol of the west side."

I knew when Jack took his meals and I often waited outside his door to follow him through the streets, at a safe distance, to admire his snappy, short-stride gait.

Later, another lightweight boxer developed in our neighborhood, Tommy Maloney. Tommy was the kind that they called "a good boy." Every Sunday morning he swaggered down through Washington Street to Christopher and up the center aisle of St. Veronica's church with his mother. He never missed a step. Yet, for some reason, we looked upon Tommy as a usurper, one who was trying to steal the position of his superior. Eventually, Tommy and Jack met. Jack knocked out Tommy in two rounds. I know of one bonfire that burned that night!

At the age of fifteen, with an elementary school education and a course in business training, I decided that my education was sufficient for me to go out and conquer the industrial world. I got my first job—with the Ocean Steamship Company. In writing the letter of application I closed with "and, dear sir, believe me to be your most obedient servant." The letter is still on file with the Ocean Steamship Company.

I got the job and started as an office boy. My salary was the large sum of five dollars a week. At the end of the first year I was getting eleven dollars with the title of mail clerk—with great responsibilities, so I thought. After a year in the office I discovered that, while I had the natural qualifications to justify my rapid promotion thus far, the probabilities were that I would not go much farther unless I did something about it. With another young man, I took a joint correspondence-school course in mathematics and English. I am afraid that my algebra and plane geometry were not of much assistance in the office nor have they been since, with one exception. The axiom "The shortest distance between two given points is a straight line" I applied later most beneficially to boxing. From the moment I first studied boxing I insisted on applying this principle.

Along about the time I was sixteen there was a young adventurer, Willie Ward, from our street, who started professional boxing as a career. He had several preliminary matches in which he was successful, winning most of them by the knockout route. He asked me to come over to the back of Dave Bernstein's drug store to help him train for one of these matches. This I did without great trepidation, for, while Willie was a year or so older, I always had been able to whip him in our earlier boxing bouts on the sidewalks and in the back yards. I became interested in Willie's career. We soon discovered that the space between the medicine shelves in Bernstein's back room, where he prepared prescriptions, was not large enough for training quarters. Upon inquiry we found out that we could go to a recreation center located at Charles Street and Greenwich Avenue.

Willie, one or two other boys and myself, made application for membership in the Villagers' Athletic Club—which made its headquarters at this recreation center. The membership of the club was made up of young men from Greenwich Village who were employed in various businesses. Most of them were interested in some branch of athletics. They had a crack basketball team which played all the teams of its class and for which I eventually qualified.

Willie Ward had a group of sparring partners now and presently could prepare himself for his matches without my assistance. I took to basketball and modified marathon running.

In training for athletic meets with other recreation centers, it was our custom to start out around 8 P. M. and run up Fifth Avenue to 110th Street, using the Fifth Avenue busses for pacers. I competed in these meets off and on for almost four years.

A Lasting Contact

Some time after becoming a member of the Villagers' Athletic Club and after developing somewhat as a runner and as a member of the basketball team, I accidentally became acquainted with a man who later, for a period, had considerable influence upon me. He was the first real professional boxer that I actually ever knew. Willie Green had had a long boxing career, having fought (I even remember the exact number) 168 ring battles between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two years.

Among Green's opponents were Leach Cross, Battling Hurley, Frankie Madden and other tough lightweights of their period. He had at the age of twenty-two become an actor, playing a minor part as a boxer in a stock company that went across the country. He spent four years in this new career. I met him when he was twenty-six, a veteran of 168 ring battles and an actor who had crossed the continent several times, showing in all the big cities before large audiences. "What a remarkable person!" I thought. Willie Green was just ten years older than I when I first met him and to me had the experience, wisdom and knowledge of Jupiter himself.

He came into the recreation center one night with a group of sycophants who to me appeared to be immaculately attired. Their clothes were distinctly theatrical—the last word in Broadway cut—but in those impressionable days they seemed to me the ultimate in sartorial perfection.

It was whispered Willie Green was going to box Willie Ward. We all filed into the gymnasium to see the match. It went two rounds. Green practically played with Ward, until suddenly he landed a left hook which knocked Ward the length of the gymnasium. Ward fell and sat on his haunches. I was greatly impressed by Green's skill and professional mannerisms. He snorted rhythmically and knew how to blow his nose on the glove. These side tricks I noticed particularly; they savored of true professionalism.

Green, when he took the gloves off, threw a row of back-flips which advanced him further in my estimation. Here, I thought, was a great fighter, a great tumbler, a prominent actor, and one to be greatly admired.

Upon inquiry I found he was going to train at the gymnasium for a comeback, which he had been contemplating. The next night I went to the instructor and asked if he could not arrange for me to box with Green.

He said, "Yes, Willie will be glad to work with you. I am afraid Ward will not be able to give him much of a workout, and I am sure he will appreciate your working with him."

The instructor spoke to Green and said, "Willie, here is a kid who wants to box with you."

Willie came over and said, "Will you box with me?"

I said, "Yes."

"How many rounds will you work?"

"Three."

"Two or three minute rounds?"

"Oh, three minutes will be all right."

"All right."

I was conscious about this time that the instructor had not introduced me to Green. As soon as we started boxing I knew that Green was going to make a fight of it.

The Babe in the Ring

Here I was, sixteen years old, weighing about 133 pounds, tall and thin, never having boxed a real professional before, conscious that I was in what was rapidly becoming a real fight. How must I act? The gloves were very small. Green was exerting every effort to knock me down. One time as I was in a corner, I remember very distinctly Green's hitting me with a terrific left hook on the chin and the back of my head hitting the wall. As my head rebounded from the wall he brought in a terrific right which landed squarely on my mouth. These were the hardest blows I had ever received. I did not think it possible that any human being could hit so hard. It was new to me, as was the determined savagery of his attack.

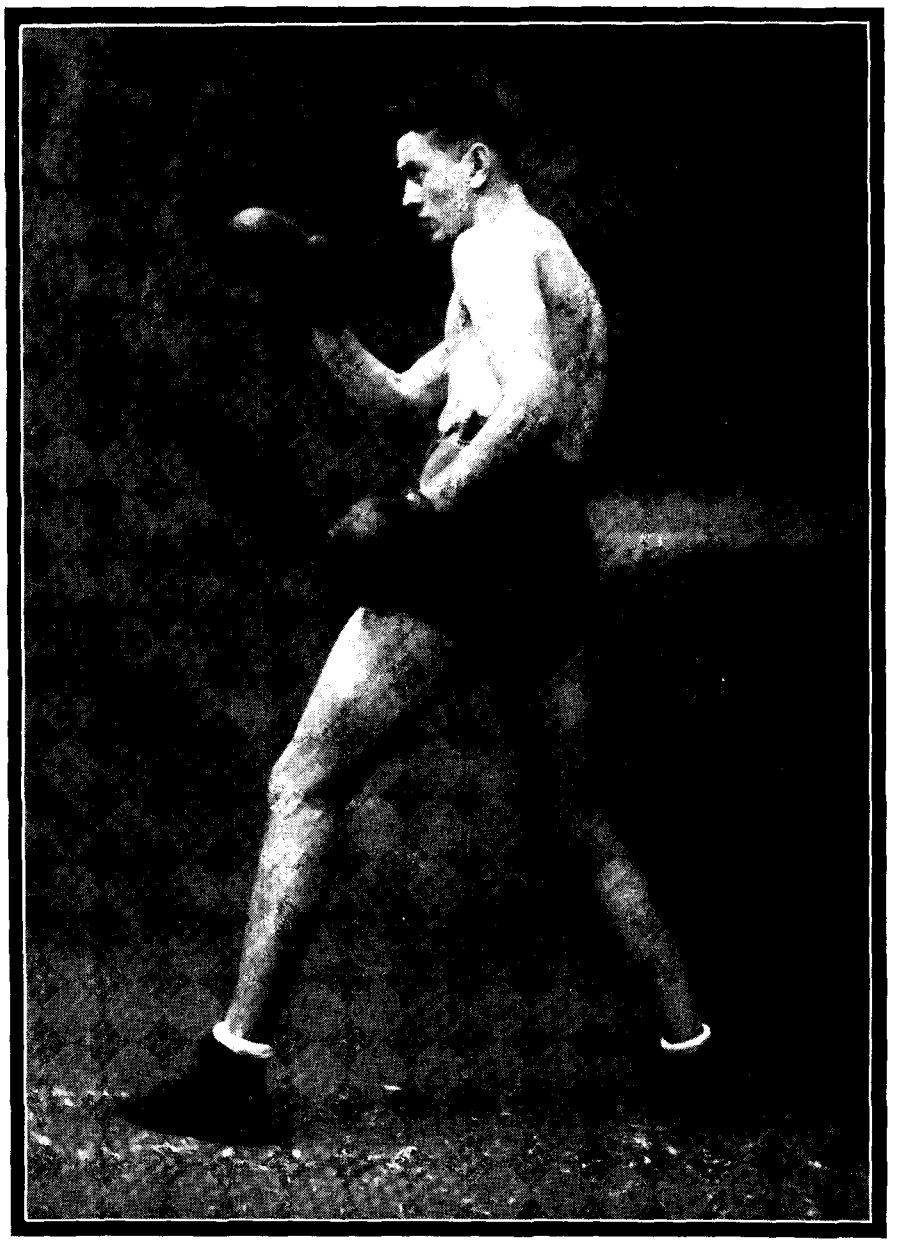
Up to this time I had boxed with youngsters of practically my own age and experience. Here was a finished professional fighter, hitting like the kick of a mule with either hand and weaving in front of me, trying to make an opening so that he could land a knockout. He realized that I was just a novice, for after battering me around for two and a half rounds he said, in the middle of the third round:

"Am I hitting too hard?"

To which, in anger, I replied, "No, no, I am all right. Go ahead."

We finished the bout—Green enraged because he had not knocked me out and

(Continued on page 47)



Leonard, Brooklyn

Tunney, at 17, was a promising young lightweight

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Dollars for Doughnuts

You can't sell the hole in a doughnut, but you could if you owned an elephant named Bozo

By Jerome Beatty

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"Better sign, Mr. Gooker," says the lawyer, looking at me. "I'm signing," says Gooker in a husky voice

ALL my life I been an orphan and I grew up on my uncle's farm just south of Wichita and nothing ever happens to anybody on his uncle's farm just south of Wichita, whether he is an orphan or not.

New York City, N. Y.—that is where things happen. Gosh! *I'll* say! You ought to go there some day!

When I was twenty-two years old I decided to quit the farm and go to New York City because one night I went in town and saw a movie show about New York City with things in it that I did not know was going on, very beautiful blond girls and penthouses, etc.

So I says to my uncle, "I have decided to quit the farm and go to New York City because that is where things happen."

My uncle says to me: "Be sure to hook the gate on your way out so the cattle will not stray on the highway."

I did not have enough money to get to New York City so I decided first to go to Wichita where I could earn money and besides get used to city life.

I got a job delivering groceries and boarded at Mrs. Ella R. Johnson's and the day after I moved in she was calling me Bill and I was calling her Mom because she was the nicest old lady I ever knew and she said I was a bright young man. All I needed, she said, was some backbone. I had the right stuff in me, she said. She was the first person that ever talked to me that way. I forgot all about going to New York City.

Mrs. Johnson made the best doughnuts you ever ate. They had chopped walnuts in them and the first time I bit into one of them I says, "Mom, this here is nectar from the gods," which I had read in a book.

"Aw, go on," Mom answers back.

"Honest, Mom, no fooling," I insist.

"Maybe they are better than usual," she says. "Probably Bozo was feeling slick when he got up this morning."

"Bozo who?" I ask her.

"Bozo Elephant," she says, and she pulled out of her apron pocket a little ivory elephant that was turning yellow. "My husband won it at a carnival by rolling balls into holes and the Japanee that ran the game said it was guaranteed carved from the tusk of the sacred white elephant of the Sultan of Siam and that it would bring good luck to anybody that carried it."

"You believe all that?" I ask her.

She nodded and says, "He guaranteed it. He would not guarantee it if it was not so, would he? He was a Japanee—from Japan."

I looked at it and handed it back to her. "It ain't brought you such a terrible slew of good luck, Mom. Your husband died and you got to take in boarders and—"

"Things might have been worse, boy," she says, and she put her hand on my shoulder and says kind of soft, "Maybe, Bill—maybe it was Bozo that brought you to me. That's good luck for an old lady—plenty good luck, Bill."

I give her a good hug. What made me do it I don't know, but I just felt like it and then I went quick out on the back porch because I knew she'd tell me I didn't have any backbone if she saw I was crying for no reason whatsoever.

WELL, one day my uncle died and left me a little money and I says, "Mom, now I am ready to go into business with an idea I have had ever since I first ate your doughnuts. We will open a doughnut-and-coffee shop. We will get us a little place and fix it up just like your house—no fancy nickel trimmings or tile floors. Just a rag rug and rocking chairs and you will make the doughnuts and I will help you serve."

It took us a month to get all set because Mom did not want to take fifty per cent of the profits because she said it was my idea and my money, but I told her that unless she did I would go to New York City to seek my fortune.

She said, "My stars, Bill, don't ever do that! They'd bunco you out of your last cent in New York!"

"But I saw all about New York City in the movies," I says, "where a beautiful blond girl fell in love with a fellow and she told him what to do with his money and then he went in an office and there was a little clock that did not have any face or hands, in a glass case, and they called it a ticker and a white paper ribbon come out and the fellow looked at it and jumped up and down and said, 'I'm a millionaire.' That's what you do in New York. You look at that white ribbon and you're a millionaire."

"Oh, dear, Bill," Mom said, "you went to the wrong movie. Those blond girls that seem so sweet are just vampires that are luring boys to ruin. They follow a fellow around and—"

WELL, she told me more about those blond vampires and I said I would sure go to New York City and let one follow me around unless she did like I said.

So we fixed it up the way I wanted it and we opened the Mother Made Doughnut and Coffee Shop and made so much money the first month we did not know what to do with it.

It was hard work for Mom and I thought maybe I could get a machine to make doughnuts and I went to a fellow named Culbertson that ran a garage and that was always tinkering and expecting to get rich with an invention.

He finally got a machine that made doughnuts O. K. except it would not put in the nuts. I showed him how to fix up a gadget to mix the nuts with the dough. He got it patented and set up a machine shop and I signed a contract to take all he could make, which looked like it would be about one a month.

Well, the first thing I knew, in almost no time we had a chain of Mother Made Doughnut and Coffee Shops around in that country, in towns and on highways. All the shops were like No. 1, that Mom Johnson ran, and in every one I had a nice old lady to run it.

I would not make a deal with a lady unless Mom and I both thought she was awful nice. We give them all some stock and some of them took their money out of the bank and bought more stock and the first year my profits alone were six thousand seven hundred and eighty-six dollars and sixty-five cents, which included twenty-five dollars I won in a Mexican lottery.

I bought the lottery ticket from a barber in Wichita. When I picked it out I held in my hand old Bozo Elephant, which Mom had insisted on giving me when we opened the first shop. I didn't want to take it, but she said if I had luck, it would be the same as her having luck and that would be her contribution to the firm. It sure was a good elephant.

Fellows down at the barber shop began to call me the doughnut king, but I knew they was only making fun of me, but Mom Johnson kept saying, "Didn't I tell you that you were smart?" But I knew all the time it was the elephant that was doing it and I hung onto Bozo tight, believe me!

THEN all of a sudden Bozo Elephant began to feel not so slick when he got up in the morning. The banks would not renew our loans. Culbertson decided he would not carry us any longer and that we would have to pay cash for the machines. I was going to put in soda fountains to help us through the hot weather but I could not get a dollar's worth of credit from any soda-fountain company.

Mom and I did not have much cash on hand because we put it all back in the company.

Culbertson got to making machines pretty fast and nice old ladies kept coming around and wanting us to open up a shop for them and we could not turn them down so we were in a mess, I'm telling you. We had been getting along so good that we had spread out too thin.

We did not want to give up the contract with Culbertson to take all his machines, because they were the best in the world and we knew the Krispy Kruller Kompany of New York City

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would sign him up tight if we ever let go.

I was all confused, and so was Mom, because we did not know anything about Big Business. The only thing I could think of was to go down to the barber's and buy a ticket in the Grand Irish Milk Fund Lottery. I took Bozo Elephant along and before I went in to buy the ticket I give Bozo a good talking to and I says, "Bozo, old kid, you are slipping. Sultan of Siam or no Sultan of Siam, this is your last chance. If you don't make good, out you go with the ashes."

I picked me out ticket Number BBJ-4000007. It was a copper-riveted hunch. There was BB for me—Bill Bonner—and J for Mom Johnson and all the zeros were doughnuts, and the 4 and 7 for 47. We had 46 shops and I decided to open another right away to make the hunch fool-proof.

WHEN I got back to the office, which was in the back of Mother Made Doughnut and Coffee Shop No. 1, Mom Johnson met me and says, "Shh! There's a man from New York waiting for you. He looks like a slicker!"

It was Mr. George L. Dinnegar, vice president of the Krispy Kruller Kompany, and you could tell he was a city fellow because, although it was a very hot day, he wore a coat, and a vest, too, and he did not sweat a bit.

Mr. Dinnegar said he had come from New York City to offer me ten thousand dollars cash for our chain and the Culbertson contract.

"Gee whiz, Mister," I says, "ten thousand dollars isn't near what we put into it. It's worth a hundred thousand if it's worth a nickel."

"You haven't anything much but debts," he says.

"But look here," I says, "there are a lot of nice old ladies who haven't a cent in the world outside their jobs and their Mother Made stock. That would be robbery."

He shrugged his shoulders like he should worry about nice old ladies.

"You can't pay what you owe on the Culbertson machines," he says, kind of sneery, "and he will jerk them right out of your shops. The banks will foreclose on you. I think you will find that ten thousand dollars is quite a liberal offer. You'd better make up your mind quick. Tomorrow the offer may be cut in half. Good day."

HE HAD not been gone a second before Mom Johnson come in to find out what it was all about.

"That was a scalawag, Mom," I says. "You are right about those New York people." I jumped to my feet and waved my arms because now I knew something. "That Krispy Kruller gang has got us in this fix. They gummed things up for us with Culbertson and the banks and the soda-fountain people and—"

"Don't get in a lather, Bill," says Mom. "That won't do you any good."

"If I could get my hands on some money," I says, "I'd show those crooks. I'd spread out all over the country—all over the world. I'd—I'd—gol darn it," I says. "Why didn't I think about it when he was here?"

"Think about what?"

"Think about socking that New York City guy in the nose!"

Mom laughed and patted me on the shoulder. "You're improving, Bill," she says.

"I am dumb when it comes to business, Mom, that is very clear," I says. "But, dumb or not dumb, I am not going to quit. I am going out to raise fifty thousand dollars."

"Attaboy," says Mom.

Nobody had any money so I did not raise the fifty thousand dollars and in a few days Mr. Dinnegar called up and said he was leaving on the next train and that he was now offering only five thousand dollars.

"And if you don't take that," he says, "in two months we get your shops for nothing."

I banged up the telephone and looked at Bozo Elephant and I says, "Bozo, you are one big flop!"

Then the telephone rang and it was the barber who said he had just got a cable from Ireland and I had won two hundred thousand dollars in the lottery and would I please pack up and go to New York City to get it. . . .

I WAS lying flat on my stomach on the floor of Joe's speakeasy in New York City and my hands were stuck out in front like I was diving off a springboard and my head was aching something fierce like they was drilling for oil inside of it.

I says to myself, "Ooo!" I says, "Ooo!"

All I could remember was that I come in about noon and drank one glass of that famous and noted beer that Mr. Tillwatter had told me about and they must have give me rat poison, I thought, because there I was lying on the floor and my head was going "Whango! Whango! Whango!" and when I opened my eyes I shut them quick because I could not see anything.

I tried to move my hands so I could roll over on my side but my hands would not move.

"Ooo!" I says. "I'm blind and paralyzed."

So I yell, "Hey, come here somebody!" and a gun goes rooty-toot and something stings me in the left shoulder and I get my eyes open this time and I can see there is a beautiful blonde lying crosswise on my arms and she whispers, "Keep quiet! Do you want to get us all killed?"

I lifted my head a little and saw men and women lying on the floor all around me. Then I remembered how four young fellows come in and pulled out guns and says, "Stick 'em up!"

One of them says to another, "That is

(Continued on page 56)

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Best since Bismarck

By T. R. Ybarra

You'd not expect to find him in politics. He is a scholar by training, a recluse by inclination. And yet he is at the center of the German political storm, one of the key men in world politics

ONCE upon a time there was a young German who loved study and college atmosphere so much that he simply wouldn't graduate. Term after term went by, yet still he lingered on as a student, listening to learned professors in the day and sitting up late nights, delving into volumes on philosophy and other solemn subjects. He liked particularly the mystical philosophy of the Englishman Walter Pater and spent many hours reading and pondering upon Pater's refined style and unworldly outlook, especially as manifested in his novel, Marius the Epicurean.

In every way, that young German was a dreamer. He was shy, reserved, aloof. He decided that when the day arrived at last—as arrive it must—for him to leave college, he would become a teacher. Not for him to struggle, as a man of action, in the whirlpools of the world.

The next glimpse we have of him is as the leader of a machine-gun squad in the World War. We find him far out on the front lines, seeing action at its rawest and battle at its cruelest. He is wounded—twice—and decorated for conspicuous bravery.

An Odd Career

Next we see him as the most pugnacious German chancellor since that man of iron, Bismarck. We hear him—formerly so shy and aloof—standing before a German Reichstag seething with hostility, giving it a tongue-lashing calculated to make even his toughest foes wince. We watch him—formerly contemptuous of worldly things—trying to solve the most tangled financial and political crisis into which the world ever strayed.

Those glimpses epitomize the career of Heinrich Brüning, chancellor of the German Republic.

If he ever pauses to reflect on his beginnings (which is doubtful, for leisure has practically dropped out of this ex-dreamer's life) he must look upon the memory of those early days of academic calm and cloistered aloofness as a fantastic illusion. Walter Pater indeed! Imagine Heinrich Brüning, Germany's man of action, her most resolute tackler of problems and dominator of crises, seeking to overawe turbulent Reichstagers by quoting to them pretty things from Marius the Epicurean!

For the past couple of years life has been just one crisis after another for Brüning.

Again and again it has looked as if the cards were stacked against him, as if he had not the ghost of a chance of maintaining himself in the chancellorship. Yet each time he has come out on top—each time, when the smoke has cleared away, he has been found, battered but calm, at his post—each time political wiseacres, who had scented his downfall, have ruefully paid out money which they had bet against him (and given odds, hang the luck!) to gloating believers in Brüning's lucky star.

If ever Heinrich Brüning came close to defeat it was last October. Then his enemies forgot their differences and banded together to "get" him—Hitlerites and Hugenbergers, goose-stepping Steel-Helmets and Communists marching under red banners to the tune of the Internationale. This time they felt sure they would worst him—what, after all, was this bespectacled student doing in the rough-and-tumble of German politics?

But again Brüning won—by a nose. And again his admirers, who, while he was struggling to keep his job, had been worn thin by worry lest he had come at last to his Waterloo, gleefully shouted, as they clasped each other by the hand and slapped each other on the back:

"Best since Bismarck!"

The Bismarckian quality in Brüning is all the more astonishing when one bears in mind that, besides being a recluse by inclination, he is priestlike in appearance. He is a devout Roman Catholic—and looks it. It is much easier to imagine him praying in the cool solitude of a cathedral than endeavoring, in some European council chamber, to shape the destinies of an ailing and panicky world.

Instead of being scowling and masterful like Bismarck, Brüning is smooth and conciliatory. The resemblance between Germany's present chancellor and her first one is to be sought not in looks or methods but in results achieved. Striding truculently from one ruthless action to another, savagely attacking and overcoming opposition wherever he found it, Bismarck fought to weld Germany together; treading softly, arguing quietly, keeping his temper, yet—when the need arises—asserting himself with all the firmness (though with none of the brutality) of Bismarck, Brüning is fighting to keep Germany from falling to pieces.

At his elbow, ever promising him support and ever fulfilling the promise, is a man sprung from Bismarck's Germany and, like Bismarck, seemingly hewn out of stone—that grim old giant, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, president of the German Republic. From the beginning of his association with Brüning, Hindenburg has backed him. The old warrior recognized alike the iron in Brüning's make-up and the diplomatic smoothness with which he brings it to bear on the problems besetting post-war Germany.

Once Hindenburg decides to back a colleague, he never swerves—as long as he deems that colleague worthy of his confidence. So it has been with Brüning. The old soldier looked him over—he took the measure of this ascetic student, to all appearances hopelessly unfitted for a life of action—and his glance, accustomed to judging men, at once pierced through the veneer of scholarship to the essentials of the man.

Hindenburg Picks His Man

Not misled for a moment by Brüning's clerical exterior, which so strongly suggests his inclination toward piety and seclusion, Hindenburg sensed the traits behind this exterior. He understood what had made Brüning a brave and able leader of German machine-gunners in 1918, when Germany's military situation was getting desperate and bravery and ability were at a premium. If such was the man in 1918, why not in 1930?

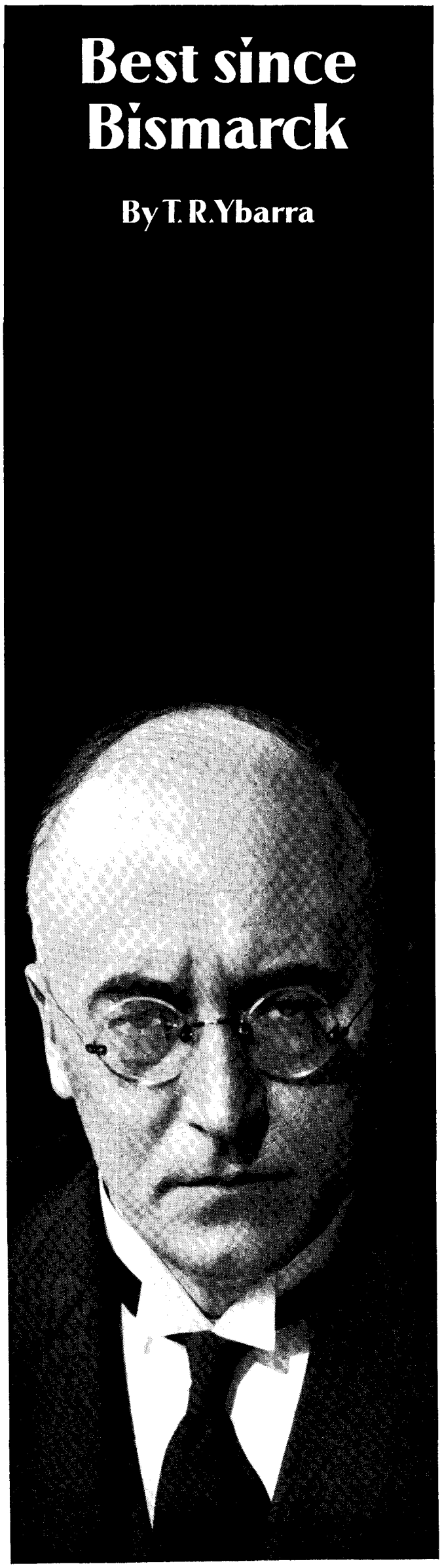
In the summer of 1930 the two of them—gigantic soldier and priestlike student—dissolved the Reichstag. It had grown too obstreperous for the smooth working of government.

In the summer of 1931 the two of them stood shoulder to shoulder when Germany was tottering on the brink of financial catastrophe.

Last autumn, Hindenburg again gave unmistakable sanction to Brüning. He expressed approval of the new Brüning Cabinet, formed to carry on government along the lines already laid down by the chancellor.

In this new Cabinet the forces of conciliation and those of military decision were neatly balanced. For the former Brüning himself stood—not merely as chancellor but as foreign minister; and as representative of the latter, the opponents of the government were confronted with the soldierly figure of General Gröner, one of the most efficient officers of the German army. They found Gröner not only minister of defense but minister of the interior. It was a hint—and a strong one—to the opposition, especially to Adolf Hitler and his Fascists. It meant that, while Brüning—once a machine-gunner, now a diplomat—was busy negotiating with France and other foreign nations for the promotion of German interests abroad, Gröner would keep the peace at home—with machine guns, if necessary.

Brüning comes of peasant stock. Generations of his forefathers were farmers in the province of Westphalia, in western Germany. His father, the first to break with the family tradition, turned from country to town in quest of his fortune. He took up residence at Münster, the principal city of Westphalia, where he became a dealer in wines and proprietor of a small distillery. He married a daughter of an



Chancellor Heinrich Brüning, Germany's man of action

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Acme

Diplomats at the Paris conferences on proposed aid to Germany. Bottom row, Curtius, Briand, Henderson, Laval, Stimson, Brüning and Grandi. Secretary Mellon is in the second row

old burgher family of Münster. Their son, Heinrich Brüning, the present chancellor of the German Republic, was born on November 26, 1885—thus he became forty-six years old last autumn.

His leaning toward study became marked from his early school days; nothing in his youth presaged the man of action and conflict. When he was nineteen, he began to study law at the celebrated University of Munich. But philosophy turned him away from the law—another proof that, in this first phase of his life, he was far more attracted by the abstract than the concrete. He abandoned his studies at Munich and enrolled himself as a student, specializing in philosophical courses, at the University of Strasbourg. It was during this period that he ran across the works of Walter Pater and developed his ardent admiration for the Englishman's ideas and style.

At the Front

Year after year he studied and brooded and immersed himself in dreams. Not until 1911, when he was twenty-six, far past the usual age of undergraduates, did he take a final examination. He passed it, becoming qualified for a position as a schoolteacher. But still he could not bring himself to quit the university life. He seemed a born bookworm, a fanatical seeker after abstract knowledge—a "grind," as we call his sort in American colleges.

However, he found time to travel in France and England.

On his return from foreign travel, Heinrich Brüning again turned his attention to the matter of getting a teacher's job. He still felt no urge for work that might give him opportunity for keener excitement; problems such as those which confront the politician and financial expert still seemed to him alien and unalluring. But—as in the case of so many other youths all over the world—something happened which abruptly upset his plans.

The World War broke out. Young Brüning presented himself for active military service. But he showed little promise as a soldier. His chest was narrow; he wore glasses; he was sensitive and nervous, as one would expect a bookworm to be. But he marched and drilled and endured without flinching the profanity of rough corporals and sergeants; and, having been sent at last to the front as a private soldier, he did his duty in the battles of the Argonne Forest, was hit by two bullets, and found himself—when he had returned from the hospital—promoted to the rank of corporal.

By the end of 1915 he had risen to the rank of lieutenant.

Now young Brüning saw action with a vengeance. After the German advance of 1918, the Allies pulled themselves together, and—with lusty American reënforcements—began to drive their foes back all along the front in France. Brüning was one of those entrusted with the job of protecting the retreat of Germany's shattered armies. It was a miracle that he came out alive; time and again, far behind the retreating main forces, he and the squad of machine-gunners under his command disputed ground, foot by foot, with the advancing soldiers of the Allies, lest too rapid a forward movement by the enemy should bring disaster to the Germans.

When it was all over and Germany lay prostrate in defeat, Brüning, discarding his uniform, repaired dejectedly to Berlin. Now it was politics that lured him; life at the front, with decisions to make every moment, had weaned him from dreams of Walter Pater and cloistered meditation and philosophic introspection.

First, though, he worked in an organization for the relief of needy students; political plums were not yet ripe for him. But, while he was working hard in his new job, Herr Stegerwald, a well-known member of the German Centrist party, who held a portfolio in the German Cabinet of that day, found that he needed a secretary. Brüning got the position. Never since then has he been out of the political game.

Stegerwald liked Brüning. He gave him sage advice, drawn from many years of experience; and, whenever opportunity presented itself, he played the young man's game, convinced that there was promise in Brüning. In 1921, after Stegerwald had been named Prussian chancellor, Brüning became the head of the Associated German Trade Unions. In 1924 he became a Centrist member of the Reichstag.

Brüning's Enemies

He soon forged to the front as one of the Centrist party's leading financial experts. He took an active part in financial legislation—indeed, one law on taxation is known in Germany as the Lex Brüning.

This specialization in financial matters, taken in conjunction with the tireless industry and unvarying common sense shown by Brüning in the discharge of his tasks, was sure to bring him into the limelight, now that finance and economics were tending increasingly to push everything else into the background.

When Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for Reparations under the Dawes Plan, criticized some of the German government's expenditures, Brüning came forward as Germany's champion. By this time, those who had for years suspected a "coming man" behind Brüning's unassuming exterior were convinced that they had been right. They felt no surprise, therefore, when he became German chancellor on March 30, 1930.

But the surprise of the average German was great—as was that of most people in other countries. Few had ever heard of Brüning. His work had been done almost entirely in the wings; practically never had he come out before the footlights. "Will this unknown prove equal to the demands sure to be made upon him?" asked the world.

But those to whom he was not unknown were well satisfied when they heard the news that Germany's new chancellor was Heinrich Brüning.

It would be a mistake to underestimate the strength of Brüning's enemies. The Communists alone are formidable, but it is hardly within the bounds of probability that Communism can establish itself in Germany. Ranged against it is the essential conservatism of the average German.

More menacing are the Hitlerites—especially since their recent alliance with the Nationalist forces of Hugenberg, Germany's millionaire dabbler in politics.

There can be no question that Hitlerism has been growing in strength during the last couple of years. Sufficient evidence of that to convince even the most skeptical was provided by the result of the elections in September, 1930, when the number of Reichstag seats occupied by the "Nazis" (the nickname applied to Hitler's National Socialists) rose from 12 to 107—almost nine times their representation in the previous parliament.

Germans of a class formerly marked by conservatism are tending more and more to range themselves alongside Hitler's fire eaters. Financial stress, political disillusion, the long series of humiliations to which (they think) post-war Germany has been subjected without offsetting advantages, have gnawed at the conservatism of this class of Germans until they have become willing listeners to Hitlerite arguments. Germany must restore herself to her pre-war position by defying France and the other victors in the World War, says Hitler—and more and more Germans agree. How he is going to make good his threats is another matter; but, after a while, disgruntled post-war Germans reach a point at which cool common sense deserts them.

The tragedy of Hitler has been thus far that his proposals are largely destructive, whereas those of Brüning are constructive. Hitlerites are full of talk about the necessity that things be torn down in Germany; but, when it comes to making people visualize exactly how those things are to be built up again, then arguments grow hazy and incoherent. Hitlerism, when challenged, tends to resolve itself into bluster. And Brüning knows it. Time and again he has forced the Hitlerites to a showdown; and each time he has held the winning hand.

Adolf Hitler, thus far, has failed to give signs of possessing even remotely the qualities of the man whose methods he reveres—Benito Mussolini. In Italy, Mussolini has known how to utilize the latent forces of Fascism for his own ends; to gather them firmly together under his sole leadership; to wield them to the utter discomfiture of all rival political creeds and leaders.

Always Time for Mass

That, emphatically, is what Hitler has not done in Germany. There is a wide gulf between Mussolini and Hitler. Mussolini is greater than Fascism; but Hitlerism is greater than Hitler.

The captain of Germany's Fascists is getting more and more into the position of a man who has borrowed from a bank and wants his note renewed. Years ago Hitler borrowed confidence from the Bank of German Public Opinion. He came back to get his note renewed—on the strength of deeds as yet unachieved. He came back still again for renewal—and still again.

Each time the bank granted him more time. German public opinion—or a large section thereof—still believed that Hitler had the "goods."

Unfortunately for Hitler, he has not delivered them yet. When he reappears at the Bank of German Public Opinion, will it renew his note? Not if Heinrich Brüning continues in the meantime to add to his already considerable influence over the bank's directors.

So genuine is the religious feeling in Chancellor Brüning that he always finds time to go to Mass, no matter how hard the task confronting him may be. When he made his famous visits to London and Paris a few months ago, he did not allow being in a strange city to interfere with his custom.

Asked to describe the various notabilities gathered for those Paris and London conferences, an American resident of Paris, who had met them all, said of the French foreign minister:

"Briand is an old fox."

"And Laval?"

(Continued on page 36)

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Winter Range

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

AT THE Bar Hook ranch, where Campo Ragland, the owner, lives with his pretty daughter, Jean, two men—John Mason, a banker, and Zack Sanders, a cook, have been murdered. Who killed them? Hoping to solve the mystery, Kentucky Jones, a young cattle dealer, gets a job as a cowboy at the Bar Hook.

A series of strange events follows; and presently Kentucky—still working in the dark—finds himself in love with Jean. The girl returns his love. But, although she gives evidence of knowing something concerning the tragedies, she refuses to confide in him. . . . Ragland has an enemy—Bob Elliot, owner of the 88 ranch. Elliot's men and Ragland's clash—fight a small battle. Jim Humphreys, of the Bar Hook, is killed. For some mysterious reason, Ragland refuses to retaliate!

Jean owns an interest in the Bar Hook. At her suggestion, Kentucky buys it—and prepares to wage war on Elliot. Alarmed by a midnight prowler, Jean awakens Kentucky. Kentucky accompanies her to her room. The telephone rings. Jean answers it. While she is talking, Kentucky seats himself on her bed. Hidden in the mattress is—a rifle! The girl returns. "That phone call," she gasps, "was from the gunsmith, Mark Ferris. The gun that killed Sanders belonged to Joe St. Marie!"

St. Marie is a Bar Hook cowboy. Kentucky rushes to the man's quarters. He is not in his bunk; he has just ridden away. Kentucky sets out in pursuit. He overtakes the man and, after shooting his horse, disarms him. St. Marie informs Kentucky that he had lost that gun to Ted Baylor *in a craps game, and that, shortly* after the murders, he had seen Campo Ragland cleaning a small-bore rifle—and Sanders had been killed by a small-bore bullet!

"Beat it!" Kentucky orders. "And never come back!"

VIII

IT WAS noon when Kentucky got back to the Bar Hook. When he had unsaddled and fed his ridden-out pony he lost no time in heading for the kitchen. Here he was wolfing cold meat and equally cold French-fried potatoes, washed down with coffee from the pot that always waited on the back of the stove, when Jean found him.

The pallor of fatigue increased the look of fragility that had altered her since the death of Mason; but her self-sufficiency seemed to have returned overnight. Perhaps she had been able to present that illusion to the others all along. For a while she had allowed Kentucky to see what a blind drift of doubt, fear, perhaps despair, had possessed her; but now the bars were up, shutting him out again.

She said in a flat, incurious voice, "Have a good ride?"

That stopped him for a moment. Last night he had held this girl in his arms—not momentarily, but for what might have been an hour; and later, in a burst of smoking temper, he had left her standing in the snow with tears upon her cheeks. He had ridden all night after a fugitive—perhaps a murderer; she did not know whether he had found the man, or killed him, or what he had learned if St. Marie was taken alive. Yet the indifference of her voice suggested literally that Kentucky might have been the horse he had ridden—or some other horse.

"I rode through mile after mile of buttonhole bushes," he told her, "all blooming in the snow. And it looks as if it might not rain, I hope. Did your father get back?"

"No. He's still in Waterman. So is Harry Wilson. Doc Hopper came out. They've brought Billy up here already."

"The devil! Where is he?"

"Here, I said." Her voice took on a faint edge. "Do you want to see him?"

"In a minute. Where's Lee Bishop?"

"He rode out again."

She stood waiting, watching him without warmth, without dispraise, without any expression whatever. He gulped down the remainder of his coffee in silence. And when he had finished she led him through the house to the room where Billy Petersen lay.

Billy Petersen was laying back in a four-poster bed that could have belonged to no one but Jean's mother; and the room it occupied was obviously the most favored room in the house. The walls were hung with pictures, and a gayety of hooked rugs and cretonne curtains was augmented in warmth and color by the crackling blaze in the fireplace.

In this environment the unshaved cowboy in the bed looked extraordinarily out of place, as if he not only had been put here against his will, but felt pretty sure that he would be kicked out as soon as the old boss got back. A book, face down on a chair by the bed, told Kentucky that Jean had probably been reading to Billy. Undoubtedly, the youngster was mystified by all this attention. Kentucky, however, was not mystified; the whole thing suggested that Jean had been moved to try to make up to Billy Petersen what could never be made up to Jim Humphreys, who was dead.

"What are you doing up here?" Kentucky demanded. "Doc Hopper should have left you down on the Bake Pan!"

"It wasn't Doc Hopper," Billy told him. "I didn't get no sleep last night. About four o'clock this morning I made Lee saddle up and bring me. About halfway I wished I'd stayed where I was. It sure didn't do me no good."

There was a moment's pause while Kentucky Jones waited for the inevitable question about how he had come out with Joe St. Marie. Yet the question did not come; and Kentucky abruptly recognized that Billy Petersen had not been told anything about where Kentucky had gone.

"DO YOU know where Lee went?" he asked Billy.

"He's gone gunning after Bill McCord."

"*Gunning after*—" Kentucky turned on Jean. "Why didn't you tell me this as soon as I came in?"

"I didn't know it," she said, the flat indifference of her voice unchanged.

Billy Petersen said: "Lee told me not to say anything about it until he was long gone. I wouldn't say anything now except I sure don't like this business, Kentuck—I thought maybe you'd want to go and side him, or something."

"Dear God!" Kentucky exploded. "Right into their hands! How long has he been gone?"

"About two hours."

"Was he going straight to the 88?"

"No; I don't guess he was going to the 88 at all. He figured he'd go over in the West Cuts. He figures Bill McCord has been over working in there. Naturally, he was hoping for a chance to get McCord alone."

"And I'm supposed to be able to go over and pick him up in the West Cuts," Kentucky raved.

"Well, he didn't ask no one to pick him up."

"Next thing we'll be tying him on a pack mule," Kentucky growled, and went out like a long-horn bull on the prod.

GOING through the kitchen, Kentucky Jones caught up his sheep-lined coat with one hand, and a handful of cold French-fried potatoes in the other, for he was wolf-hungry still, and didn't know when he would get a chance to eat again. Out at the corral he picked out a blocky zebra dun horse, dropped his rope on it and swung his saddle aboard. Two minutes later he was riding westward at a light trot.

In that country of canyon-slashed rimrock no part of Wolf Bench could be called unbroken; but to the stranger the branching and forking canyons of the West Cuts presented a discouraging maze. The abrupt walls of the canyons, dropping sheer hundreds of feet from the levels of the bench, offered a series of appalling barriers, repeatedly demanding detours of unknown length. Riders long in the rimrock learned a thousand ways to get into those canyons and out of them again; but to the rider who did not know them it too often appeared that there were no ways at all.

Kentucky Jones was anything but familiar with the intricacies of the West Cuts. But he knew the general lay of the land and the typical tricks of canyons; and he knew what men who were working stock, were likely to do. He estimated that he had one chance in ten of coming upon either Lee Bishop or the men Lee Bishop sought.

This one chance in ten was, as Kentucky saw it, Lee Bishop's chance for life. He did not believe that Lee Bishop could out-gun Bill McCord, nor that McCord's men would award Bishop an even break. Unhurriedly, Kentucky Jones set out to find Bishop if he could.

For three hours he followed Bishop's trail, sometimes through horse paths that were so dense an overlay of tracks that he could not tell what he had, again for distances where the trail of Lee Bishop's horse lay plain and clear. Then at last a smother of cow tracks blotted out Lee Bishop's trail for a quarter of

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a mile, and Jones never found where Bishop's trail branched off. He cast ahead, trusting to the general lay of the country to bring him across Bishop's trail again; but, though he crossed many a horse track, he accepted none of them as the trail of the horse he sought.

All afternoon he worked through the long lonelinesses, covering many a weary mile. Twenty riders besides himself might be working the West Cuts for all Kentucky knew; the West Cuts could have hidden a thousand more. Their illimitable emptiness made a man on a horse seem to crawl like an ant, descending deep hour-long declivities, only to climb again eternally.

He was a long way from home by the time that he decided he must have overshot. Once he had seen two riders whom he recognized as 88 men, working 88 stock; but neither one of them was Bill McCord. Lee Bishop continued to elude him, lost in the maze. The sun was setting; above Wolf Bench the wrinkled peaks of the Maricopas seemed to float detached from the earth: vast delicate traceries of pale blue shadow, set off with crooked red-gold tracings where the westering sun poured golden light upon the snow. Across Wolf Bench, already in the shadow, a dark, bitter-cold breeze began to blow, smelling of frost and blown snow. Kentucky Jones sat his horse upon a high point, and wondered if Lee Bishop were dead.

The frozen wind, forecasting the night, always brought to his mind the things to which a range rider has a right to look forward at that hour: the gleam of a little golden light at a cookhouse window, far across the snowy reaches, winking and almost lost in the twilight purple; and the things that the light, seen far off, meant to the rider coming in on his tired horse—the warmth of stove heat, friendly yellow lamplight, the crowding in of red-faced, hungry riders, very merry over being done with work; the smell of frying meat and hot fresh bread, and the steam of coffee; and afterward an hour or two of drowsy loafing in the warmth, wisecracking the day's work, spinning lies—maybe a game of seven-up, and somebody making music for a little while with banjo, mouth organ, or jew's-harp.

AND at the Bar Hook the cold, long twilight, which always made the simple realities of food and snug warmth seem so good and so well worth living for—at the Bar Hook these things should also have meant seeing Jean Ragland again, this girl who, even in adversity, was like no other girl. As Kentucky Jones sat his horse, letting it blow a little from a long climb before putting it upon the long roundabout trail home, he was thinking that this range could have been a great range for cattle and a great range for men and that maybe, having ridden it, he never would have wanted to ride another, had things broken as they should. It was a hidden malignance, working underhandedly in the dark, that spoiled this range.

He put the zebra dun into a canyon and out again, and to the rim of another; and there, long after he had let all hope slide, he sighted Lee Bishop at last.

What he saw at first was only a far-off dot creeping across an up-canyon snow flat; but presently his stock-trained eyes recognized the foreman's horse. He put his pony down into the canyon, then upward through the canyon's notch; and a furlong into the widening cut he hailed Lee Bishop across the snow.

"Lee," he demanded as they came together, "what's all this? You gone crazy, man?"

"I dunno, Kentucky," said Lee Bishop wearily. "Sometimes I think I am. I'm plumb mystified, that's sure."

"You damn' fool, you think you can—" A queer look in the other's face stopped him. "What's the matter, Lee? What happened?"

"Well, nothing much; only it's dog-gone funny!"

"What's funny?"

Lee Bishop pulled up his horse and turned in the saddle to look back. "You see this canyon, Kentucky? I've known this canyon for years. It's called Trap Canyon, because you can't get out the upper end. Over there—and there—and there—" he pointed—"you can get out all right. But the upper end you can't get out. I saw two riders come in here. I'm pretty sure one of 'em was Bill McCord, though I couldn't swear. I followed 'em in. And, by heaven, Kentucky—they disappeared into thin air!"

"Maybe," offered Kentucky, "they dropped into one of these little coulees. That way they could have worked up to the upper end, where that little drift of timber is."

"Kentucky, I've been to the upper end, and they're not up there, nor any place between. And if they'd gone up them side trails I'd have seen them. You can see a rider two miles as he goes up them long slants."

"Seems kind of peculiar," said Kentucky.

"You're damn' tootin' it's peculiar," said Lee Bishop. "I'm plumb confused. And likewise I'm disgusted, and likewise I'm sore. Let's get home." He kicked his horse ahead.

"Wait a minute!" said Kentucky. He held his voice low. "In heaven's name, Lee—stop your horse."

"What's the matter?"

"Do what I say," said Kentucky without raising his voice, "and don't ask why. Turn your horse and come back to me." Kentucky Jones turned his own horse so that it was headed back the way Lee Bishop had come. "Now bring your horse alongside of mine, easy," he said. "Walk your horse slow alongside of me."

"Where the devil we going?" Lee Bishop demanded.

"You see that coulee up ahead of us there, about fifty yards? Lee, how deep is that coulee?"

The drainage feature which Kentucky indicated was a shallow twisting cut that wound its way across the floor of the mile-wide valley, a creek during the rains, a dry wash in time of drought.

"Maybe five or six foot deep," said Bishop. "Why?"

"Walk with me slow and easy until we get to the edge of that coulee," Kentucky said. "Then slap hooks to your horse and jump him into it. Soon as he's in, duck out of the saddle and get down."

LEE BISHOP half drew up his horse as if he would stop. "What's got into you, Kentucky?"

"Come on, you fool!"

"See something?"

"I'm not dead sure I did. But, Lee, I'm not going to bet your life I didn't see something."

Lee Bishop brought his horse along reluctantly. "Then what the devil was it?" he demanded irritably.

"Don't look back," said Kentucky. "But where the canyon narrows down—right down there where I just rode in, and on the left-hand side—it's kind of shelving, and not so very steep; and there's a few junipers there. And I'm not right sure, Lee, but what I saw a tied horse up there; and if it is a horse, he's got his head snaked low to the ground, such as will stop the average horse from whinnying when another one comes along."

Lee Bishop swung in his saddle to stare back at the canyon wall three hundred yards away. Kentucky snarled at him, "Don't turn, you—"

Suddenly Bishop gave a queer gagging cry and snatched at his saddle scabbard. A rifle had spoken from the upper rocks.

The gun above spoke a second time, and a third; Bishop's horse started abruptly. The rider, his gun clutched across his breast with both hands, toppled sidewise and pitched headlong into the snow.

Kentucky Jones dropped out of the saddle, one hand taking his bridle reins close to the bit. His pony reared away from the fallen figure; but in another instant Kentucky had the animal under control. He lifted Lee Bishop, and got the foreman over his shoulders. Running diagonally to keep the pony between himself and the ambushed rifle, he tried for the lip of the coulee.

A FOURTH time the rifle in the rocks spoke, and this time Kentucky's horse plunged, jerking free the reins, and went to its knees. Bishop's rifle fell to the snow and Kentucky turned back two paces to snatch it up. The edge of the coulee was ten paces beyond. As he ran, chest to the ground, the rifle chopped at them once more from the ledges of the notch, and Kentucky felt Lee Bishop's body jerk. Then he lowered Bishop over the edge by the arms, and leaped in after him.

"Lee! Lee, where are you hit?"

Lee Bishop's eyes were squinted shut, and he groaned through set teeth as Kentucky tried to straighten him out upon the bottom of the arroyo. "They got me, Kentucky," he managed to get out at last.

"The hell they have! You going to please that bunch by making a die?"

But when he had examined Lee Bishop he did not know. The first shot Lee

(Continued on page 54)

Illustrated by Matt Clark

Kentucky turned on Jean. "Why didn't you tell me this as soon as I came in?" "I didn't know it," she said, the flat indifference of her voice unchanged

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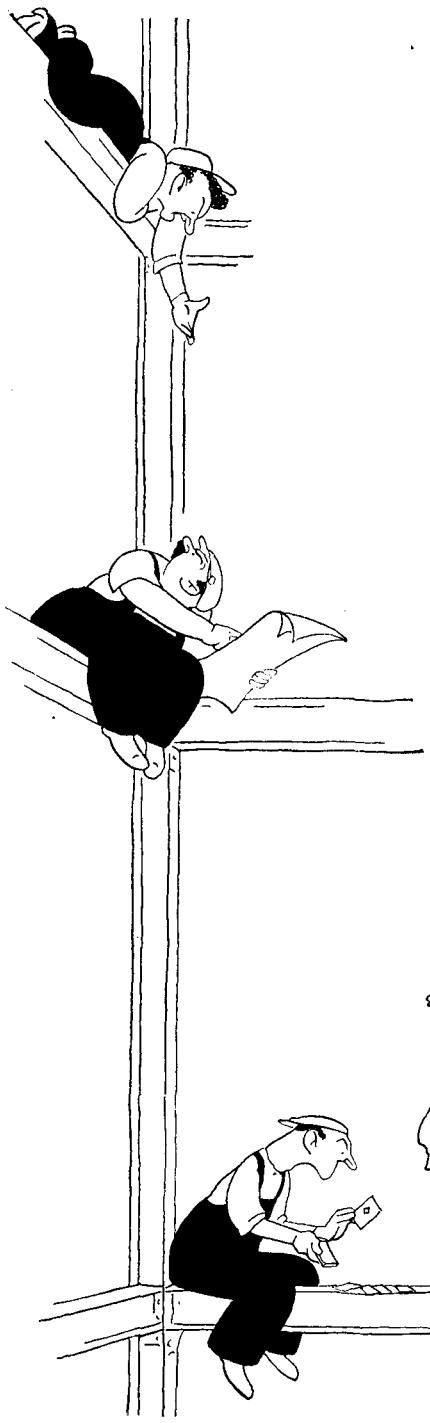
Sound the Trump

"No longer will our days an' nights be poisoned by the consciousness of having pulled a boner, for now we can shrug our shoulders an' dismiss it as a 'psychic.' No longer is it necessary to endure bad hands in silence. As demonstrated by the example of Ely an' Sid, it is now permissible to throw off the iron restraint that once made bridge a horror"

Uncle Henry



"All construction, for instance, stopped completely"

WHY wouldn't Americans have the highest blood pressure of any people in the world?" demanded Uncle Henry. "We live in a constant state of suspense with somethin' always keepin' us keyed up to a high nervous pitch. If it isn't political, like sweatin' over what President Hoover's goin' to do next, it's an emotional strain such as wonderin' what talkie star the Marquis de la Falaise will marry in 1932, or else the complicated love lives of Clara Bow, Amos 'n' Andy or the Gumps.

"It's several years now, but rural districts are still limp as a result of Uncle Bim's strange infatuation for the Widow Zander. Durin' those ghastly months, when marriage seemed imminent, a nation sat paralyzed, hardly darin' to breathe. Trains were stranded while engineers an' firemen tramped miles to tap a telephone wire for the latest reports, an' broken water pipes went unattended on account of plumbers refusin' to leave the bulletin boards.

"There was also the terrible time when it seemed certain that Andy was enmeshed in the toils of schemin' Madam Queen. Would he be able to get away? Schools were closed an' cases of nervous prostration crowded the hospitals.

"An' then the nation was on the rack again, torn as never before. Was Ely as good as he insisted? Would the championship match uphold his contention that he was God's gift to the bridge world, or would Sid uncover a lethal wallop? Must the two-bid be regarded as the last word in brutal command, or was it like liquor, somethin' you could take or leave alone? What would happen with a married couple playin' together?

"No such excitement had been felt in the United States since the experiment with yeast an' raisins. Feelin' ran high when it was first reported that Gene Tunney had been caught red-handed with a book, but it was a study in catalepsy compared to the feverish intensity with which the country followed the struggle between the loud-speakers of Contract bridge.

"That riot at Leavenworth was due to the claim of the prisoners that the warden frequently turned off the radio before the play was finished, an' what was thought to be a waterspout off the Massachusetts coast turned out to be a bridge dispute between two deep-sea divers. Even appendicitis cases refused anesthetics, not wantin' to miss a single hand.

"All construction, for instance, stopped completely, workers claimin' that the noise of the electric riveters prevented intelligent analysis of the hands. The defenseless tradesmen, such as paperhangers an' hod carriers, refused to go on jobs where there were bricklayers, pointin' out that they had no chance at all if an argument arose.

All Balled Up

"The one disappointment of the tourney was the broadcastin', for Mayhem Clackaway, as usual, got things all balled up. When he told about how the bid was five diamonds with only a yard to go, the bases full and the gong soundin' for the fifteenth round, his voice got so choked with emotion nobody could understand a word he said.

"Taken all in all, however, I don't think even the most captious will deny that the match was rich in benefits to the country. For one thing, it stands proved that a husband an' wife can play together without the development of those homicidal tendencies that have done so much to make Contract a Dark an' Bloody Ground. Only once did Miz' Culbertson make a noise like a spouse, and that was when she intimated Ely's jokes were gettin' a bit monotonous.

"Speakin' of Ely, I must confess I liked him best of all the four. One's heart couldn't help goin' out to the simple, unspoiled lad, so entirely unconscious of his genius. Always shrinkin', modest an' gentle, there was about him none of the bumptiousness that makes the usual champion so offensive. Even when he offered to bet $25,000 on himself, it was done so quietly, so deprecatin'ly, that people a mile away had all they could do to hear.

"Another beneficial result of the match was the way it cut down enforced idleness. Accordin' to Department of Commerce statistics, half of the unemployment was due to the fact that no four people played the same system. By the time a quartet got through argu-in' an' explainin' about informative an' business doubles, the club convention, jump bids, take-outs, the way to count a hand an' the exact meanin' of one no trump, half the week was gone an' nothin' done.

There's Still Some Doubt

"The battle of the systems changed all that. Everything has been simplified. As demonstrated by the play, all you've got to do now is to hold the ace an' king in four suits, backed up by a few queens an' jacks, although the jacks are not absolutely essential. About the only thing left unsettled by the Culbertson-Lenz struggle is the comparative merits of the two-command bid an' the three-command. There's still some doubt as to which one gets you set the quickest.

"Many give Culbertson an' Lenz full credit for havin' averted a social revolution. Believe me, 'Lonzo, America faced a dangerous situation last December, one packed with dynamite. Owin' to the depression, no buildin's were bein' torn down an' hardly a steam shovel was at work. To make matters worse, solitaire players quit the open an' hid themselves in cellars behind locked doors, even puttin' children on guard to warn 'em of any approach.

"Except for a few cross-word puzzles an' a checker game now an' then, there was absolutely nothin' to watch, an' the dynamic activity of a pioneer people, denied expression an' all dammed up, naturally festered an' inflamed. An ugly restlessness, a savage resentment, gripped the country, offerin' a fertile field for Communism, an' but for the bridge contest, with its call to all that was finest an' best in kibitzin', I shudder to think what might have happened.

"Finest thing of all, confidence has been restored, an' President Hoover, for the first time in months, knows what it is to smile. After watchin' the great an' shinin' stars of the game make a grand slam after only biddin' one, losin' a rubber by failin' to cover an honor, an' stoppin' in the middle of a hand to ask the trump, where is there a man, woman or child in all this broad land that will not know a heartenin'?

Anything Goes Now

"No longer will our days an' nights be poisoned by the consciousness of havin' pulled a boner, for now we can shrug our shoulders an' dismiss it as a 'psychic.' No longer is it necessary to endure bad hands in silence. As demonstrated by the example of Ely an' Sid, it is now permissible to throw off the iron repression that once made bridge a horror, givin' ourselves over to the delights of beefin' an' belly-achin'.

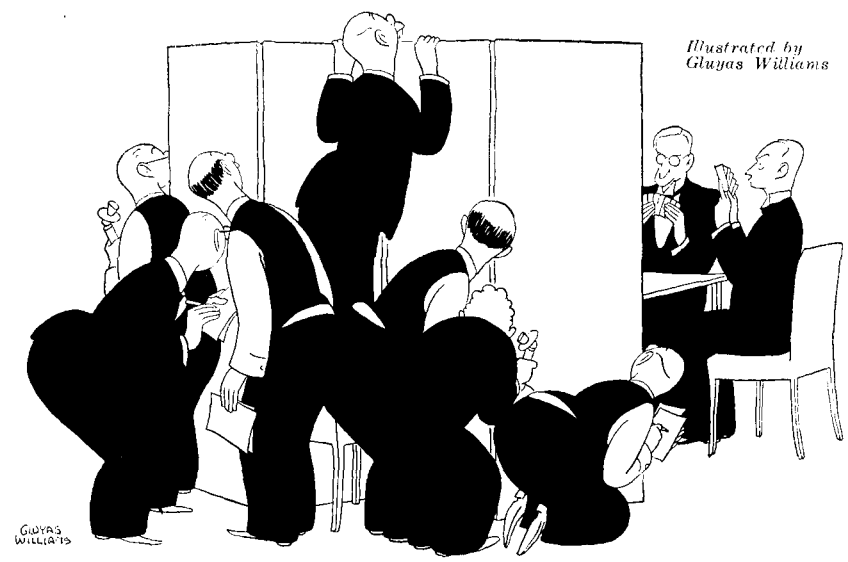
"The turn has come, 'Lonzo. We are again on the upgrade. It is not only confidence that we have recovered, but also vitality, initiative an' the old competitive spirit that lifted us to world power. Already a crap-shootin' contest has started out West to decide the comparative merits of the Cotton Roll an' the Memphis Twist. The horseshoers of Arkansas, throwin' off apathy, are stagin' a tourney between exponents of the wrist snap an' the elbow twirl.

"You can't keep America down for long, 'Lonzo. We're an unconquerable people. If steam shovels only start up again, diggin' holes with their old abandon, unemployment will be a thing of the past, an' the country will thrill to interest an' activity as never before."

"Maybe I'm dumb," said Mr. Stubbs, "but I can't see that the match settled anything."

"Oh, but it did," declared Uncle Henry. "It showed that when a man sets himself up as an expert, he's a fool to try an' prove it."

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams



"The nation was on the rack again, torn as never before"

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Bobby Jones, Horton Smith, Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden and Walter Hagen, top-notchers all, and all agreed that skill is only half the battle

Mental Mountains

Jack Dempsey tells us that he always suffered more the few minutes before a fight started than he ever did in the ring. This testimony confirms the general opinion of sports champions that in competition the nerves get much more punishment than the body

By Grantland Rice

THE argument was reopened in a letter from an old admirer of Frank Hinkey and Little Bill Johnston. It was further extended by the opinions and experiences of Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Jack Dempsey, and Bill Tilden. And it all concerns the comparative strain of the physical, mental and nerve elements in hard competitive sport.

"I agree with you," the old-timer wrote, "in ranking Frank Hinkey and Little Bill Johnston as two of the most remarkable competitors sport has ever known. Both had to face heavy physical handicaps and yet both excelled in games demanding power and stamina as well as speed and skill. Frank Hinkey was one of my early idols. Yet, as between Hinkey and Johnston, in my opinion Little Bill takes the lead. I say this because I think Johnston, weighing 120 pounds or less, had not only to face in tennis just as hard a physical grind through two or three hours of championship play, but an even greater mental and nerve pressure than football exerts on its players.

Comparing the physical strain of football with that of tennis is an old debate. Tennis has no physical contact or body collision. No direct physical punishment is inflicted, but the game calls for much more continuous action.

For example, a football game, from kick-off to final whistle, consumes about two hours. But expert clockers have figured that the ball is in motion only from twelve to fourteen minutes, about one tenth of the game's duration. The remainder of the time is taken up by huddles, lining up, time out for injuries and penalties and incompleted forward passes, plus the intermission between halves. But a championship tennis match, running to five sets, may last more than two hours and almost constant action is involved.

There are plenty of opportunities for mental agility in football, but outside of the quarterback's direction of the team they are not used to any notable extent. Most of the plays have been planned in advance and, when properly handled, are carried out with military precision, the result of drilling rather than individual initiative.

Football is a team game whereas in a singles' match at tennis each player is strictly on his own. This applies even more directly to golf, a game that calls for little physical activity. Knowing that Walter Hagen was hitting the ball about as well as he ever did, still able to play every shot up to his old standard, I asked him why his winning march had lost speed in the last year or so.

"That is easy enough to explain," he replied. "Few people understand the amount of continued concentration and the control of nerves one needs to win a golf championship. For example, an open tournament calls for seventy-two holes and approximately 295 strokes. In the space of three days that means at least twelve hours of continued mental and nerve pressure. With a chance to win you can't relax mentally for a minute of those twelve hours.

"In the Open at Worcester," continued Hagen, "I had a good chance to win. Approaching one of the closing holes I was on the green in two, twenty feet from the cup.

The Crucial Minute

"I wanted to be sure to get my 4, but I was a little too conservative and my first putt stopped four feet short of the cup. I then putted for my 4, wanting to be sure that I was up. I missed and the ball ran ten or twelve inches past. I was still thinking of my approach putt on this hole when I missed again and took a six. I had lost a twelve-hour battle in one minute.

"After sixteen years of concentration on the game I found that it was becoming harder and harder to keep it up. I know I can play every stroke in golf as well as I ever did in my life. And if I get hungry again or need the money badly I could force myself back to the old frame of mind. But it isn't easy to do. Ask Bobby Jones."

I did. I asked him recently how he felt after his eighteen months' lay-off from competitive play and whether he felt any desire to get back in again. "Not yet," he said; "not in the slightest. I feel the same way about it that Hagen does. When you step on the first tee at an open championship you know you have three days of mental torture ahead, and you can't afford to make one careless slip.

"You may remember," continued Bobby, "that Southeastern Open at Augusta in 1930. The field included Horton Smith, who had just beaten me at Savannah. I don't think I ever stuck to the job of concentrating on every stroke more than I did in that tournament. As I stood on the sixteenth tee I was told that I was leading by eighteen strokes. So I decided to loaf for the next three holes, as I was worn out.

"Up to this point I had played thirty-three holes in eleven under par. I believe it was the best golf I ever played in my life. But after easing up on the mental side I played the last three holes in 5 over par."

Boxing isn't as punishing as football. But the mental and nerve strains are harder, for in the ring you are entirely on your own. Only a few boxers ever take chances. One of these was Jack Dempsey, who was always willing to let either a right or a left go at full steam, regardless of what might happen. When Gene Tunney had Dempsey a trifle groggy in the fourth round at Chicago he might have settled the fight in a hurry with a right uppercut as Dempsey swayed back in.

"I might also have missed," Tunney said later, "and that would have left me wide open for Dempsey's left. I was tempted to take the chance, but I thought the saner way was to run no needless risk I wasn't forced to run."

Dempsey will tell you that he always suffered more the few minutes before a fight started than he ever suffered in the ring. "I've been hit hard enough," he says, "but after winning the championship I can't recall a punch that actually left any physical pain. I've been cut and jolted but I was always keyed up too much to feel that I was hurt."

Mental Washouts

The physical pressure of championship sport is only a small part of the strain. A squad of twenty-two football players may finish half a season in fair physical shape and yet be mentally and emotionally washed up for a spell. But they can recover from such staleness sooner than a tennis player or a golfer can.

Horton Smith, a cool, easy-going competitor, once suffered a lapse of eight months in his play through mental and nerve staleness. During that period every round was an act of suffering and at times he was going as high as an 85, whereas the year before he could have beaten 70.

Summing up this jury's report it seems that the mental strain and nervous pressure are much worse than the physical punishment and that most of the suffering in competitive sport comes from the first two.

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Tailor-Made

How to handle a racketeer—Swartz method. The method will fit almost any case, as you will see

By William MacHarg

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

"You remember, Swartz, your shop got busted into and six suits of clothes got burned up with acid"

THE little man, the tailor Emanuel Swartz, was pressing a suit; but his thoughts were not on this routine operation and resembled more those of a soldier in a front-line trench expecting shell fire.

When Serra—the young man with a scar who, every week, collected ten dollars each from the small tailor shops for the Big Guy who had the tailor racket—came in, Emanuel was going to refuse to pay. His face, which nature had made somewhat putty-like and inexpressive, depicted the struggle which his mild and placating spirit had been through before he reached this desperate determination; his situation was indeed desperate.

For two months the rent of the shop had not been paid and Emanuel saw no way of paying it. His wife and children had had to go to live with her brother, Gustave, who was failing as a market gardener on a plot of ground he rented in the suburbs. Every Sunday Emanuel journeyed by elevated and trolley-car and a two-mile walk, to take them what money he could, which sometimes was ten dollars. More often it was eight, or six; and this week, if he paid Serra, it would be not more than three.

In the immediacy of these misfortunes, Emanuel only occasionally recollected that the doctor had told him, some time before, that if he did not get outdoors more he would not live very long and had suggested California. California? That was something to laugh about bitterly—ha! ha! A man who could not feed his children should take a vacation and go to California!

WHEN the bell over the front door of the shop tinkled, Emanuel left the pressing machine and went and peered through the opening between the two rooms. The arrival was Serra, right enough.

Serra was a sleekly fat young man, who probably ate a good many times a day, for his skin had a smooth and oily appearance. His clothes were the most expensive money could buy and in the latest and most pronounced style; they always were brand-new. His face had an unreadable and aggressive expression which the scar extending from his temple across his cheek and down underneath his collar made threatening and, to Emanuel, terrifying.

Behind Serra, Emanuel could see through the street door that there was no car in front of the shop and he took note of this fact unconsciously. Sometimes Serra came in a car with two or three other young men who waited while he got the money; sometimes he came in a car alone; occasionally he walked. This was one of the times when he was alone and walked.

"All right, Swartz," he invited; and this indicated that he was ready to receive the money. His voice was guttural, and habit made it purposely unpleasant.

Emanuel pulled himself desperately together and moved to the pressing board behind the counter, so that Serra could not see how his knees were shaking.

"Nossir, Mr. Serra," he said determinedly. "I got no ten dollars."

He had meant to say outright that he would not pay, but when it came to the point he said he did not have it, which was untrue.

"Sure, you got it," Serra told him confidently. "It don't mean nothing to you, Swartz, because you charge it on the customers."

"Mr. Serra," Emanuel said in agony, "for ten months I been waiting there should be someone like that, some customers, and I ain't seen them yet."

Serra stood looking at him steadily and terrifyingly.

"YOU remember, Swartz," he said, "when you first opened this shop you didn't want to pay, and the shop got busted into by somebody, I don't know who, and six suits of clothes got burned up with acid."

"Sure, I remember, Mr. Serra. My troubles begun with settling with the customers for them six suits."

"You don't want nothing like that to happen again, do you? You want to stay in business."

"Sure. I got to stay in business. I got five children."

There was no use kidding himself that he was courageous; he was scared to death, and only the memory of his family made it possible for him to speak connectedly. But he, he reminded himself, should take ten dollars out of the mouths of his children so that Serra and the Big Guy could ride in limousines!

He leaned across the counter pleadingly.

"Mr. Serra, you don't understand this proposition. What troubles I got, Mr. Serra! The guy what sold me this shop made crooked books on me. So much pressing, the books said; so much cleaning, even so many suits got made here. There ain't none of them things. What books would have told the truth the guy burned up. Ten months I been here and every month I got less than what I got the month before. Now I got nothing. You tell the Big Guy, Mr. Serra, 'I seen Swartz and Swartz ain't got no money.'"

But Serra had not been coming into the shop every week without learning something of its customs and arrangements. He walked silently past Emanuel into the rear room, where was the big moth-proof and air-tight closet for the storage of clothing. He pulled open the door of the closet, switched on the light, went in and picked up the tin box in which Emanuel kept his money, fingering the small bills it contained until he had counted ten of them, and stood looking at the two which were left as

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though he might take those also on account.

"I knew you had it all right, Swartz," he said comfortably and triumphantly.

When Emanuel saw Serra coming toward him out of the vault, putting the ten dollars into his pocket, his brain, in rage and resentment, stopped working. There was nothing startling in his brain's not working; but what was amazing and utterly unprecedented was that simultaneously his body galvanized into action. He rushed at Serra with a loud cry and pushed violently at his chest with his thin arms; and as Serra, taken off his guard, staggered and fell backward into the closet, Emanuel, with practically a single motion, crashed the door shut and locked it.

THEN he leaned against the door of the closet, sick and shaken through and through with terror, while he listened to Serra's muffled voice shouting and cursing. Oh! what had he done? A man could not live very long in that air-tight closet, whose atmosphere was heavy with preservatives for clothing. In a few minutes at most he would have to let Serra out. Then what? Serra's threats left no doubt as to what would be immediately ensuing. He, Emanuel Swartz, would be bumped off. Marietta Swartz would be left without a husband, and five children—whose names were Percival, Millicent, Waldo, Imogene and Ferdinand—would have no father.

At this inopportune moment, the bell above the shop door gently tinkled, denoting a customer. Emanuel wiped the cold sweat of terror from his face and steeled himself and gathered himself together. The customer, with an alarmed and questioning look, was listening to the muffled noises. Emanuel carefully closed the door between the two rooms and faced about with a sickly smile.

"Such boys!" he said. "Outside, in back, they always make such noises, cursing and yelling."

The customer, he saw anxiously, appeared to accept this explanation. He had come for a suit left to be cleaned and he was very particular in examining it. Before he had finished, a second customer came in and, after him, a third. This itself was amazing. Usually not as many as three customers came in in a whole day. They apparently had time unlimited at their disposal, and were deliberate about everything; the third one even stopped and talked about the weather. As soon as they were gone, Emanuel tore open the door between the two rooms and listened at the door of the closet. There had been no noises since before the second customer had come in, and now with his ear against the door he could hear nothing. It was not possible that in so short a time Serra could be dead; but, as a matter of fact, Emanuel, in his excitement, could not form any idea how long the time had been.

HE WALKED up and down, wringing his hands. He could not leave Serra in there any longer, but when he opened the door he knew what was going to happen; Serra would rush out at him and bump him off. Or else Serra would be dead. Either way it would be entirely horrible. Emanuel went on tiptoe to the door of the closet and silently unlocked it and, with his body shaking violently, opened it inch by inch until he could peer in.

Serra was lying on his back, with his legs wide apart and his hands pressed to his throat. He was dead, Emanuel decided. He dragged the door wide open and rushed in and seized Serra by the feet and pulled him out to where the air was better. Serra's face was discolored, his eyes were closed but his heart was still beating. The cold sweat which had been running down Emanuel's legs because Serra was dead now ran more freely because he foresaw that presently Serra would be coming to himself.

He looked desperately around the shop, but there was nothing there with which Serra could be tied, but there were pieces of linen. Laboring in haste and panting, he wrapped them tightly around Serra's body, enclosing his legs, and then around his arms, and sewed them with strong stitches. Then, seeing with terror that Serra's eyes were about to open, he pushed a piece of the cloth into Serra's mouth and tied a strip over his mouth and around his head so as to gag him. Serra's eyes opened with a dazed expression which changed with returning consciousness to amazement and fury, and he attempted to struggle, but his arms and legs remained immovable.

Emanuel looked on in misery. "I didn't go to do nothing to you, Mr. Serra," he asserted placatingly. "I'm sorry what I did. I know what you'd do to me if you got loose."

He fled from the threatening anger in Serra's eyes to the front room and sat down behind the counter with his hands pressed against his temples. This was terrible. What he wanted most was to tell Marietta about this and get advice from her, but Marietta was twenty miles away and he had no means of communicating with her. Several times he went in and stared silently and inquiringly at Serra, but the malevolent gaze sent him hastily back to the front room. It was plain that he could not release Serra without disastrous consequences to himself, but neither could he leave him as he was. He could think of nothing that could be done and the problem appeared to him unsolvable.

At seven o'clock, after taking a final look at Serra, he locked the front door of the shop and took a street car to the neighborhood where his old shop had been and borrowed from his friend, Guldensup, the grocer, the small truck with which Guldensup delivered groceries, promising to return it in the morning filled with gasoline.

Emanuel had learned to drive by experimenting with an antique and vibrant car which his brother-in-law, Gustave, had bought for fifteen dollars for his market business. He parked the delivery-wagon in front of the tailor shop and waited for the streets to become deserted; and at two in the morning, panting and sweating with effort and apprehension, he performed the stupendous task of getting Serra out of the shop and into the truck, and closed the rear of the truck upon him so that he could not be seen.

EMANUEL, driving north through empty streets and then along country roads, with a weight of guilt upon him, realized that he was now a criminal. He perceived —rather dimly, to be sure, but terrifyingly—how easy it was to get into crime. One performed some impulsive and unconsidered action, such as pushing a tough young man into a closet, and thereafter every criminal step followed of necessity and was done merely to protect oneself. It was not yet quite daylight when he reached Gustave's shack, standing with no other building near it, and Gustave, aroused by the arrival of the car, came to the door pulling on his trousers over his nightclothes.

"Get Marietta," Emanuel told him briefly.

Gustave turned back to arouse his sister and then came out again. Gustave was not bright; his struggling intelligence could not be much astonished at anything that happened, because everything was so inexplicable to him that events looked very much alike. So he accepted as a matter of course that Emanuel should arrive unexpectedly in a strange truck at four in the morning, but when Emanuel opened the rear of the truck and showed him Serra, a look

(Continued on page 40)

Laboring in haste and panting, he wrapped pieces of linen tightly around Serra's body, and sewed them with strong stitches

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Plain Speaker

and Mr. Shannon with a bagful of Thomas Jefferson

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

John Garner means to save his country a lot of money

IF MAYOR FRANK HAGUE of Jersey City, who is the driving force of the movement to block the nomination of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, succeeds in deadlocking the Democratic national convention, then Speaker John N. Garner will become a serious possibility for the Democratic nomination for President. He occupies the center of the stage in Washington this year. And he occupies also a strategic position in the Democratic party.

Garner will have in the convention the support of the Texas delegation. It will be necessary for the anti-Roosevelt forces to hold that big delegation away from Roosevelt. And it will be necessary also for them at some stage of the proceedings to split Mr. Roosevelt's Southern support; his Western support cannot be taken from him.

So if the opponents of the New York governor develop enough strength to stop Roosevelt on an early ballot, they will almost certainly have to play up to John Garner. And the Democratic party might do much worse than to make Garner President. In fact, with his lucid mind, his rare skill in handling men, his large experience of Washington, the Speaker would make a great President.

When he became Speaker almost the first thing he did was to give up the car and chauffeur which the government provides for the Speaker of the House—"our car" he used to call it when he occasionally rode home in it with Speaker Longworth—thus saving the government five thousand dollars. Now this act wasn't mere playing to the galleries. Garner has all the economical instincts of Calvin Coolidge. As Democratic floor leader, he had been in the habit of riding to the Capitol on the street cars. And the street cars are good enough for him as Speaker.

He means to save his country a lot of money and he probably wanted to set an example in economy. He did not want it said that while he was paring down expenditures he was himself indulging in the luxury of a car and chauffeur just for a ten-minute ride from his hotel to the Capitol in the morning and another ten-minute ride returning in the evening. And here I am going to make a prediction—that he will save the country three times as much money in a year as did the Rapidan economy conferences with all their flurry and excitement. He knows where the money goes better than anyone else in Washington and how to stop its going.

Garner is a man of simple habits and utterly without ostentation. He values power for what he can do with it, not for what it does for him. Office does not puff him up. He is the same John Garner in the Speakership, the most powerful office in Washington except the Presidency, that he is on his ranch in Texas. That is another streak in him that is like Coolidge.

I run the risk of making him out another Coolidge. But aside from his economical instincts and his simplicity, two men more unlike in general cannot be imagined. He has had more fun out of living his sixty-two years than Coolidge would get out of a lifetime equal to Methuselah's. He gets fun out of the Speakership, out of the rough and tumble of the House.

He was the boon companion of Nick Longworth, and that tells the story. You cannot imagine the slow-blooded Coolidge as the chum of Nick Longworth. Garner has vitality and a delight in human companionship.

Nobody in Washington works harder than he does. He is at his desk in the Speaker's office at 7:15 in the morning, always with Mrs. Garner, who seems to be a partner in all his work. From that time he is incessantly busy until a little party of his friends gathers in his office at five o'clock.

The Capitol is not an idle place. There are plenty of men who work hard there for long hours. But most of them are men who get lost in details. Garner wastes no time on details. He is the kind of man who goes straight to the heart of any problem. He separates the essential from the unessential with a sure instinct. The only details that take up his time are the details of personal relations in the House. And they are not details—they are essentials in the leadership of men.

The other night he went to a state dinner at the White House. "You know," he said to me, "I never eat anything at these late dinners. I eat my dinner at six o'clock at night. And I always eat very lightly. That night I ate an apple, some crackers and a glass of milk before I went to the White House, and I ate nothing at the President's table." When he was elected Speaker, instead of dolling up for the occasion in a frock coat, he wore a reddish brown tweed suit and a reddish necktie.

He does not know that the words "on the one hand, on the other" exist. He never uses them. He is never nicely balanced on the fence on any question. His yes and his no are equally final. He never makes the mistake of trying to soften a negative by some pleasant, compromising answer.

Mr. Shannon, Jeffersonian

Joseph B. Shannon, the new congressman from Kansas City, arrived in Washington for the session. He tells the story himself. "The Pullman porter put my three bags off on the platform and I stood waiting for a redcap. None came. Two of my Missouri friends happened along and they said, 'Why, Joe, what are you standing here for?'

"'I'm waiting for a redcap,' I said. 'What's the matter? Don't they have any here in Washington?'

"'No redcap will come to you,' they answered. 'They can see at a glance that you're a congressman, and that means a ten-cent tip.' So they helped me carry my bags to a taxi."

I don't know why the redcaps should be so perspicacious. Shannon has none of the stuffy look of a congressman. Out of a well-cut aquiline face peer two of the brightest and most observant eyes that you will see in Washington, undimmed by sixty years of service.

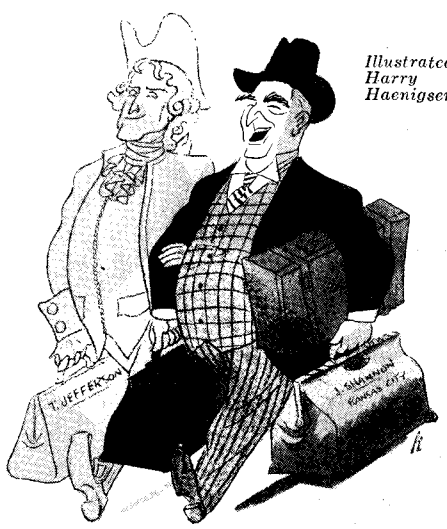
Shannon is one of the twin Democratic bosses of Kansas City who decided to see what it feels like to be elected to office himself. He was always too intelligent to be a first-class boss. People won't follow a man whose mental operations elude them. They are afraid he will put something over. So a younger and more burly boss rose up beside Shannon and acquired most of the power in Kansas City. But Shannon was always too keen, too alert-minded, too resourceful to be elbowed completely out of the picture. So Kansas City has for years had that anomaly, a two-headed political organization.

Now in general, Washington does not pay any more attention to a new congressman than the redcaps did to Mr. Shannon. Ordinarily he is just another one of the three hundred or more who vote as they are told.

But what did Joseph B. Shannon do in the first few days of his newness in Congress? He got permission to speak for twenty minutes, count them, *twenty*, almost the achievement of a lifetime in the House, and he devoted them to an oration on Thomas Jefferson.

Why Jefferson? Thereby hangs a tale. This, of course, is a favorable moment for Jefferson. He is getting a great furbishing-up in the Democratic circles. And Mr. Shannon got elected among the Jacksonian Democrats of Kansas City by talking about Jefferson, got elected by almost a two-to-one vote over his Republican predecessor.

Shannon never mentioned his opponent, Ellis. He ignored his opponent's speeches. He didn't bother to talk about the issues. He went right on talking about Jefferson, telling the story of Jefferson, quoting Jefferson, until Kansas City became convinced that what the country needed was more Jefferson in Washington. So Shannon has brought him here, in those three handbags that the redcaps would not carry.



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

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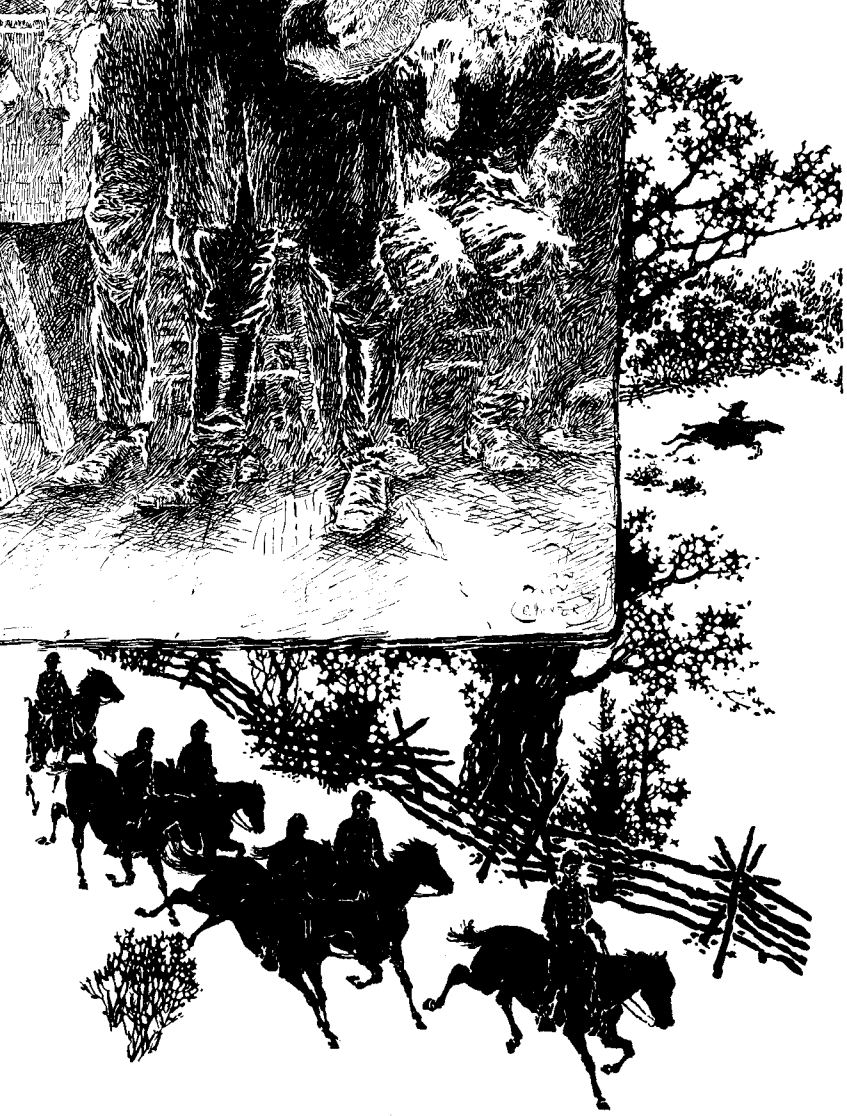
She looked at the corpse and laughed. "Why did you send for me?" she asked. "I don't know this fellow"



Illustrated by Will Crawford

Belle Starr, Bandit

Queen of the highwaymen, friend of Frank and Jesse James, Belle Starr lived in an atmosphere of glamour and sudden death. Here is her story and it's an amazing one

By Owen P. White

THE hell I can't beat 'em!" With this rather emphatic remark Belle Shirley, sweet sixteen but not in a sweet humor, burst from the room where Major Enos, U. S. A., had been holding her a prisoner for two hours, ran to her horse and jumped aboard. A moment later an orderly stuck his head in the door and told the major to take a look out of the window. The major did. "Good Lord," he exclaimed as he saw Belle take a rail fence on the run and streak out across country, "if she keeps that up she'll be ahead of my men yet."

She was. It was thirty-five miles to the Shirley home; a troop of cavalrymen who were out after Ed Shirley must have had a start on Belle of at least half the distance, and yet when they arrived at the place it was the girl herself who opened the door, dropped a curtsy and said sweetly: "Convey my compliments to Major Enos, please, and tell him that Ed is already in the next county."

Belle's triumph, however, was short-lived. Two weeks later the "damn' Yankees" *got* Ed, and from that moment on his attractive sister, who had been reared and educated as a Southern lady, devoted all her time to the happy task of getting *them*.

Her technique was good. Knowing all the highways and cow trails in her part of Missouri, she would ride over them, locate a Federal detachment; note its strength; flirt a bit with its C. O., make a date with him for a little necking party for the following evening, and then *not* keep the engagement. But her friends to whom she would relay an invitation would keep it, and as her address book contained the names of such outstanding exterminators as William Clarke Quantrell, Frank and Jesse James, the Younger brothers and a lot of other latter-day dime-novel saints, it is safe to assume that these necking parties—concluding, as they usually did, with several bluecoats dangling by theirs from adjacent tree limbs—were highly successful functions.

Nor, we are told, did Belle use her feminine wiles and her come-hither eyes merely for the destruction of her enemies. On the contrary, if some of her biographers are to be believed, she almost wrecked the guerrilla organization by causing most of it to fall in love with her, and then, when she could have married a big name, could have become Mrs. Frank or Jesse James, Mrs. Cole, Bob or Jim Younger, or maybe even Mrs. William Clarke Quantrell, she suddenly demonstrated that she was just a country girl who didn't know any better than to let her heart go with her hand by bestowing her undivided affections on an obscure but capable young horse-thief named Jim Reed.

For several reasons, however—the most impressive of which was Judge Shirley's old scatter gun—the stalwart Jim didn't immediately take the blushing girl to his brawny bosom, and then, when the war was about over he couldn't do it because the old gentleman, who probably hog-tied his lovely daughter to accomplish the feat, loaded her into a prairie schooner and carted her off to Texas, where he settled not far from what is now the dry city of Dallas.

A Horseback Marriage

But Jim loved Belle and was ready to prove it. Several months, dull ones for both of them, went by and then one bright, happy morning the big, bad boy from Missouri, accompanied by a supporting force of about a dozen boon companions, appeared at the Shirley home, overruled the judge's double-barreled objections and stole Belle.

That same day, sitting on horseback, with a gentleman who was hanged later on for doing something worse than holding Belle's bridle rein, she and Jim Reed were legally married. Immediately thereafter, though—in fact before Judge Shirley had worked all the profanity out of his system—his daughter was back again hammering on his door and begging admittance. Her tale was brief but true. During the war Reed had become encrusted with habit. He couldn't see a good-looking horse without yielding to temptation and, having yielded right after the ceremony, he was consequently beating it out of Texas as rapidly as possible.

Pending his return Belle wanted to stay with Dad, but Dad had another idea about it. He was glad enough to welcome his daughter at the front door with a kiss but the next day he shoved her out of the back one and sent her off to a boarding school in Parker County where she was to be "kept under lock and key" until called for. Jim Reed, however, beat the old man to it. Being an expert evasionist, the anxious bridegroom soon dodged his pursuers and, bringing an extra saddle horse along with him, appeared unannounced at the boarding school, kicked in the portals thereof and again stole Belle.

This time, after a brief horseback

(Continued on page 51)

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The Big Pink

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

The Story Thus Far:

EDWIN BLEECKER JEWETT III craves excitement. He gets it when—accompanied by the girl he loves, Beechy Gwynn, and his tutor, the large and scholarly Dr. Beekman Winship—he goes to Narrow Harbor, a summer resort.

Dr. Winship is a credulous soul. Eddie decides to play a joke on him. He does so. Result: the doctor (convinced by Mr. Jewett that the police are on his trail) finds himself being trained (much against his will) by one Dan McGurk, maker of pugilists, to become world's heavyweight champion!

Weird complications and much excitement follow. Winship is enamored of Miss Wilhelmina Borden, Beechy's aunt. The lady gives him scant encouragement. And the doctor knows the reason: Eddie's Aunt Julie (Mrs. Ronald Bedloe) admires him—has, if the truth must be known, filched a kiss from him; and Miss Borden has observed the episode. . . .

Trooper Dill, of the New York State Police, arrives on the scene. With Nellie, the Bedloes' maid, he prepares to trap a man he has every reason to believe is a sinister racketeer in disguise—Dr. Beekman Winship! . . . Meanwhile, our hero is having more troubles. Impressed by his prowess in the ring, Miss Nevada Sullivan, who conducts a night club, kisses him—on both cheeks. After which he calls on Wilhelmina Borden, who freezes him. A looking-glass supplies the answer: Miss Sullivan uses lip-stick—her kisses have left their mark!

Most distressing. But the worst is yet to come. Winship yearns to become a professor at the little college of Leicester. Dean Smalley, of Leicester, is soon to visit Narrow Harbor. And the dean does not approve of pugilism! At this interesting juncture, however, Beechy and Eddie give the doctor some welcome news: he has, they inform him, been the victim of a joke. Much relieved, Winship goes to Miss Sullivan's night club. Killer Cain, one of the ring's elect, is present. Mr. Cain has been drinking. He attacks young Arthur Maybury, son of the wealthy Breck Maybury. Winship dashes to the rescue—and knocks Mr. Cain out. Then—there is a muffled explosion, a flash, smoke. A photographer has taken a picture of the gory scene. And as our hero looks up from the body of his prostrate foe, he sees a number of young men approaching. *Reporters!*

Conclusion

THE peace and quiet of the hour that attends the dawning had descended on The Murray Hill Miners' and Mariners' Association.

Behind the bar a single drowsy attendant polished glasses. A dejected waiter leaned against the wall. One patron lingered. A white-haired gentleman, bearing a faint facial resemblance to a Saint Bernard, contemplated his glass in melancholy dignity. He crooked his finger. Sighing deeply, the waiter shuffled toward him.

"George—" the white-haired man spoke in a voice slightly unsteadied as if by grief—"have you got any sons?"

"No, sir." The waiter reached for the half-empty glass, but his patron thwarted the movement.

"Don't have any," he said. "Only bring down your white hairs in sorrow to the grave, George."

He drank and, prudently retaining a protective clutch upon it, lowered his glass to the table.

"Some fathers only got themselves to blame because their boys go wrong. Not me, George."

"No, sir," said George, again reaching unsuccessfully for the now almost empty glass.

"Did everything for that boy—everything." The voice quavered sorrowfully. "Educated him myself, George."

"Yes, sir; you was telling me about it."

"Started giving him allowance when he was ten. Five dollars a week. Lots of fathers would let it go at that, George, but not me. No, sir. Every week when I gave my boy his five dollars I put another five down on the table alongside of it and then I'd sit down and play him freeze-out poker to see if he got ten or nothing. Whazz result? Why, time he was twelve years old, my boy played juzz good game freeze-out poker as I did. Now—"

He paused. A uniformed policeman entered. He spoke affably to the waiter and would have passed on toward the bar at the back of the room. The white-haired gentleman, however, hospitably intervened.

"Sit down, Officer. Join me."

THE policeman hesitated, yielded. The waiter, instructed by two lifted fingers, scuttled thankfully away. The policeman, settling comfortably in his chair, placed on the table a pinkish tabloid newspaper, so fresh from the press that it still smelled of ink.

"Listen, Officer, you got any sons?"

The policeman nodded, elevating four fingers of his right hand.

"Listen, don't let 'em go to college whatever you do. Come home and bite you like serpents' teeth. Don't—"

He ceased to speak. Leaning forward, he gazed intently at the large half-tone photograph that occupied nearly all of the first page of the pink newspaper. He drew in a long, quivering breath, and, with shaking fingers, obeyed a letter-press suggestion to find the story on page 34.

He sprang up, dropped a bill on the wet table and, still clutching the pink newspaper, made haste to the door.

"Well, it's about time!" Beechy spoke with appeased exasperation

IT WAS one of life's major tragedies for Dean Smalley that during the summer months, when he was free to sleep as late as he pleased, the chorus of early-rising birds wakened him at the first peep of daylight-saving dawn. He had learned by bitter experience to expect this and to provide against it. His breakfast coffee, prepared last night, awaited him in its thermos flask downstairs. Thither, in slippers and pajamas, he descended.

From the back porch the clink of glassware greeted him; he unlocked the kitchen door and confronted the milkman, who grinned morosely and, along with the three bottles of his habit, proffered a pink newspaper smelling pleasantly of fresh ink. A purely secular interest lightened Dean Smalley's eye. He filled and creamed his coffee cup, and, with the pink tabloid outspread on the oilclothed kitchen table, made ready for a simultaneous edification of mind and body.

Unperceived, his coffee trickled gently down his sleeve.

"Gur-reat Godfrey!" said Dean Smalley.

Twelve minutes later, fully clad, he reached the Junction station just in time to swing himself aboard the last car of the early eastbound train.

In the rearmost seat, secure from observation, he unpocketed and smoothed the pink newspaper and fixed his gaze upon the grim parade of black block letters that marched across its page:

PROF KAYOS KILLER

Below this legend a face strange and yet distantly familiar glared up at him, and below this an explanatory paragraph left no room for doubt:

Professor Beekman Winship, of Leicester College, showing the right uppercut with which he kayoed Killer Cain last night when the Killer muscled in on the select party at which Nevada Sullivan announced her engagement to Arthur Maybury.

For the third time since breakfast Ronald Bedloe made mumbling allusion to Garglerine and, in quest of the refreshing influence which that dentifrice seemed to exert upon him, went upstairs. A moment later, summoned to

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the telephone, Eddie Jewett also left the room, and Beekman Winship remained alone with Julie Bedloe. She took eager advantage of this first opportunity for confidential speech.

"You mustn't take it this way, Beekman. You really mustn't. Of course I understand that all this worldly success of yours must seem like a hollow mockery without—" she paused, flushed. "But you mustn't feel that way about it. You must try to forget about me and try to realize that you're—" again she paused—"why, you're the most famous professor in the whole world! Just think of it!"

WINSHIP found himself in sympathy with a random memory of what Dan McGurk had said about janes who had more than their rightful share of looks and therefore, inevitably, much less than their rightful share of bean.

"You mean," he said, "that I'm probably the most notorious ex-professor in the world."

"Ex-professor?" Julie's eyes were wide and blank with inquiry.

"Surely you don't imagine for a moment that I shall be allowed to retain my present position at Leicester? I shall be fortunate if I am permitted to resign instead of being summarily dismissed."

"But why?"

Winship gestured toward the pile of newspapers on the table—newspapers that still filled him with the sensations of an oyster torn rudely from its shell.

"That's why. Notoriety of that sort would be sufficient to bring about my dismissal even if there were no special circumstances to make it absolutely certain."

"What circumstances?"

"You may have noticed that Miss Sullivan, in her statement to the press, declares that she and Arthur Maybury owe their happiness to me. There is some color of truth in the statement, for it was through me that Arthur made Miss Sullivan's acquaintance."

Julie's face clouded. "Of course it's a perfectly terrible thing, but I don't see what it has to do with the college."

"Just this much. The college had been hoping to obtain from Arthur's father a gift of half a million dollars to endow a department of mathematical research. How much likelihood there remains of this I leave to your imagination. Mr. Maybury is quite certain to hold me responsible for his son's engagement to a night-club hostess, and the authorities at Leicester will inevitably take the same view. We may regard it as quite definitely settled that my academic career is at an end."

EVEN to Mrs. Bedloe's intelligence the explanation seemed to carry conviction. She meditated, brightened.

"Well, it doesn't matter, does it?"

Winship could only goggle at her.

"I mean, you don't have to be a professor. You can do almost anything you please now. Just think of all the wonderful offers you've had this morning." She indicated a little sheaf of telegrams beside the newspapers. "You can do lots of other things. Go in the movies or—"

"Doc!" Eddie's voice came gladly from the doorway. "That was Dan McGurk. He couldn't get past the gate till I told the guard to let him through. He'll be right up."

Winship scowled. "I have nothing whatever to discuss with him," he said.

Eddie laughed. "Oh, yes, you have. He's got a hard and fast proposition for you to fight Schmeling for the title in the Yankee Stadium on Labor Day."

"I've told you over and over," Winship said, "that nothing in the world would induce me to—"

"Wait till you hear what they'll give you for your end, win, lose or draw," Eddie broke in joyously. "Only half a million, Doc, that's all!"

Half a million! The words jarred resoundingly through Winship's brain. The exact sum needed to endow that new department! The sheer coincidence impressed him for a moment with an uneasy sensation of things predestined. Again random memory reminded him that even at Yale there had been no prejudice against Shakespearian lectures delivered by a former pugilist of slight previous academic experience. Perhaps at Leicester Beekman Winship, with half a million to bestow. . . .

Only for a moment the unworthy thought allured him. He had fallen far, but not so low as that. Some tattered rags of self-respect were left to him.

"Nothing in the world—"

He paused as Nellie came in with another telegram. No merciful premonition of its contents came to him as he tore the yellow envelope. The purple typescript leaped up at him:

SILVERFIZZ CITY FLA.
SPECIAL MEETING BOARD DIRECTORS SILVERFIZZ UNIVERSITY AUTHORIZED ME OFFER YOU POSITION HEAD MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT AND HEAD COACH BOXING TEAM STOP SALARY TWENTY THOUSAND OR WILL MEET ANY COMPETING PROPOSITION CAN GUARANTEE NATION-WIDE PUBLICITY IF YOU ACCEPT WIRE ANSWER
SILVERFIZZ UNIVERSITY
J XERXES BLISH C P A
PRES & GEN MGR

Winship sprang to his feet with a strange, wordless cry. From nerveless fingers the telegram fluttered to the floor. Eddie Jewett lifted it, read it aloud.

"How perfectly splendid!" Julie Bedloe cooed. "I *knew* you could go on being a professor if you wanted to."

"Professor?" Winship choked on the word. "A professor in a university that has a general manager! A university named after a soft drink! I'd rather starve!"

"Starve?" Eddie echoed. "That's a laugh, when you can get half a million just for climbing in the ring with a push-over like Schme—"

He paused as steps sounded on the porch. "That must be McGurk now. Hear what he has to say, anyway, won't you, Doc?"

WINSHIP came abruptly to decision. He had plumbed the depths. After the ignominy of being invited to teach at Silverfizz University, under the presidency of a self-confessed certified public accountant, there was actually a sense of lessened disgrace in dealing with Mr. Dan McGurk, in contemplating the relatively honorable profession of the prize ring.

"Bring him in," he said.

Gladly Eddie vanished, to return quickly in escort of McGurk, whose face had now become a saucer brimming with high, serious resolve.

Something in his look and bearing ministered subtly to the gashes in Winship's self-esteem; he felt a novel, queerly pleasing consciousness of importance.

He saw now that his disaster involved a kind of greatness. There could be something magnificent about a downfall. Lucifer's, for instance. Or Beekman Winship's.

McGurk shook hands ceremoniously and seated himself.

"Well, Pink?"

Even the detested sobriquet had somehow become, overnight, an honorable title. The voice, too, in which McGurk had spoken mollified and disarmed Winship. He discovered that he harbored a warm regard toward this person, uncouth but worthy.

"I suppose Eddie told you about—" McGurk's pause contrived to suggest that the very magnitude of his news overawed him. Winship nodded.

"It's still got me kind of dizzy," McGurk admitted, "but it's on the up-and-up, Pink. All we gotta do is sign on the good old dotted line and it's in the bag." He paused, lowered his voice. "The champeenship, Pink! You got it in your han's right now. The way you looked lass night against the Killer, Schmeling ain't gonna give you even a argument." Again he hesitated. "The champeenship! Me, han'lin' the champeen of the world! And they used to call me Peewee!"

Winship was moved. He saw himself, once having signed his name upon the dotted line, committed to the society of such crude, untutored persons as McGurk, and yet, for the moment, the prospect did not wholly repel. Esteem and honor and respect seemed to be worth possessing even though, like Spartacus, he might possess them only as the savage chief of yet more savage men. Bitterly the thought came to him that never in his honorable career as scholar had anyone looked at him as McGurk looked at him now.

Life, in its best sense, was over, all that might have made it worth the living gone beyond all hope, and yet for the broken man, the man dishonored and cast out, there remained as always the consolation of desperate fellowship and desperate deed.

He saw with magical clairvoyance a vivid mental picture of Wilhelmina Borden reading, on the morning after Labor Day, the great black headlines that would tell her what use Beekman Winship had made of the shards and splinters of his shattered life.

"Manny Epstein wants us to meet him at his office this afternoon," McGurk was saying, "to sign up the papers!"

Winship felt a strange sensation of wavering on a giddy brink, tempted compellingly by the spectacular splendor of moral suicide.

"Eddie'll drive us in, I guess." McGurk's voice seemed to come from far away. "We could have the whole thing sewed up in time to catch the sporting extras."

AS WINSHIP swayed in the cross-pull of impulse the telephone bell's shrill chatter intervened. Eddie sprang up to answer it. His voice came back from the hallway.

"Who? Well, wait a minute." He came to the door. "It's the gate again, Doc. There's a man down there who says he's from the college. Dean Something-or-other."

"Dean Smalley!"

Winship's panic endured only for a split second. What were deans and faculties to Beekman Winship now? He laughed harshly.

"All right, let him come up."

He almost enjoyed the prospect. For once he wouldn't feel uneasily afraid in Smalley's presence. He stood up eagerly as the dean came in.

"Well, Fuzzy!"

Amazed, bewildered, dully disappointed, Winship heard the fervent, wholly undeanish warmness of the voice, submitted to a pumping handshake, received upon his shoulder the hearty accolade of a loud-slapping palm.

"You old scoundrel! I never dreamed you had it in you!"

Winship blinked. For a moment, in a dark corner of his brain, he felt his old disapproval of a dean who dressed and spoke and acted like a mere human being. Instantly, however, the feeling vanished. Against his will he discovered that he liked Smalley. He felt himself grinning as he made the necessary introductions.

"Not *Peewee* McGurk?" The dean spoke with an unmistakable suggestion of delighted awe. "Why, you don't look a

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"Did everything for that boy—everything." The voice quivered sorrowfully

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day older than when I saw you knock out Jimmy Dugan way back in nineteen six."

Again, mysteriously, Winship was constrained to like this man.

"Say, that wasn't such a feeble sock I give Dugan, was it?" McGurk sighed. "But wait till you see the Pink! Boy! What he's gonna do to Schmeling!"

"Schmeling!" Astonishment was in Dean Smalley's voice and look, astonishment and pleasure, but Winship detected a hint, too, of dismay. "You don't mean to tell me that you've got a chance to fight for the championship?"

"Nex' Labor Day, thass all. Gonna sign up 's afternoon."

The dean's glance shifted back to Winship, a glance in which raw envy was revealed. He sighed.

"Of course, I'm glad on your account, Fu—I mean Pink—"

Winship's heart expanded suddenly. Nicknames had always seemed equally detestable, but there appeared to be a world of difference between Fuzzy and Pink.

"I suppose it was foolish to rush down here like this on the chance of persuading you to stay at Leicester, but I had to try it."

Winship blinked at him. "Do you mean that you still want me there in spite of—"

"Want you? Why don't you ask me if I want to keep my job? Don't you realize that every alumnus alive is going to be screaming for my blood for letting you get away?" he paused. "And it's good-by to Breck Maybury's half a million, too."

WINSHIP'S moment of reviving hope was over. He had almost forgotten about Maybury.

"That's why I'm going to fight this man Schmeling. They're going to pay me half a million for it, and of course I really owe it to the college."

"Owe it?" Smalley's brows gathered. "I don't get you."

"Why, since it's my fault that you're not going to get the money from Mr.—"

"Mr. Maybury, ma'am."

Nellie, at the doorway, stood aside. Winship stared blankly at the white-haired man who entered, a man whose highly colored countenance no longer drooped in likeness to a melancholy St. Bernard but who, nevertheless, was unmistakably the broken-hearted father he had encountered at the Hotfoot Inn. Beaming, this man advanced upon him, hand outstretched.

"I don't know how to say it," he said, "but if the time ever comes when you have to stand and watch your boy go wrong, and then, just when you've quit hoping, somebody else steps in and saves him—well, you'll know how I feel now."

He wrung Winship's hand.

"Yes, sir, when you've spent the best years of your life trying to bring up your boy so you can be proud of him, so he'll be a friend and a companion to you in your old age, and then one day he tells you out of a clear sky that he wants to be an ichthyologist or something and spend his whole life taking photographs of birds—"

Emotion overcame him. Still clutching Winship's hand, he pumped and wrung it earnestly. In the course of a penitent head-wagging he seemed to become aware of Dean Smalley, to whom, manfully, he now proffered the hand of frank apology.

"I was wrong, Dean. As long as you've got professors like Dr. Winship down there—"

"I hope you'll help me try to persuade Dr. Winship to stay with us," the dean said.

"Stay?" Maybury echoed. His glance returned to Winship. "You don't mean to say you're thinking of leaving Leicester?"

The dean spoke before Winship could frame an answer. "I'm afraid that in our present circumstances we have no right to ask Dr. Winship to stay. Without facilities for mathematical research, and with our inadequate endowment, which makes it impossible for us to offer him even a full professorship—"

"Was he going to be in that mathematical thing you wanted me to endow?" Maybury demanded.

THE dean hesitated only for an instant. "In it? He'd be the head of it if we had it."

"Then," said Maybury with decision, "you've got it. That's settled. How about it, Doctor?"

"I'll—I'll stay," Winship managed to say.

Through the blurred rapture of scaffold's-foot reprieve he saw the tragically concave countenance of Dan McGurk. Amazingly, he felt a pang of sympathy and regret—regret not only on McGurk's account but on his own as well. He almost wished that Peewee Dan McGurk might hannel, after all, a champeen of the world.

Some minutes later, hoarse from fervent, futile oratory, McGurk turned to depart.

"I might of known sump'n like this'd happen," he said with philosophic bitterness. "There's always *sump'n* wrong with the big ones!"

Winship's self-reproach faded swiftly before the beckoning vista of his Paradise Regained. To go back, honored and honorable, to Leicester, to be a full professor there, free to explore at last the realms of pure research, to roam at will on complex planes, starry, as Mr. Pfitz poetically suggested, with vectors, to command and deserve the respect and esteem, at least, of Wilhelmina Bor—

In the very act of reaching out his eager hands to seize his overbrimming cup, he saw it snatched away.

In the doorway, leveling a pistol, stood a tall, resolute young man, ominously clad in the uniform of the New York State Police.

"Reach for the ceiling," said Trooper Wilbur Dill. "Well, Professor, you've come, at long last, to the end of your crim'nal career. You've met your—your Nemmiss." He paused. "I'm kind of sorry, in a way, that it's all over. It's been a pleasure, Professor, to match my wits against a foeman worthy of my steel."

Winship found utterance. "There's some absurd mistake."

"Yes, and you made it!" Trooper Dill laughed. "You made it when you took a chance on hiding that stuff under the stairs."

Once more Beekman Winship stood buried in the wreckage of all his fair hopes and dreams. A round, soprano scream escaped from Julie Bedloe.

"Ha!" said Trooper Dill. "You didn't think I knew about that, did you?"

A step sounded on the stair. Winship's glance, lifting forlornly, saw the feet and legs of Ronald Bedloe. The sight kindled in him, unreasonably, a pallid hope, a hope that brightened as the rest of Bedloe became visible. There was something hearteningly formidable about the small, upstanding figure, about the shoulders, lifted a little and braced back, about the resolute indrawing of the chin.

"Are ya sure ya don't want us to shovel your snow!"

Joseph Morgan

"What seems to be the trouble here?" Bedloe's voice held confidence and challenge. Even when Trooper Dill, with a quick movement of his right hand, included him in the menace of the leveled gun, he showed no symptom of alarm.

"What do *you* want?" he demanded.

"I want a look inside that cupboard, that's all." Dill laughed lightly. "Open it. And watch your step."

AGAIN Julie screamed. Bedloe glanced in her direction.

"'S'all right, old girl."

He stooped. The lock clicked. The door swung open, revealing only vacancy and void.

"There's your look," Bedloe said. "And now you've had it, get out of here before I throw you out."

Trooper Dill showed no chagrin. Precisely such disappointments, in the pages of True Detective Love Confessions Magazine, frequently confronted the very ablest members of his profession. He followed precedent by facing defeat with a smile.

"Well, Professor, the laugh seems to be on me—this time."

He swaggered, jingling to the door, paused, turned.

"To be continued!" he said ominously, and departed.

Julie's arms wound themselves about her husband.

"Oh, Ronald! How too, too marvelous of you! If you hadn't moved that awful whisky—" She paused. "Where did you hide it? I want it destroyed this minute. I don't care if it *is* against the law to destroy evidence—"

"That's all right." Bedloe patted her shoulder. "You see, I got kind of worried about leaving it down here, so I took it upstairs and—and just poured it out."

He brightened at the sight of Mr. Maybury.

"Why, hello, Breck!"

He crossed the room to shake hands. Maybury said something in an undertone. Less guardedly Bedloe answered:

"Why, sure! I've got plenty left."

"Plenty of what?" Julie demanded sharply. Her husband hesitated only for an instant.

"Garglerine," he said. "Breck was just asking me if I could let him have some. You come right upstairs with me, Breck, and I'll fix you up. 'S grand stuff, isn't it? I've only been using it about a week, but it's—it's made a new man of me already."

He paused, his eye dwelling thoughtfully upon Dean Smalley.

"Why," said the dean, "since you press me, I don't care if I do."

He seemed to take it for granted that the unspoken invitation included Eddie and Winship, with whom, affably linking arms, he moved blithely toward the stairway.

TWILIGHT was fading as Winship crossed the lawn toward the veranda where deeper shadows had forgathered. He was grateful for the descending darkness and glad that Wilhelmina should have chosen to spend this day in town so that the explanations which he was free at last to offer her had waited, of necessity, for the hour of kindly dusk.

The enforced delay, too, had given him time to consider and rehearse these explanations. His mind, as he neared the porch steps, was intent upon premeditated, polished phrases. He would begin by saying—

Hatefully, out of the shadow, came the voice of Dr. Rufus Frisbee.

"The episode is significant, dear lady, only in so far as it supports my contention that most Americans are psychopathic. Only a general neurosis can explain the mass hysteria that makes a national hero out of this fellow Winship merely because he brutally assaults another overgrown bully— Oh, good evening, Professor Winship. We were—we were just speaking about you."

Anger went out of Winship as he looked down at the man, a man suddenly revealed as comically, pathetically little, a man who inspired in Winship a strangely agreeable sense of bigness.

"Yes. I heard you."

He was astonished to discover that his voice was carelessly good-natured. Frisbee, however, circled warily toward the stairs. Winship was sorry for him. It must be a bitter thing, he thought, to be little—little and scared.

"I really must be getting back to my patients." Frisbee scuttled down the steps. "Good night."

(Continued on page 44)

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PRACTICALLY everyone these days needs to include more bulk in his diet for the sake of regularity. Irregularity makes one feel out of sorts and often causes more serious sickness.

As a sensible health precaution, join that great army of folks who eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning for breakfast. These crisp, golden flakes provide the additional bulk most people need and are very appetizing with milk or cream. They contain natural benefits of whole wheat: iron, phosphorus and vitamin B together with the outer coat of the grain which acts as a gentle regulator.

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Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Instantly the idle horde of Chinese was one boiling wave beating at our thin barrier

At the Barricade

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Murney Mintzer

WE FIRST noticed her through the glasses, far down one of the narrow streets leading across the avenue where we were finishing our barricade. The current set against her. Men, women and children, bowed under loads of hastily snatched belongings, swirled along in an unending flood. She was a tiny shriveled image of age and drab insignificance, yet she caught the eye like the tip of a periscope in a choppy sea or a buoy in a strong tideway, constantly shoved under yet always reappearing.

She kept to the middle of the way, splashing through ankle-deep mud, apparently oblivious of the stench of terror that hung in a dark, invisible fog over the Chinese city, driving toward us with a curiously fanatical intensity. She quickened her pace, her empty hands thrusting furiously at the heavily burdened fugitives.

We had been waiting for orders. They arrived just then, characteristically brief and pointed:

PERMIT NO NATIVE TO PASS YOUR POSITION ON ANY PRETEXT WHATEVER.

Beale was in charge—Johnny Beale, executive officer of the Gloucester. He squatted against the low tier of sandbags and initialed the order, then passed it to us.

Shambling, round-eyed coolies, in front of us, hopefully eyed the security of the foreign concession behind us; then, grinning vaguely, walked away.

We looked for the woman, found her just issuing from the ancient, twisted street into the broad paved avenue. With head bent back and body thrust forward from the waist as if to urge on her deformed feet, she was driving forward. In that mob of leaderless men she alone seemed to have a definite purpose. Only Whitley, the Gloucester's new surgeon, tried to put a name to it.

"Wants to start something, that old girl does. Her family's been killed, or her house burned. Now she's out for blood. Got one idea. What the French call an *idée fixe*. Destruction, that's it. Tear, burn, destroy."

Commander Beale grinned skeptically. He turned now and looked at the woman intently. In appearance she was like thousands of others: *amahs*, children's nurses in the families of wealthy Chinese or white foreigners. In a moment his eyes cleared and he chuckled suddenly. "I thought I'd seen her before. That's the Agnews' amah. Flower of Peace, that's what she calls herself. Looks out for that fat new baby of theirs. The youngster will have to get along without her tonight."

SHE was nearing the far end of the barricade as Beale spoke and suddenly he started toward her anxiously. She came on unhesitatingly, her head still bowed, until her foot touched the sandbags. Then, quite calmly, she attempted to climb over the low barrier.

"G'wan, Amah." A grinning young seaman stopped her with outthrust hand. "This is your night off." He propelled her backward gently.

Without a flicker of expression in her yellow face she moved a few feet and tried again. The next man was less gentle. She staggered slightly, looked around and sputtered something in a high-pitched little shriek.

"See," Whitley had been too intent upon his own diagnosis to hear Beale's comment. "She means business all right. Looks stupid, but you can't tell. Probably thinks she's a Chinese Joan of Arc."

Beale quickened his pace toward her, frowning and sweeping the crowds with his eyes. Tension clamped down on us again, for we knew he was thinking of the potential dynamite in that swarm of idle, half-starved men. The Chinese edged nearer. More of them approached, accepted rebuff without response—and tried again. Once more Flower of Peace was flung back. She was crying now. Her wrinkled cheeks screwed up in a grimace of frustration and her gnarled fingers worked convulsively as she chattered hoarsely in some unintelligible jargon.

Beale neared her, carefully avoiding any appearance of hurry. "Easy now, people," he called anxiously.

Flower of Peace saw the narrow opening left for passage in the center. She hurried toward it. Soldiers followed to watch, their rifles dragging carelessly, grinning after the old amah. Beale was momentarily out of reach. He knew, we all knew, that he must not betray any sign of excitement. Down the line a young ensign laughed nervously.

"Pipe down!" Three of us chorused Beale's muttered warning.

Then a tired young bluejacket slipped as he shoved a coolie off the sandbags, regained his balance and struck with the butt of his rifle. The coolie went down as Flower of Peace suddenly flung herself at the man who barred the passage. There was a scuffle and then a yell of pain—"She bit me!"

Beale jumped forward then, barked an order. But down the street a rifle snapped, flame poured from the shadow of a house. A bluejacket stumbled, pitched forward. Instantly the idle horde of Chinese was one boiling wave beating at our thin barrier, mounting it, falling in a solid mass upon men, bayonets and stuttering machine guns. From a housetop behind us the white figure of a British signalman wigwagged the word that the spark had been dropped. And as I was caught in the flood I saw the amah, a bundle of old rags, flung up and over me by the force of the wave.

None of us knew very much of what followed. Beale went down right at the first, reappeared later with his right arm dangling useless and a long gash over one eye. The ensign who had laughed fell across the sandbags, lay still. The barricade simply disappeared. Several times, as we gave ground toward the landing, the machine guns lodged briefly in doorways won us short breathing spells. Darkness came on only to be swept away by leaping flame. More men came ashore from the ships. Families that had clung too long to their homes in the concession fled behind us—or sprawled among the ruins. We won back toward the edge of the concession but by that time there was little left to save.

WHEN for the third—and as it turned out the last—time the order came to abandon the concession, Beale was back with what was left of our outfit. We dashed through the gate of a compound wall, lay there while the machine gun cleared the street ahead. The house at our back was gone, a heap of glowing coals.

Beale clutched me with his good hand and dragged me to where a tumbledown outhouse had survived the fire.

Something moved in the obscurity and as my sight cleared I saw a crouching figure rocking patiently back and forth. Beale's flashlight snapped on and there before us was Flower of Peace, huddled against the wall, her cracked voice crooning a thousand-year-old lullaby to the white baby that lay contentedly in the crook of her arm.

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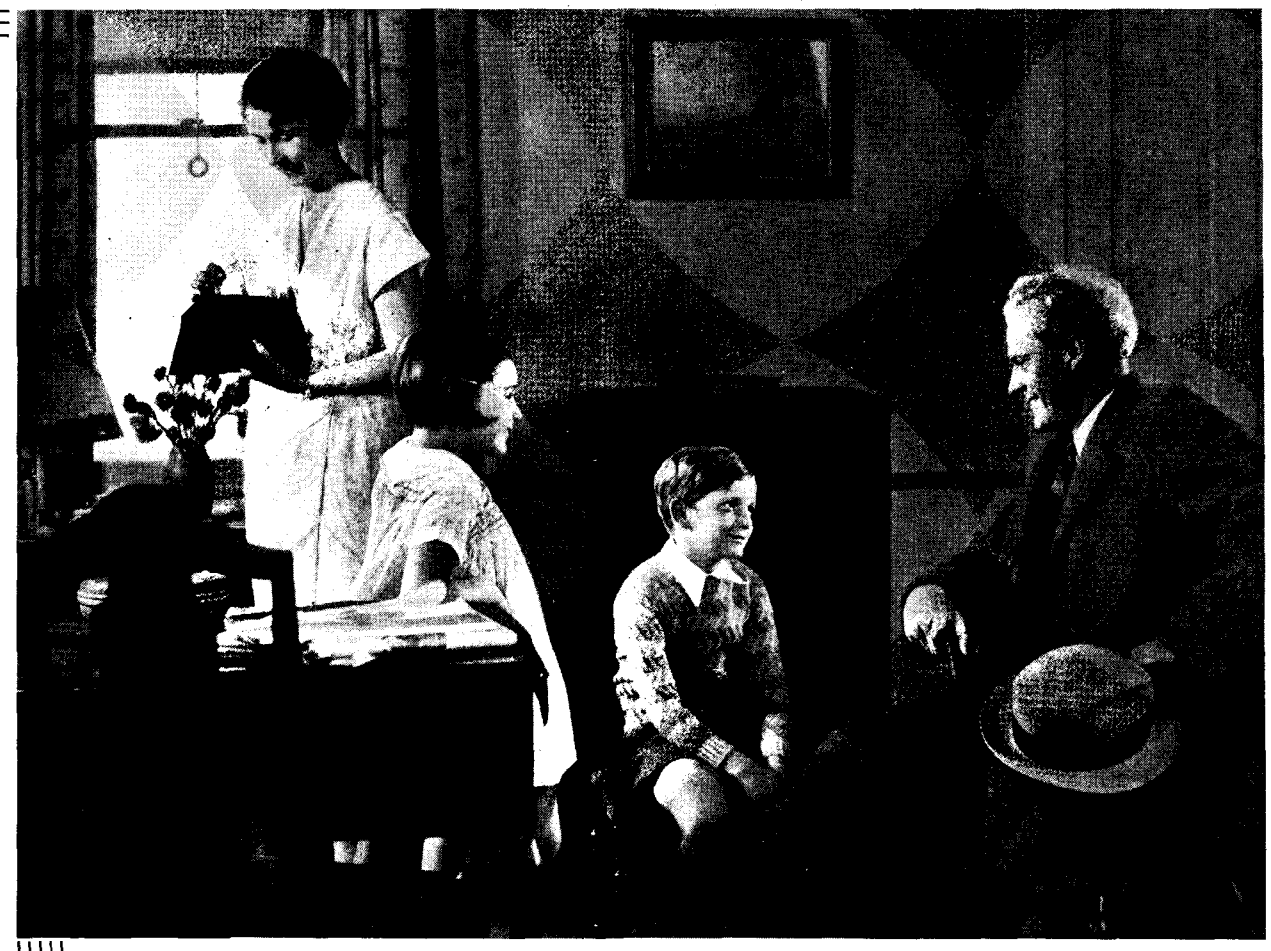
If you are like most American fathers you have found it easier to earn money than to save.



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Metropolitan Life's contracts afford a means to

- —*create estates and incomes for families*
- —*pay off mortgages*
- —*educate children*
- —*provide income in the event of retirement*
- —*establish business credits*
- —*stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men*
- —*provide group protection for employees covering accident, sickness, old age and death*
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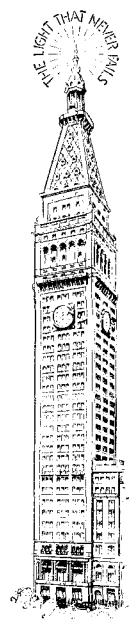
Metropolitan policies on individual lives, in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more, and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.



WHEN you have furnished your wife the money necessary for the family, it takes real planning to provide also for expenses bound to come in the future.

If you have a wife who shares your ambitions and responsibilities, let her join with you in building for the future. She may be more willing than you to begin in a small but effective way.

All over this country and Canada there are millions of husbands and wives who found it difficult to save money until Metropolitan Field-Men showed them how to think in terms of ten cent pieces and dollar bills, which they had, instead of one hundred dollar and thousand dollar bills, which they didn't have. More than that, Field-Men collected the small sums each week and placed them under the care of the largest financial institution in the world.

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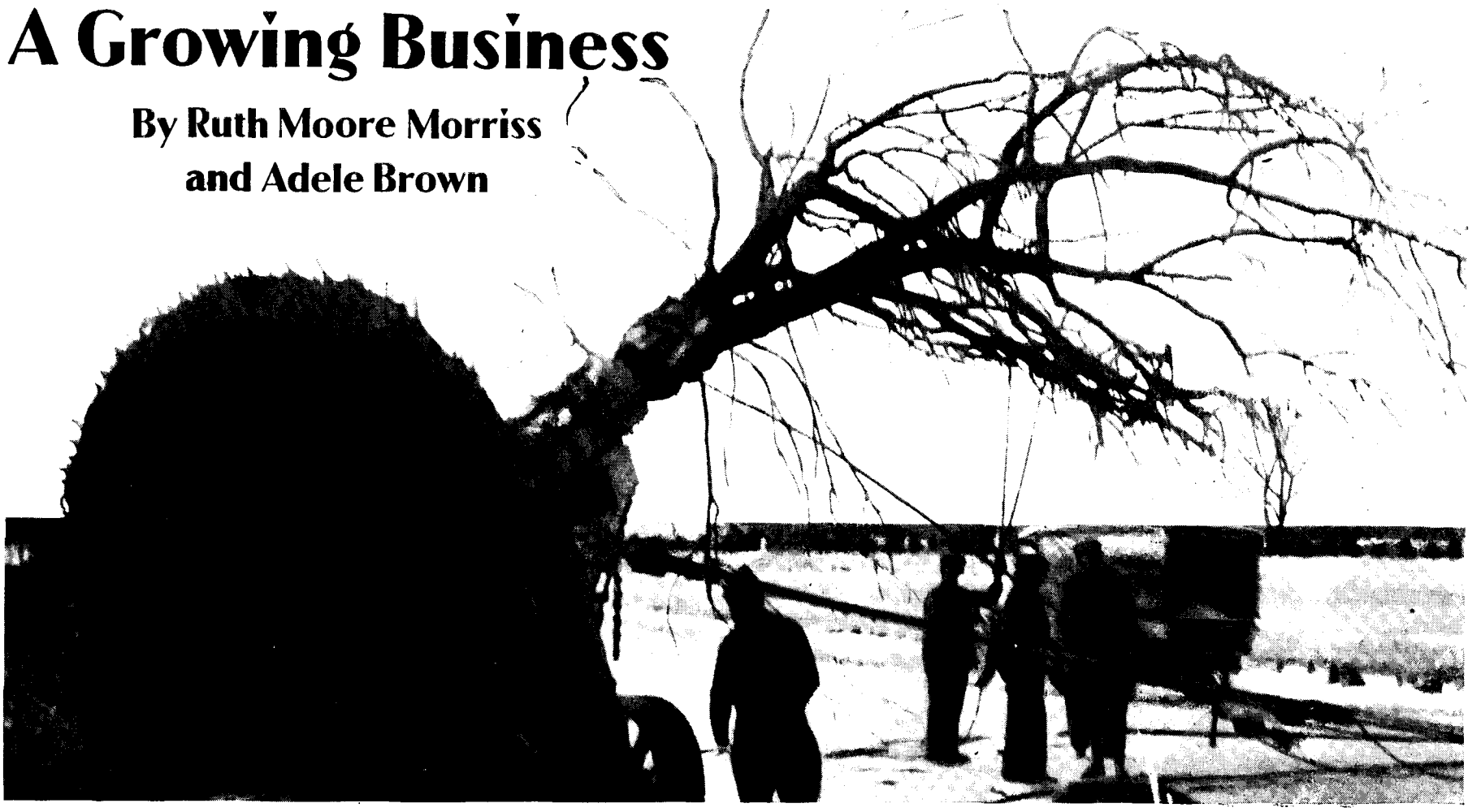
A Growing Business

By Ruth Moore Morriss and Adele Brown



Much care and special equipment are required in transplanting large trees

A TYPEWRITER of antique vintage, an old farmhouse and some trees. Not an encouraging outlook for a young girl under twenty, who was pretty, inexperienced and extremely shy. Evelyn Smith had been educated to ornament a drawing-room; not to make a living.

This was some twenty-two years ago. Today she is worth a good many millions. No large-hearted uncle died and left them, nor did she marry these millions. She made them. And the business which she built up with the decrepit typewriter and the trees—always the trees—is something more than a business. It is an absolute monarchy, less than fifty miles outside New York City, this kingdom of Amawalk.

For at least twenty years the columns of the press have been concerned with Evelyn Smith's sensational accomplishments.

First Tree in the World Moved by Plane. The tree which flew was a Smith tree. *Monarchs of the Jungle Move Monarchs of Forest.* Miss Smith with elephants. Again, *Evelyn Smith to Supply Trees for Tomb of Unknown Soldier.*

But to get the full flavor of the story of Evelyn and her curious kingdom, one must needs go back to the beginning when she and her sister Mabel inherited Amawalk.

In 1909 her father, Major Orlando J. Smith, died. He had been the head of the American Press Association. He had also been a generous father to his two charming daughters. But after his death the Press Association went, perhaps naturally, to his only son, Courtland. Major Smith's hobby, the farm, with its house and its rows of seedlings, was all that the two girls inherited.

Not long after the Major's death the family solicitor called, solemnly, as befitted a time of sorrow. He announced that the farm must be sold, and at once. Then Evelyn showed the stuff of which she was made.

"I think we'll keep the farm," she said. "It's all we have left of Father. And he loved his trees."

The solicitor sputtered: "But you young ladies must have money. Where will you get it if you don't sell the place?"

"I suppose we'll have to make it."

Unconsciously this became Evelyn's slogan. As far as she could see, there was only one way to make money with the assets at hand, and that was to turn her father's hobby into a business. Major Smith had spent all his spare time on trees. He liked to buy rundown farms in Westchester or Connecticut, then beautify them by planting hundreds of seedlings. While he planted he experimented. He crossed one variety of tree with another; he tried the effects of different soils; he developed new methods of pruning. In fact, he ran nurseries on a miniature and impermanent basis. But as soon as the trees began to grow without his assistance, he lost interest and sold the property, only to begin the process all over again with a new farm and new seedlings.

A Feeling for Trees

Now, Evelyn had been her father's favorite child. She had spent vacations and holidays with him. It was true she knew little that was practical about his hobby, but she had absorbed something, a certain tree sense. And there was Andy.

Andy had been her father's handy man ever since Evelyn was so small that she could only toddle along behind his earthy boots. To Andy Evelyn took her problems.

The very quality which had led Miss Smith to ask Andy's advice made her realize that two heads are often better than one, and may be a lucky number. So she summoned her father's friends. Many of them were famous men. All of them were successful. Experience in one business might prove useful in another, and she explained that she was determined to build a business, and a lucrative one, out of her father's trees. What suggestions could they offer?

Gerard Swope, of the General Electric, was for expansion. Arthur Brisbane suggested the power of the press. Thus began the Amawalk Kitchen Cabinet.

Now Amawalk is not only the largest big-tree nursery in the world, with its eleven hundred acres of specimen trees, but it is a self-supporting community as well. The antique shop, the inn, the tavern, the outdoor camp, and the country club which boasts one hundred and fifty members and a nine-hole golf course, are all paying propositions.

In the beginning Evelyn realized that the men who had been in her father's employ possessed an untapped fund of rude science which they practiced. Evelyn, young as she was, also realized that direct questions would undoubtedly confuse them; so sometimes, through entire hot afternoons, or long cold winter mornings, she would stand quietly by—watching.

Now and then she would ask a pertinent question. Why did they cultivate the grass so carefully away from the base of every recently transplanted tree? Because the grass took all the nourishment needed by tree roots. Why was the ground always pulverized around a newly transplanted tree? That, she learned, was because the small roots or feeders could not obtain as much nourishment from lumpy or matted soil. Andy was a great believer in keeping the ground well cultivated about the roots of trees at all times, but he insisted that in the beginning it was essential.

In Amawalk, even yet, they follow Andy's policy of artificially feeding a freshly transplanted tree; but they do not believe, as do some specialists, that trees should be fed regularly. When a tree is transplanted, yes; or if a native growing tree shows signs of dying back—dead twigs and withered leaves—then they resort to artificial feeding; or again if the water table—the level of the water in the ground—is changed by erosion or any other cause, the ground is enriched with a special food composed principally of dried fish and blood.

In the beginning Evelyn had to learn all these things and a great many more. One of the fundamentals which first aroused her curiosity was why, when evergreens were transplanted, the roots must be kept covered or "balled," as she learned to describe this process. What would happen if the dirt should shake loose from the roots? If evergreens could be moved at any season of the year, why must deciduous trees always be transplanted when they were bare of leaves?

Out-Experting the Experts

She soon discovered that evergreens whose roots were bare when they were moved, died. Therefore, in transplanting, roots must be covered. No thought, however, was given to maples, elms, fruit trees and ash, or any of the deciduous trees. Their roots were not balled. Why? She asked Andy. Because they were always moved when the sap was down and they were dormant. But why could these trees not be transplanted when the sap was running, if their roots were properly covered?

Moving deciduous trees in any except the winter months was unheard of, but Evelyn Smith tried it one August. Andy was horrified. The trees would die. He was sure of it.

Nevertheless, she had two Japanese maples dug up, and the roots covered with earth and sacking. Then she went ahead and moved her trees and they all flourished. She had proved her theory. She was one step nearer to being an expert. And she knew that eventually she would become one.

Meantime, she felt that her knowledge must be supplemented from sources other than the information of her workmen, for trees, like human beings, have diseases which must be expertly diagnosed and expertly treated. For example, elm-leaf beetle must be sprayed with arsenate of lead, and so must the canker worm which sometimes attacks elms and oaks. In the latter case the patients have to be treated to a spray when their buds are bursting and again a month later.

(Continued on page 36)

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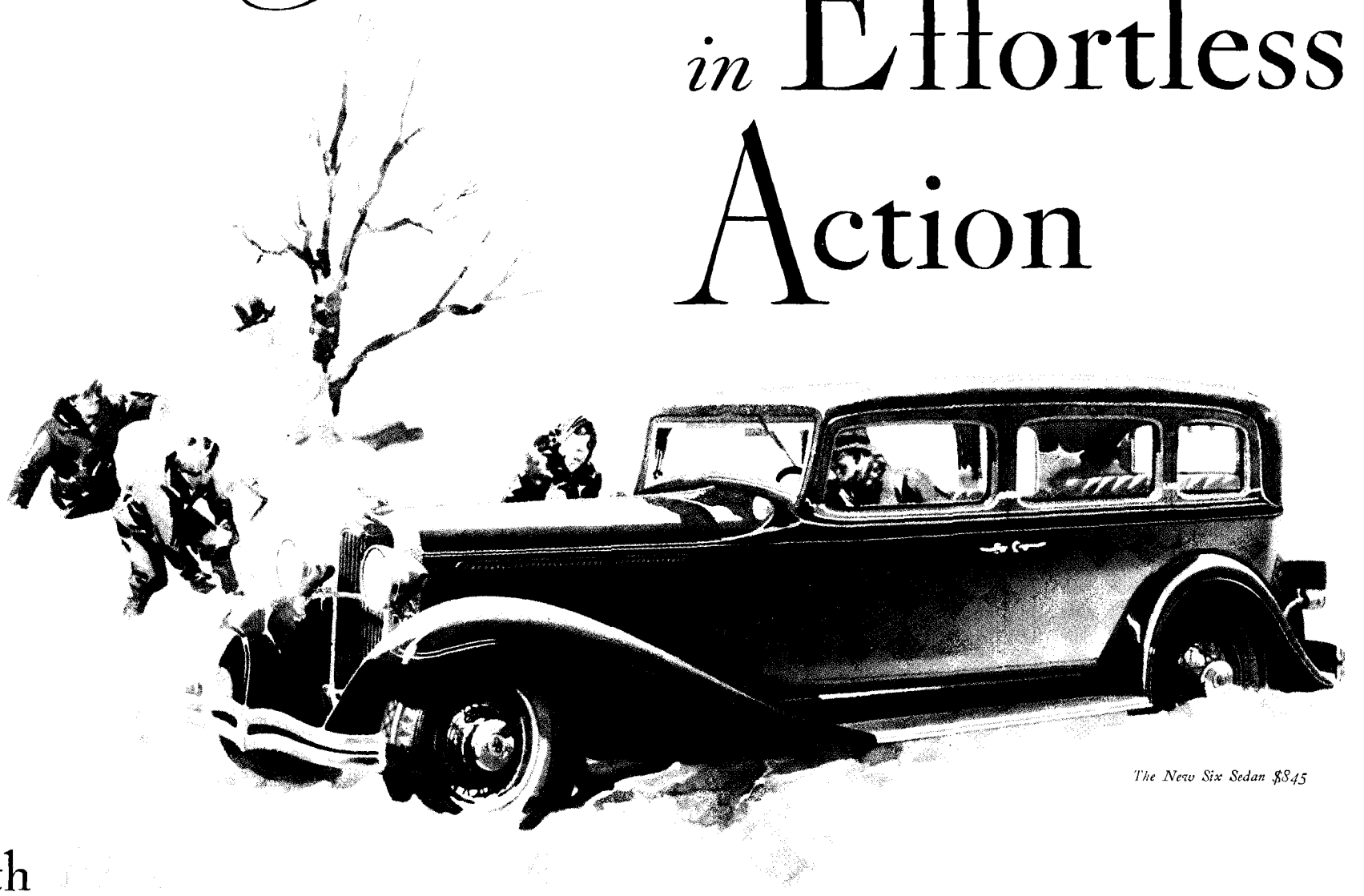
DODGE

a new Achievement in Effortless Action



The New Six Sedan $845

with

Automatic Clutch, Silent Gear Selector and Free Wheeling

THERE IS NOTHING in all previous motoring experience that will give you an idea of the hushed power, the silent, tremorless action of the new Dodge Six and Eight.

Floating Power, that remarkable new principle of engine suspension, gives them a responsiveness as alert and free and effortless as a yacht that takes its power from the wind.

The Automatic Clutch, coordinated with an entirely separate free-wheeling unit, gives ***double*** Free Wheeling . . . which means that you can forget the clutch pedal forever.

When you wish to shift gears, you simply shift them . . . you need not touch the clutch pedal or any other pedal. And the shifting lever moves so easily that it is literally true to say you can shift with your little finger.

For still further ease, the brakes are weatherproof Dodge Hydraulics—of increased size and with newly designed drums. You have never known such effortless, positive braking.

Nor can you imagine how steadily these cars take difficult turns with their low center of gravity, Mono-Piece Steel Bodies and Bridge-type double-drop frames.

It is difficult to describe the new Dodge cars without sounding over-enthusiastic. But once you drive them, your own enthusiasm will tell you clearly and decisively that you will never care to accept less in the car you buy.

Your Dodge dealer invites you to take the wheel. Don't delay this altogether new and delightful experience.

NEW LOW PRICES

NEW DODGE SIX	$795 to $845
NEW DODGE EIGHT	$1115 to $1145

F. O. B. Detroit. Low delivered prices. Convenient terms. Five wire or demountable wood wheels, no extra cost. Duplate safety plate glass at new low price. Automatic Clutch only $8 additional on all Sixes. Closed models factory-wired for Philco-Transitone.

DODGE DEPENDABILITY

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"You like them l

YOU don't have to tell the woman who has switched to Camels the benefits of a *fresh* cigarette.

She knows all about it — that's the reason she stays switched.

She has learned that the fine, fragrant, sun-ripened choice tobaccos in Camels have a perfectly preserved delicate mildness all their own.

She knows by a grateful throat's testimony what a relief this smooth, cool, slow-burning *fresh* cigarette means to sensitive membrane.

Camels are fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack because they are *made* fresh, fresh with natural moisture and natural flavors—they are never parched or toasted.

If you don't know what the Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat so as to avoid parching or toasting means to the smoker — switch to Camels for just one day, then leave them — if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

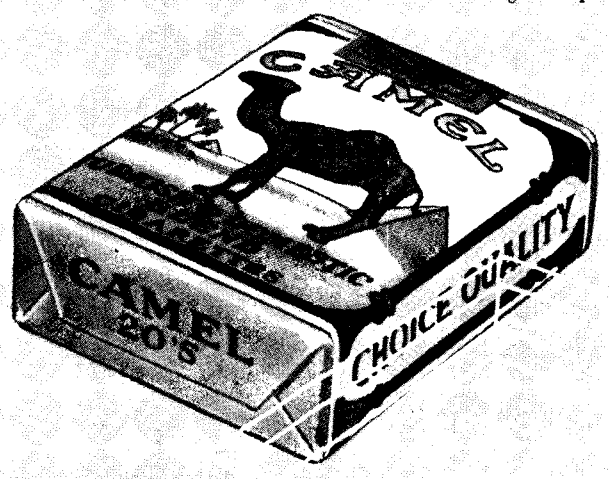
"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time



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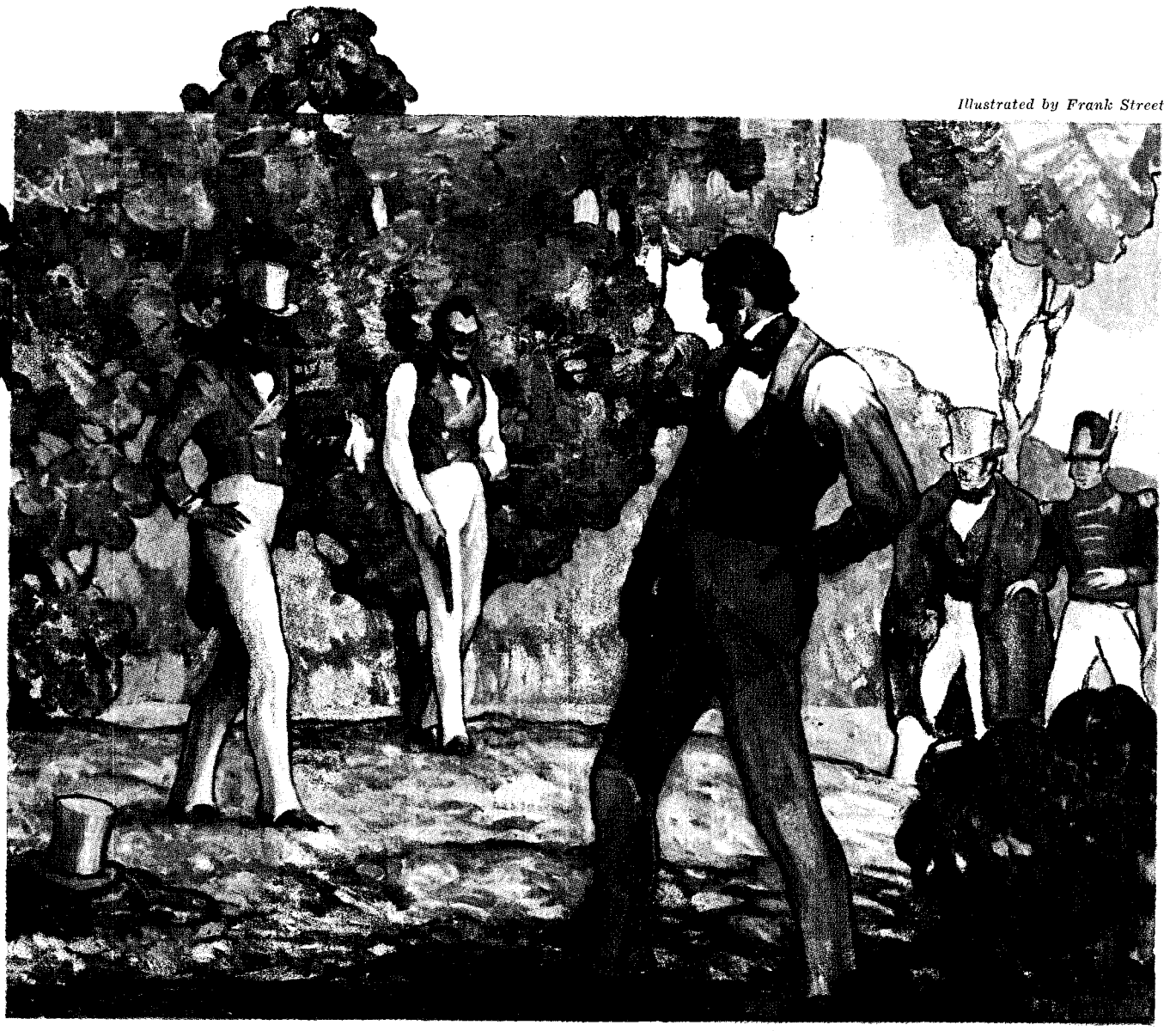
Illustrated by Frank Street



"Gentlemen, the word will be: One! Two! Three! Fire! Are you ready?"

The Owl

Young Sir Roland fights a pistol duel with Mr. Darvell—who had never been known to miss

By Jeffery Farnol

YOUNG Roland gazed haggard-eyed upon the dawn, viewing everything with an almost fierce intensity since he felt very sure this was the last dawn he would ever live to see . . . vague trees rising from a pearly mist that brimmed every hollow, a somber sky lightening towards the east with promise of day; and from somewhere in this dimness, sudden and loud, an owl hooted dismally. Sir Roland shivered and, drawing the candles near, bent to finish the letter that had been worded with such painful care; he read it with haggard eyes, sighed, tore it up and, dipping quill, wrote again:

"Dear Heart:

"If I must go out into the unknown, I shall not fear because I know that the sweet spirit of your love will guide me through the dark to the light beyond, for thine own am I through death and the hereafter, ever and always,

"ROLAND."

Having sanded and sealed this letter he turned back to the casement and saw the sky shot with glory where the sun was rising. Presently on the door was a soft knocking and Captain Standish entered:

"Hey—dooce take me! Up and dressed already, Roly?"

"I haven't been to bed, Tom."

"Not? Oh the deyvil . . . 'twill never do! Limp as a dem'd rag, Roly; hand shakes like cursed aspen and—er—so forth! Lie down, old f'low, compose, rest, breathe deep and—ah—so on—"

"No use, Tom, and no matter. There can be but one end; I know it and so do you. Darvell never misses and . . . well, I'm prepared. But why aren't you asleep?"

"Well, I was, y'know . . . at least very nearly but what with one dooced thing and another, I—oh dem!"

"I know, Tom, I know and thanks for your sympathy, it . . . it makes matters easier for me."

"And that dem'd owl! Hooting, y'know, like an accursed dem'd soul! What a plaguey, desolate, infernal gloomy hole this old house o' yours is, Roly!"

"Why, I seldom come near the place," sighed young Roland, "indeed all too seldom . . . and now—"

"Darvell couldn't sleep either, Roly. I heard him tramp, tramping . . . chamber next mine, y'know, and once he stuck head out o' lattice and cursed every owl that ever was hatched . . . that dem'd owl!"

"Yes, I heard it. But surely nothing could possibly shake Darvell's iron nerves, Tom."

"NO, HE'S precious cool . . . dem'd iceberg . . . shoot a man and smile . . . oh, curse! And yet, Roly," said the Captain, shaking comely head and seating himself on the unused bed, "I ain't so sure. Queer thing happened as we rode down here . . . narrow lane and we riding three abreast, Darvell, Ponsonby and self in the middle, when we met a gypsy hag, stalwart old soul, stout and tall as a grenadier, dem'd fine, buxom creeter once—well, she stands aside but not quick enough for Darvell. The dam' f'low swears and flicks her with his whip—and Roly, b'Gad . . . panthers, lions, tigers? Dooce take me but she's at him like 'em all in one, claws the whip from him, tosses it over hedge, and demme—out flies a monstrous white owl. . . .

"'See you, ye gorgio dog!' she screams. 'An owl's your fate . . . a black and bloody fate! When ye see or hear an owl, tremble and—beware!' says she. . . . Well, I tossed her a crown and on we rode, making light on't, though Darvell showed mighty glum twixt whiles, and his hand so ripped and torn he lapped handkerchief round it to stay the bleeding. . . . And now, old f'low, lookee!" And the Captain laid a dueling pistol on the table. "How are you with the poppers?"

"Worse than bad, Tom," sighed Sir Roland, viewing the murderous thing askance.

"Oh demme!" wailed the Captain. "Then how shall you contrive?"

"Close my eyes probably and trust to fortune."

"But, Roly . . . strike me purple, 'twill be murder!"

"Most duels are."

"Look now, for the love o' Gad! You've taken your ground, facing your man 'cross your right shoulder—thus! Your pistol 'gainst your right leg—so! At the word 'one' you raise it slowly—so! At 'two' you bring it to a level—so! At 'three' you depress a bit, say to the third button on—"

"Thanks, Tom, but 'tis no good. I shall forget everything the moment we are placed. Let's talk o' something else."

"But, Roland . . . Roly, upon my perishing soul—" stammered the Captain aghast, "this . . . this is monstrous, absurd . . . too infernally preposterous!"

"It is!" nodded Roland drearily. "But then I struck the arrogant, foul-tongued beast and must abide the consequences."

"But to . . . to walk out and be shot like a . . . a poor, dem'd, defenseless lamb—"

"Nay, Tom, I shall shoot back."

"But have y'ever fired a pistol?"

"Once or twice. However, I've drawn my will, Tom, settled all my affairs—"

"Oh, rat me!" moaned the Captain. "This comes o' your Gentleman Jackson 'stead of Angelo—preferring fists to a gentleman's weapons—"

"YES," answered Roland, clenching his fist and sighing over it, "were it honest naked mauleys I could thrash the fellow very handsomely; as 'tis, Tom, he will probably . . . well, if I . . . should the expected happen, pray bear me this letter to my . . . to . . . Deborah."

"Lady Carstairs? I will . . . I will certainly. Trust me, Roly. To be sure. But . . . let's hope—! Ha, curse it, another two hours to wait . . . two mortal, dem'd hours!"

"Only two!" sighed young Roland. "They'll soon pass, Tom! Look at the morning; how glorious! Let's out and walk before breakfast."

And a fresh, sweet world they found it—radiant with sun that set a myriad dewy gems a-sparkle, and glad with the joyous clamor of new-waked birds . . . And to Roland as he gazed around with that same eager intensity, this familiar prospect took on new beauties he had never noticed until now; and since he was to lose all so dreadfully soon, he viewed all with a passionate yearning. The Captain, eying his friend's rapt

(Continued on page 53)

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ULTRA-VIOLET FOR PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES

NEW MAZDA Sunlight Lamp

Ultra-violet in the doctor's waiting-room

NEW MAZDA Sunlight Lamp

Ultra-violet at the manicure table

TESTED AND APPROVED

We have submitted one of these fixtures to the laboratories of the MAZDA lamp manufacturers. It has been tested and approved by them for illumination and ultra-violet effectiveness when used with the MAZDA Sunlight lamp

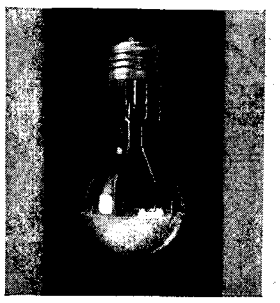
Above are shown some of the special fixtures required for the use of the MAZDA new Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2)

SPECIAL wall, ceiling, and other fixtures required for the operation of the new MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) make inexpensive ultra-violet radiation available for doctors' and dentists' waiting-rooms, for manicure parlors, offices, barber shops, Turkish baths, and also for hotel solariums, swimming pools, indoor playgrounds and gymnasiums.

Opportunity for enjoyment of the benefits of mild ultra-violet while waiting for appointments or receiving the services of the barber, the manicurist, or the beautician is appreciated by people who recognize this aid to health maintenance.

The MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) is operated at small cost, and inexpensive fixtures required for its use are obtainable in types to suit all requirements. Besides radiating ultra-violet equivalent to *the best midday midsummer sunshine*, this lamp furnishes excellent illumination. It is safe, silent, and odorless, and can be used in the office, the home, or elsewhere, without fuss or bother.

Any of the manufacturers listed here will be glad to furnish information regarding ultra-violet equipment made by him, or mail the coupon to obtain a free copy of the illustrated booklet, "Ultra-Violet for Everyone."



The New Mazda Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2)

This lamp can be operated at an average cost of less than 1½c per hour. It operates on alternating current, and *only in fixtures specially designed for its use.*

Note: The MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-1) is also available in new fixtures and for renewal purposes.

BEARDSLEE CHANDELIER MANUFACTURING CO., 216 South Jefferson Street, Chicago, Illinois
BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO., Des Plaines, Illinois
BRADY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 565 East Larned Street, Detroit, Michigan
CURTIS LIGHTING, INCORPORATED, 1123 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois
DOMINION ELECTRICAL MFG. CO., 712 Ontario Avenue, W., Minneapolis, Minn.
THE FRINK CORPORATION, 23-10 Bridge Plaza South, Long Island City, N.Y.
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.
THE EDWIN F. GUTH COMPANY, Jefferson and Washington Aves., St. Louis, Mo.
HEALTHMASTER SUN RAY LAMP DIVISION, LIBERTY ELECTRIC CO., 50 West North Street, Indianapolis, Indiana
HOLOPHANE COMPANY, INC., 342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
THE KAYLINE COMPANY, 600 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio
LIGHTOLIER COMPANY, 569-575 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
LUMINATOR, INC., 851 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
THE MILLER COMPANY, Meriden, Connecticut
MOE-BRIDGES COMPANY, 220 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.
S. ROBERT SCHWARTZ & BRO., 160 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.
THE F. W. WAKEFIELD BRASS CO., Vermilion, Ohio
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING CO., Edgewater Park, Cleveland, Ohio

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

"Ultra-Violet for Everyone" describes the MAZDA Sunlight Lamps (Type S-1 and Type S-2) and illustrates some of the new inexpensive fixtures now available.

You may obtain this booklet by mailing the coupon to Ultra-Violet, 2146 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Any manufacturer listed here will gladly send you detailed information regarding the fixtures made by him.

A Guarantee of Reliability

This emblem is a guarantee that the fixture to which it is attached has been tested and approved for illumination and ultra-violet effectiveness when used with the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2). Purchasers should look for this emblem when buying fixtures for the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp.

ULTRA-VIOLET, 2146 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
Kindly send me, without charge, a copy of "Ultra-Violet for Everyone."
(Please print name and address legibly.)

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City..... *State*.....

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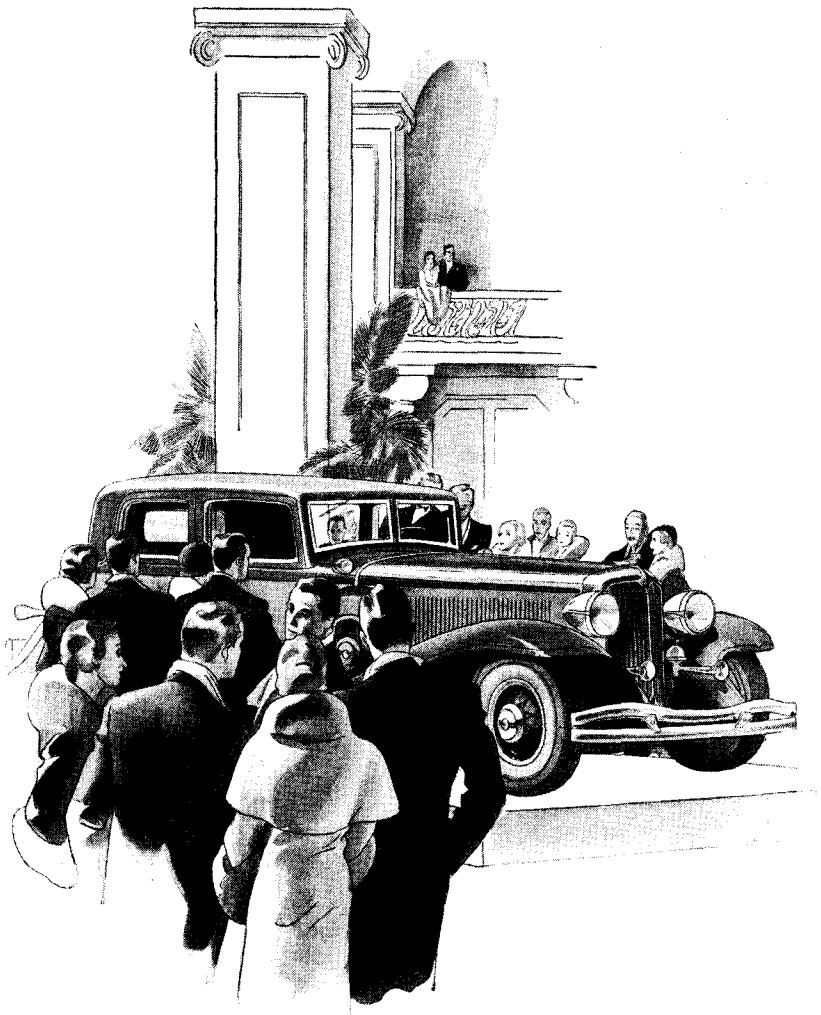

CHRYSLER has all America *asking*

Is any automobile up-to-date without *patented* FLOATING POWER ?

All of the finer, more beautiful new Chryslers have Floating Power, *that great fundamental discovery which takes first place among engineering developments of modern times. Revolutionary in principle—sensational in results. Completely* wipes out *power tremor from both frame and body. Makes the flood of Chrysler power calm and quiet as a millpond. Creates an entirely different "feel" in performance. A smoothness impossible to describe. Previously there had been nothing like it—nothing nearly like it. Scientific minds regard it as the greatest single advantage a modern motor car could have.*

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT AN

Automatic Clutch?

Completely Automatic. Makes driving supremely simple. Nothing for your left foot to do but be comfortable. You don't have to touch the clutch pedal when starting from a standstill, when changing gears, or even to use reverse. Makes driving easier for everybody. Women particularly enjoy it. The action of this Automatic Clutch is always soft and smooth, ***never*** jerky.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT A

Silent Gear Selector?

It isn't gear-***shifting*** in a Chrysler any more — it's gear-***selecting.*** When you release the accelerator, you move the lever freely into place in any direction without touching the clutch pedal—with the car starting from a standstill or traveling at any speed, or when reversing. It's easy. It's effortless. A child could do it. There is no resistance, no sense of friction. You can move the lever as fast as you like or as slow as you like—backward or forward—***the gears cannot clash.***

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Free Wheeling?

Chrysler's Free Wheeling is an entirely separate unit at the rear of the transmission. When you are free-wheeling in a Chrysler, the transmission gears are at a complete standstill, disconnected from both the engine and the rear wheels. This not only provides ***real*** Free Wheeling, but makes possible the new kind of effortless shifting you enjoy with the Silent Gear Selector.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Hydraulic Brakes?

Chrysler Hydraulic Brakes excel because they are simpler. They have fewer parts. They never need lubrication. They are always ***equalized*** because they equalize themselves. Quicker stops with greater ease. ***Safer*** stops because of absolutely equalized pressure on all four wheels. No "side-pull." No swerving. Hydraulic Brakes are used for safety on buses and big trucks. All new taxicabs in New York are required by city ordinance to have Hydraulic Brakes. Try Chrysler brakes and you will never want to go back to any other kind.

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IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Centrifuse Brake Drums?

New and larger brake drums of combined steel and cast iron. New type of construction. A steel drum with cast-iron lining—the drum and the lining ***permanently*** fused together. The combination of steel and iron fused together makes brakes that last longer, remain cooler, retain uniform efficiency—brakes of quick action, soft action, sure action, safe action.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT AN

All-Steel Body?

With today's congested traffic conditions, steel motor car bodies are as vital to safety as steel railway coaches. Chrysler steel bodies are of ***all-steel*** construction, rigidly reinforced and welded into one piece—the kind of construction you should have and should ***demand.*** The entire body is sound-insulated. Wide, comfortable seats. Unusual leg-room and head-room. Beautiful upholstery, fixtures and trim. Strength, safety, smartness, luxury—it has them ***all.***

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT A

Double-Drop Girder-Truss Frame?

The modernizing of the motor car has imposed new demands upon automobile frames, as well as other units of the car. Chrysler engineers have developed a frame of entirely new design. It incorporates the Double-Drop feature, permitting a noticeably low, smart and fleet car appearance. By means of the new Girder-Truss construction, two extra steel members parallel the side channels at either side of the engine, giving twofold support and strength. Continuing, these members cross over diagonally and meet the opposite side channels at the rear, forming an amazingly rigid construction. The result is multiplied strength and a stable, distortion-proof foundation for the body.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs?

Regardless of mud, snow, ice or dirt, these springs will not squeak. An entirely new patented spring construction. Springs that never need lubrication. The steel leaves of the springs are separated by Oilite—a patented metal that contains its own lubrication. Absence of interleaf friction gives a softer, more restful ride. These great springs are standard on all three new Chrysler Eights.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Effortless Steering?

The new Chryslers steer with a touch. Women especially enjoy Chrysler steering. It not only makes driving easier, but it is so much easier to get in and out of parking spaces. And Chrysler steering is protected from road-shock. You never "feel the road" through the steering wheel.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Chrysler Speed and Pick-up?

Chrysler cars are more powerful than ever—***faster*** than ever. If you like ***real*** speed—Chrysler has it. You may never care to drive 75—85—90 miles an hour, but the great power that makes these speeds possible makes Chrysler performance, at any speed you choose to drive, the most enjoyable performance under the sun. The speed and pick-up of Floating Power are as delightful as Floating Power smoothness.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

All These Other Features?

Besides all its new outstanding superiorities, Chrysler retains the following important ***basic*** features—pioneered or popularized by Chrysler and features of Chrysler cars for years: In the Eights, a 4-speed transmission with internal Dual High Gears; in the Six, a Silent-Second Easy-Shift Transmission; all have the high-compression engine; full force-feed lubrication; ventilated crankcase; aluminum alloy Invar Strut pistons; counterweighted crankshaft; modern fuel system with fuel pump; oil filter; air cleaner and intake silencer; noiseless spring shackles; cowl ventilators; small base wheels and large tires; adjustable front seat; interior sun visors; indirectly lighted instrument panel; treadle-type accelerator—and many other features that add to Chrysler efficiency and Chrysler value.

FOUR COMPLETE LINES—GREAT RANGE OF PRICES . . . 17 BODY MODELS

A new Chrysler Six with an 82-horsepower engine and five body models, $885 to $935 (Automatic Clutch on all Sixes, $8 extra); a new Chrysler Eight with a 100-horsepower engine and four body models, $1435 to $1535; a new Chrysler Imperial Eight with a 125-horsepower engine and two body models, $1925 to $1945; a new Chrysler Imperial Custom Eight with a 125-horsepower engine and six body models (prices furnished upon specifications required). All prices f. o. b. factory. Duplate Safety Plate Glass obtainable on all models at slight extra cost.

CHRYSLER

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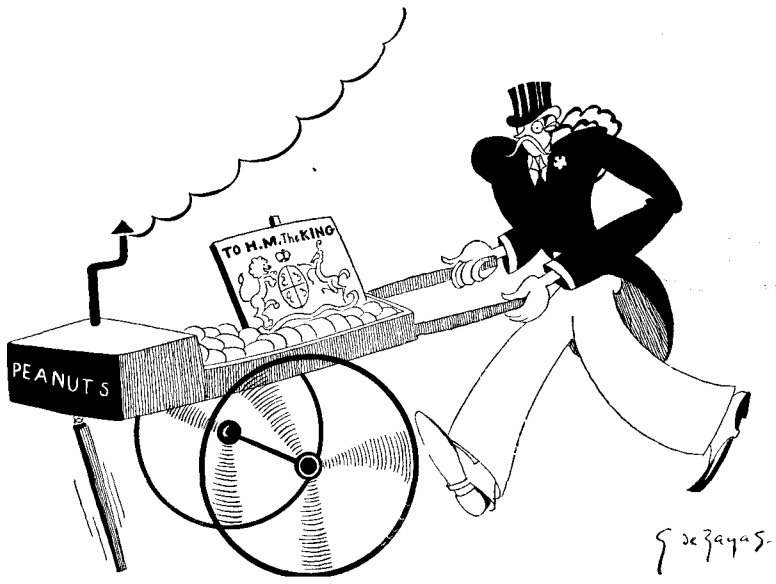


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The 1,400 firms which supply commodities to the Royal Family of England today own warrants which give them permission to use the royal crest on their windows, stationery and labels. They are located in many countries and make everything from wine corks to horse millinery.

The world's longest poem is the Mahâbhârata, the great Hindu epic which contains more than 100,000 couplets. It was begun in 500 B. C. and finished about 1,200 years later. — *By Dr. Burton W. Adams, Boston, Mass.*

Nature grows more white flowers than flowers of any other color.

The longest period of sleeplessness ever recorded lasted nine days. Then the poor victim died of exhaustion.

When a French criminal is sentenced to Devil's Island for 8 years or longer, he never is permitted to return to France.

Despite the physical and financial dangers which surround such ventures, there are about 100,000 women in the United States today who are seeking husbands through matrimonial bureaus and clubs. — *By Jean V. K. Dalrymple, New York City.*

In August, 1918, an English soldier raided single-handed a German headquarters and captured some documents which he could not read. The other day he accidentally learned that they were the Hindenburg defense plans which enabled the Allies quickly to win the war. He's now wondering who took the credit he should have gotten.

Some of our prison-made products today still are labeled with the names of outside manufacturers, in order to facilitate their sale. Imagine what a prisoner, who is made to put on these labels, thinks of society, which has incarcerated *him* for crooked work!

On the smaller New Hebrides Islands, in the southern Pacific, where cannibalism still prevails, dieting by the ladies is virtually a matter of life or death. The fat ones go into the kettle.

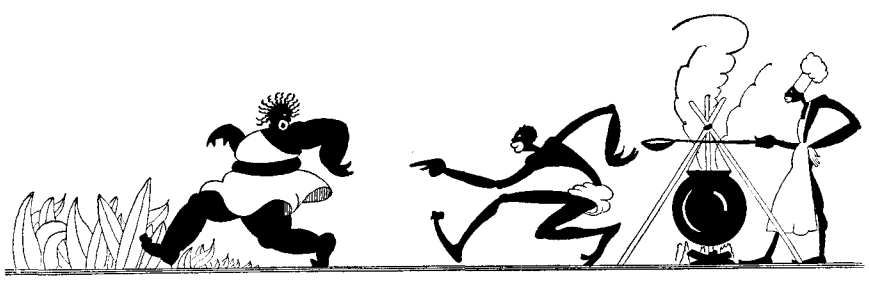
A skiing casino, with artificial snow and wall scenes of the Alps, was recently opened in a large steam-heated dance hall in London for skiing fans who cannot stand the cost or the cold of St. Moritz. Another sport they enjoy is laughing at Mohammed for going to the mountain.

The world's greatest babel of tongues is heard in London's continental telephone exchange where 4,000 long-distance calls are made daily to various places in Europe by 123 girl operators who are obliged to talk in a large number of languages and dialects.

Public gambling is illegal in France. But "private gambling" is an entirely different matter. Today 160 great casinos throughout the country are licensed to operate private gambling clubs which are always well patronized and about as exclusive and difficult to enter as a Bowery speakeasy.

When a Turkish court of law today renders a decision on any civil or criminal case, the decision cannot be reversed through additional legal fireworks. Appeal has been abolished.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



"Best since Bismarck"

Continued from page 13

"Laval is a shrewd farmer."

"And Brüning?"

"Brüning is a saint."

The German chancellor dresses neatly, yet he cares little for sartorial effect. He is reputed to own only two suits of clothes. His voice is soft and pleasant, his manner the pink of politeness. He is an inveterate smoker of cigars—so much so that this habit, coupled with his ascetic appearance, once made a Berlin wag dub him "Saint Francis of Assisi with a cigar."

When receiving visitors, he thoughtfully takes puff after puff, while carefully listening to all that others may have to say. Brüning is an excellent listener. He hardly ever interrupts anybody and all the while he sits, silently eying each speaker, weighing every word and meditating a fitting answer.

A Forceful Challenge

Brüning is not a good orator. He looks upon speech-making as a disagreeable necessity in political life. Where he really shines is behind the scenes in the theater of German politics. What he likes is a heart-to-heart talk with another man; or, if he cannot get that, frank discussion, in a little group, of financial and political problems.

It is in quiet, intimate, informal chats that Germany's chancellor makes his effects, scores his points, breaks down opposition, enlists support. Before he became chancellor he excelled at confronting committees behind locked doors and laying his views before them in plain and forceful language. While the Reichstag was in session he might have been seen any day hurrying from one committee meeting to another.

Despite his lack of oratorical talent in the usually understood sense of the term, Brüning a few months ago delivered one of the pithiest speeches ever heard in Germany.

It was when he was fighting for his political life. It seemed extremely doubtful that he could save himself. Already Hitlerites and Hugenbergers and Communists were gloating. But Brüning stood up before the Reichstag and made a speech which still echoes through Berlin and the whole German Republic.

It lacked oratorical flourishes. It was bare of frills and graces. But it throbbed with force. The speaker meant every word of it. In plain language he flung a resolute challenge into the teeth of his enemies.

When he had finished, friends and foes of the chancellor met, in excited groups, along the corridors of the Reichstag. Each group buzzed with excited comment. And what was said in every one of those groups about Brüning almost invariably boiled down to this:

"He'll get the votes he needs."

He did.

A Growing Business

Continued from page 28

Sycamores and oaks suffer from anthracnose, which can be cured only by a spray of bordeaux mixture. Even codling moth, that worm which sometimes takes the flavor away from a bite of apple or pear, may be eliminated if the calyx of the young fruit is sprayed with a coated arsenate-of-lead mixture while it is still open, in fact after two thirds of the blossoms have fallen.

Ten years ago some of these diseases and their cures were known, but tree culture was not what it is today. At that time only a few universities were featuring courses on the subject. The number of competent tree surgeons was limited. Of these, Miss Smith chose Maurice Condon and he, on his part, decided that to help carry on the traditions of Amawalk would be invaluable experience.

When New York architects began to realize that the roofs of most skyscrapers were unsightly Evelyn Smith, with her usual perspicacity, visualized a garden-roofed metropolis. But again she did not depend upon her own ingenuity. She consulted both her husband—Eric Hodge, who is a well-known aviator—and Mr. Condon, who is now manager of the nurseries. If modern Manhattan were to have hanging gardens, Amawalk must solve the problem.

And it was a problem. Large trees have proportionately large roots, and heretofore the ordinary roof of a skyscraper has not included room for tree roots. Also, by some means or other, the trees would have to be so securely moored that even a hurricane could not uproot them.

There were the steel girders and I-beams which supported the heavy concrete roofs. Their strength would be enough to support the trees as well, if the trees could somehow be fastened to the girders. But how? That was the question. For days they all worked to solve the problem, and then suddenly Maurice Condon had an inspiration.

He would fasten the roots of the great trees by means of rustless steel loops like enormous croquet wickets, which would bristle from the concrete base of the roof. The wickets would be bolted directly onto the I-beams. No wind could shake loose trees clamped with these strong steel loops. No storm could uproot them.

A subsoil of cinders and drainage tiles laid directly on top of the cement would give them proper drainage. Above the cinders would be a layer of earth three feet deep. This soil would be rich enough to nourish the trees for three years. After that they would have to be artificially fed, just as they would be artificially watered and drained—no great hardship to tree-loving cliff dwellers, as even well-cared-for lawns have to be chemically fed at least every three years.

First in Radio City

There was still another problem to be solved before the new invention could be patented. There would have to be some means of insuring absolute safety until such time as the roots of these aërial trees could grow and spread beneath the great steel loops exactly as though they were entwining themselves between rocks in the forest. Their trunks would have to be adequately supported.

Finally even this hurdle was leaped. They evolved a scheme of guying the trunks temporarily to the loops by stout steel cables. Hanging gardens were no longer a Babylonian memory. Probably this reincarnation of an ancient idea will be carried out first in Radio City, where at least six acres of roofs will be landscaped.

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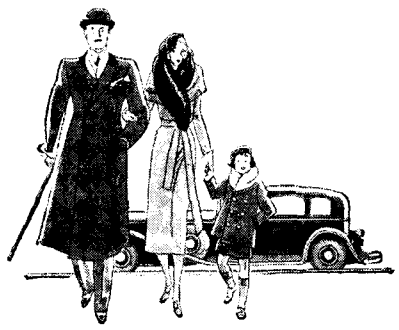

TO KEEP YOU SAFE

We take two sheets of clear, brilliantly finished Libbey·Owens·Ford Polished Plate Glass . . . one sheet of transparent plastic . . . and bond them together by heat and pressure until they are, practically, one single sheet. Then, we undercut all four edges and seal them permanently with an exclusively prepared weatherproof compound so that moisture . . . which otherwise might cause a separation . . . cannot get to the bond or plastic.

THE care with which the materials are selected, the craftsmanship with which they are made into Safety Glass and the exclusive methods and scientific developments which insure a perfect bond between the glass and plastic make Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass clear, strong and lastingly safe. There is no apparent difference between it and the finest plate glass if you compare the two by looking through them. To all appearances, they are just the same. One, however, *protects you;* the other is a constant source of possible danger.

If anything strikes L·O·F Safety Glass hard enough to crack it, the bond and plastic hang on to the razor-edged chunks which would fly from ordinary glass and prevent them from shooting through the air to cut, disfigure or even kill. It *keeps you safe*, and the bonding material, the process and the sealed edges of L·O·F Safety Glass assure you of *lasting* safety as well as clear vision. Look at the windshield, doors and windows when you look at a new car. For your own protection make sure that they are L·O·F Safety Glass. It is used by Packard, Graham, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo, Willys, Willys-Knight, Ford, Cadillac, La Salle and Lincoln.

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS CO., TOLEDO, O., manufacturers of Highest Quality Flat Drawn Window Glass, Polished Plate Glass and Safety Glass; also distributors of Figured and Wire Glass manufactured by the Blue Ridge Glass Corporation of Kingsport, Tennessee . . . L·O·F Safety Glass is also used in Dietrich and Le Baron Custom Bodies, Reo Speed Wagons, Paige Commercial Cars, Twin Coaches, Brill Trolley Buses, Cincinnati Trackless Trolley Coaches, Bender Bus Bodies, Hackney and Springfield School and Passenger Bus Bodies, White School Buses, York-Hoover School Bus Bodies, Stinson and Stearman Aircraft. Car Wood Boats and Matthews Cruisers.

● *A recent authoritative survey in which approximately 150,000 motorists were questioned showed that 45% of all persons injured in motor car accidents were cut by broken, flying glass.*

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS

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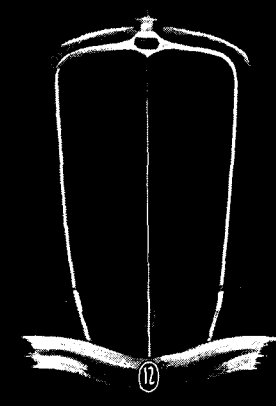
Experience Behind



New 160 H. P. TWELVE

In 1924 Auburn introduced its Straight Eight and predicted public demand would force the industry to adopt Eights. That prediction came true. Now, Auburn introduces a new Twelve and predicts that public demand for the performance, possible only with a Twelve, will eliminate the Eight, among the better class cars, as the Eight did the Six. Our aim for this new Twelve is, to enable owners to enjoy a performance combining speed, power, smoothness and economy, the like of which they have never experienced. And—to make it available at a price that will force a complete revision of standards for comparison of values. We offer this Twelve—with you at the wheel—as proof for the following claims: It accelerates and gets away from traffic faster—it runs faster and smoother—it climbs hills faster and easier, than any other production car. Its Lycoming motor has 160 actual dynamometer Horse Power—392 cubic inch piston displacement. Its chassis is new from end to end. 133-inch wheelbase. Twist-proof X-frame. L. G. S. Free Wheeling with Silent-Constant Mesh Transmission. Adjustable hydraulic shock absorbers controlled from driver's seat. Startix that automatically starts the engine when you turn the ignition key. Bijur automatic chassis lubrication. New dual plate clutch. Universal joints that should require lubrication only once a year. A completely new shock-proof steering mechanism; new type extra large and powerful hydraulic brakes, and six-ply tires provide additional safety when driving this Twelve at its amazingly high speed. Ask your Auburn dealer for a demonstration—and be prepared for a thrill!

AUBURN

Auburn's distinctive body design is continued in the new Twelve, thus protecting the investment of owners

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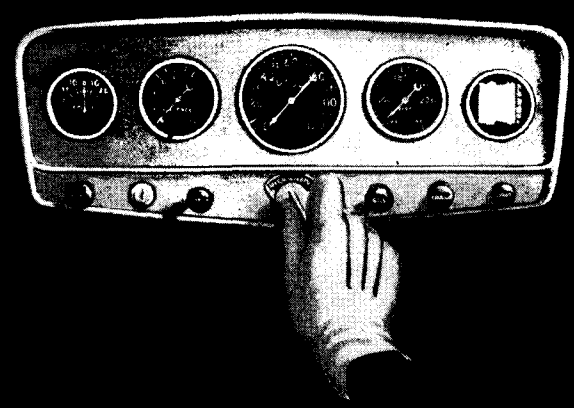
Auburn's Leadership



First With "Dual-Ratio"

When Auburn speaks it is the voice of authority for an increasing number of people. Their attitude is based upon a knowledge of what is behind Auburn—of the experience—of successful pioneering—of the many times Auburn has led the way for others to follow. Dual-Ratio is one of Auburn's latest contributions. It solves a problem that has existed ever since this industry started. No car can have two separate driving axles; one for hills and one for flat country. Dual-Ratio gives the equivalent of two axles in one. It takes the "compromise" out of automobiles. You shift gears the same as now. Turn a lever on the instrument panel to Low. This gives pep for lightning acceleration and power for sailing up hills. Turn the lever to High. This gives speed with smoothness and economy—with less vibration and noise—with minimized wear and tear for driving on level roads, on the boulevard, or in the country. We promise you this performance will amaze you as it has others. By being first with Dual-Ratio Auburn maintains leadership with other divisions of Cord Corporation which offered:—the first Straight Eight motor in America; first stock car with four-wheel brakes; first full Free Wheeling type of transmission; first hydraulic brakes on an American-built car; first car with complete automatic chassis lubrication; first production car with custom type of convertible sedan body; first car to combine Free Wheeling with Silent-Constant Mesh; first Front-Drive passenger car; and first car with X-type cross-member frame. Again Auburn offers buyers greater value for less cost.

Dual Ratio

Auburn also offers improved Straight Eight models. AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Auburn, Indiana. Division of Cord Corporation

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A PLAN FOR MEN

who want to

Retire on an Income

THIS PLAN is called the Retirement Income Plan. It enables you to provide for yourself a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.

The plan also provides other benefits, such as an income to live on in case serious illness or accident stops your salary.

The extreme degree of security and absolute freedom from money worries afforded by the Retirement Income Plan makes it appeal to people of wealth as well as to people of average incomes.

This form of investment has been in vogue in European countries for many years. In this country, people are just finding out about it and it is rapidly becoming popular.

6 months' vacation twice a year!

THE PLAN

Here is what a Retirement Income, payable at age 60, does for you:

It guarantees when you are 60 a Monthly Income for life of $200, which assures a return of at least $20,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. Or, if you prefer, a Cash Settlement of $27,000.

It guarantees upon death from any cause before age 60 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or a Monthly Income for life.

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 60 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $40,000. Or double the Monthly Income for life.

It guarantees in event of permanent total disability before a stated age, a monthly income to live on.

* * *

You can arrange a Retirement Income for yourself, beginning at age 55, 60, or 65. The income can be $100 a month, $200 a month, $300 a month, or more.

For completeness, for safety, for absolute freedom from money worries, there is nothing that can equal the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

Think of it—the thrill of it, the rock-bound security of it! *A guaranteed income you cannot outlive.* What a load off your mind! What a weight off your shoulders! Best of all, any man of moderate means can have these things.

Send for the facts

The Phoenix Mutual Company, which offers you this opportunity, was founded in 1851 and has been helping men and women to end money worries for over three-quarters of a century.

An interesting 24-page book called "The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan" explains how the Plan works. Send for your copy today. No cost. No obligation.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy Issued 1851

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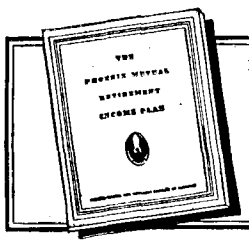

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Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book,

"THE PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN."

Name_____ Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

Home Address_____

Tailor-Made

Continued from page 19

of mild surprise came over his features.

"Don't ask nothing," Emanuel commanded him. "Just help me."

Between them they pulled Serra out of the truck, lifted him and carried him into the lean-to behind the kitchen where they laid him down and Emanuel took the gag out of his mouth.

"Now you can yell, Mr. Serra," he said politely, "because nobody hears you here and it don't get you nothing, except maybe you wake up the children."

But Serra did not yell. When he had worked the cramp out of his jaws and moistened his dry tongue, he burst into a flood of threats and oaths which turned Emanuel's blood to ice and made Gustave study him with bewildered admiration. Then Marietta, coming upon this scene through the kitchen door, with four children in their nightclothes trailing behind her, stopped in amazement and alarm. The children, not understanding any more than their mother what was going on, but accustomed to accept their father's actions as correct, showed only curiosity.

"WHAT is all this?" Marietta demanded.

Emanuel put his arm around her and led her back into the kitchen. "This is the guy that came every week for the ten dollars, Mamma." And he explained to her what had happened, while she sat and wept with anxiety and fear.

"But why did you bring the guy here?" she asked. "We can't do nothing with him here, and if he gets loose he bumps off all of us, maybe even the baby."

"I couldn't think what I could do, Mamma, so I bring him out here so that you should help me think about it."

"*I* should think!" Marietta returned, unhappily. "I got no thoughts for such a case like this, except that now you bring the guy here you got to stay here with us."

"I got to go back to the shop, Mamma."

"What good is the shop? Probably next month the landlord takes it away from us anyhow."

"I got people's clothes there. Besides, I got to take Guldensup his truck back. But I come back quick this evening, Mamma."

Emanuel returned the truck, filled up with gasoline as he had promised, and took a street car back to the shop, but it was impossible for him to do anything after he got there.

A little after noon a car stopped in front of the shop and three hard-faced and carefully and inordinately well-dressed young men got out and came in. At sight of them Emanuel's knees turned to water and he sat down suddenly on the stool behind the counter because he could not stand up, but his face kept desperately a look of innocence and placidity.

"You seen Serra?" one of the young men asked.

"Yessir, mister," said Emanuel. "He come in yesterday, mister."

"You know anything about him since?"

"Nossir, mister. He come in and I give him ten dollars and he went away."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Nossir, he didn't say nothing about that." Then by immense mental effort Emanuel accomplished a speech of duplicity. "Did something happen by Mr. Serra?" he asked innocently.

But the young men did not answer that. When they had gone, Emanuel sank forward onto the counter, very nearly fainting. They would go to other places, asking questions, and they would find out that this was the last place Serra had been. Then they would come back. It did not occur to Emanuel that even imaginations accustomed to ideas of variegated violence would not be able to picture him, Emanuel Swartz, as having done harm to Serra.

He must close up the shop. He could not go back and forth between the shop and Gustave's without being followed, and they would find out where Serra was. Fortunately, no one in the neighborhood knew where Gustave lived; Emanuel had been ashamed that he could not support his wife and children and he had told the neighbors only that they had gone to the country.

By late afternoon the shop was empty. Emanuel locked the place and stuck the key under the door where, if he died before he could return, the landlord would find it, and hurried to the elevated to go back to Gustave's.

When, walking so fast he panted, he came in sight of the shack, his heart leaped to see Millicent, Imogene and Waldo contentedly playing. They at least were still alive. Odors of cooking which filled the yard told that Marietta was getting supper.

Emanuel, before going into the house, looked into the lean-to, where Serra appeared to be talking with Percival. At sight of him, Serra snarled and his eyes glared yellow like those of a trapped beast, so that Emanuel shrank back shivering.

Marietta was bending over the stove and Gustave sat watching her. So here, at least, everything was all right. But as he looked at them, he became less certain it was all right.

"Has something happened here?" Emanuel asked anxiously.

"Pretty near something happened," his wife answered. "Pretty near Gustave let that guy loose."

Emanuel turned in horror to Gustave.

"The guy offered money to Gustave should he let him go," Marietta explained.

Emanuel went and stood accusingly in front of Gustave, who hung his head in shame.

"You done that, Gustave?"

"Sure," Gustave confessed in contrition. "I begun to unsew him but then I thought first I should ask Marietta. Marietta says, would I let the guy loose, he would bump us all off and then he would take the money back."

EMANUEL looked from his wife's uncompromising countenance to Gustave's bowed head. After all, nothing actually had happened.

"You done right to ask Marietta, Gustave," he said consolingly. "Always ask Marietta."

"Gustave didn't want the money for himself; he wanted it for all of us," Marietta explained.

But Emanuel, no longer listening, went and sat down and put his face into his hands.

"Mamma, I don't know what we should do," he said despairingly. "I don't know nothing."

"First you should eat."

He looked at her gratefully. He would probably be able to think better after he had eaten.

"After you eat," she said, "I tell you what we do."

He looked up at her quickly. "You got it thought out, Mamma, what we should do?" he asked her eagerly.

"Sure. I got it thought."

(Continued on page 42)

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FILM is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Two reasons for decay
Three rules for fighting it

Interesting theories on what makes teeth decay. What to do

AUTHORITIES now believe there are two causes of common tooth decay. One is the lack of essential food elements in diet . . . interior tooth structure when under-nourished shows a tendency to disintegrate and offers "low resistance" to disease.

The second cause is germs—or to be more accurate acids manufactured by germs. These acids gradually dissolve enamel and attack the part beneath. When tooth structure inside is poor, through faulty diet, the progress of decay is doubly hastened.

Pepsodent tooth paste was developed to remove the "outside" enemy of teeth. Only your diet—suggestions on the right—can help you fight trouble from within.

Remove film on teeth

On your teeth a coating forms called *film*. It is most prevalent after eating and on rising in the morning.

Film attracts the germs associated with decay. It glues them tightly to the tooth's enamel. What's more, film makes an ideal incubator in which germs grow and multiply. Film must be removed for safety. It should be removed *twice every day.*

Film is ugly. It absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It dims teeth's sparkling brilliance. Film must be removed for beauty, too.

A new cleansing material

Recently Pepsodent laboratories made a notable discovery—a cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different. This material is unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive film. It imparts a higher brilliance to tooth enamel. And, last of all, this new material is SAFE—safe because it's soft, twice as soft as polishing materials in common use.

The Pepsodent you're using now contains this new advancement. Note how smooth Pepsodent is . . . how soft and creamy. Because of its great safety it is urged for cleansing baby teeth and for polishing delicate enamel. Pepsodent marks the pinnacle of achievement in modern tooth paste. Rely on it.

1. Remove film—*use Pepsodent tooth-paste every morning and every night.*

2. Eat these foods—

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

3. See your Dentist—

Adults at least twice a year—children every 3 months and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over NBC network

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

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RAND
MAK-UR-OWN
INDEX TABS

keep the traffic moving fast

Directing traffic is no job for the plain-clothes man. It takes the flash of the uniform to keep things moving fast and orderly. Ordinary indexing can't prevent jams in your records. It takes the flash and color of Rand Mak-ur-own Index Tabs to locate every important record instantly without slowing down the orderly routine of business.

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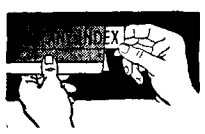

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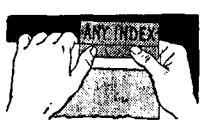

SIX COLORS. Widths for 1, 2 or 3 lines of bold face indexing. Reinforced linen guides protect indexed margin on both sides. Change labels as often as desired. The tabs themselves are practically indestructible.

Rand Mak-ur-own Index Tabs are indispensable for economical and systematic indexing of all important business and personal records, topical data, charts, graphs, blue prints etc.

Buy MAK-UR-OWN from your stationer.
Mail the coupon for liberal free sample.

THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT CO.
Marietta, Ohio

Send me FREE sample of Mak-ur-own Index Tabs advertised in Collier's, February 6, 1932.

Name.....

Address.....

Tailor-Made

Continued from page 40

Immense gratitude toward her flowed in on him. He could always depend on her.

"I eat better," he said, "should you tell me now."

She surveyed him in doubtful consideration and decided in his favor.

"We go away from here, Papa," she said, "somewhere far off. Maybe we take some other name, not Swartz, so they don't find us."

"We can't go nowhere, Mamma."

"Sure. In Gustave's car. Gustave goes too."

"Mamma, that car comes from too far out of past times. We don't get twenty miles in it and it falls into ten thousand pieces."

"Whatever place that happens we buy us a new car."

"Mamma, we got no money to buy no car. We got no money to buy us nothing."

She held the spoon poised over the pan she had been stirring. "How I knew the guy meant to take the money back," she stated, "was he offered so much to Gustave should he let him go. Five grand."

"Five grand?" Emanuel echoed in astonishment. "Five thousand dollars? From where would he get so much money?"

"In his pants pocket."

"I don't believe it. He ain't got no five grand."

"I seen it," Gustave asserted. "He said I should unsew him over his pants pocket and take the money out and look at it and put it back."

"We take the five grand out of his pocket," Marietta concluded happily, "and we go."

Emanuel's heart sank with disappointment. So this was her plan! It was no good. He would go a long way to relieve the needs of his family, but he could not steal, could not take money out of Serra's pocket.

"No, Mamma. Already I done enough that's bad, ain't I? For what they call it kidnapping this feller I get sent to prison if they catch me, and you ain't got no husband and the children ain't got no father. What happens to you then?"

She sighed; when he took that tone she knew there was no hope of moving him. Then she went and called the children to come in and get ready for supper. They came in and Millicent began to wash the hands of the younger ones. Emanuel sat with head bowed, staring at the floor. It was all bad, awful. The children looked at him with trusting eyes, as though he were really—as, indeed, they thought he was—someone great and powerful; they never questioned that he would feed and take care of them. It was terrible to think that he was not able to do it.

THEN Percival, who had not come in with the others, came to the door between the lean-to and the kitchen.

"The guy says you should give him something to eat," he announced.

"Sure. He eats pretty quick," Emanuel answered. "How soon is supper, Mamma?"

She looked at him as though she were not going to answer. "In five minutes," she said finally.

"What is for supper?"

"Onion soup, and Gustave went and got some meat so we got now Spanish stew and, for after, pudding with sauce."

Emanuel went out into the lean-to.

"You going to starve me, Swartz?" Serra demanded. He was not, for some reason, threatening now; he was questioning and even conciliatory.

"Nossir, Mr. Serra. Supper is in a couple of minutes."

"I get some, do I? Remember, Swartz, I ain't ate nothing since yesterday. Four or five times since then I ought to have ate and no one gives me nothing."

Emanuel was astonished. "You ain't et, Mr. Serra?" he inquired incredulously.

The glare in Serra's eyes seemed to him now not anger but hunger, and he could imagine that the stout body had grown smaller under its wrappings. He returned to the kitchen door.

"Mamma, ain't you fed Mr. Serra nothing?"

SHE turned to him defiantly. "You ain't said nothing I should feed him, and I ain't had no more than just enough for us and the children. You would want maybe that Waldo and Imogene should go hungry so that that fat guy can eat!"

"No, Mamma; no, Mamma; but we got to feed him."

"He should pay for it then," she answered angrily.

His uncertain stare at her changed to startled exultation. Such a look Mrs. Isaac Newton and Mrs. Galilei and Mrs. Einstein must have seen on their husbands' faces when the great idea, long sought and elusive, flowered, suddenly dazzling and exalting them.

"Mamma, always you got it thought out, always you got it the big idea that makes everything come out right. Sure, the customer should pay! Many times he says that to me. Mamma, you are wonderful!"

He took the paper the meat had been wrapped in and wrote on it in big letters:

Onion soup	$300
Spanish stew	$500
Pudding with sauce . . .	$200

He took the paper out and pinned it on the wall of the shack, where Serra could read it.

"What's that?" Serra demanded.

"Bill of fare, Mr. Serra."

"You gone nuts, Swartz? You think I would pay you three hundred dollars for a plate of soup?"

"I don't say yes, I don't say no. You got it plenty time to think about it. Guys like you, Mr. Serra, don't care what they spend because they don't work none but take their money off of other people. Easy come, easy go. Many times, I guess, like my son says, you sit by some night clubs where you pay it sixty dollars for a bottle of wine. Soup for three hundred dollars is better. The soup is good soup and the wine ain't even wine yet."

"Get out of here, Swartz!"

Emanuel moved toward the kitchen, from which delicious odors of food poured out into the lean-to.

"Hold on, Swartz! I'll pay you. I got to eat. I'm starving."

"Sure, Mr. Serra; and money ain't nothing when a guy has got to eat."

Emanuel went on into the kitchen. "First Mr. Serra eats, then us," he told them. "I feed him."

He took the supper which Mrs. Swartz prepared and carried it out to Serra.

"First money, Mr. Serra."

"In my pocket," said Serra, his nostrils drinking in the odors of the soup.

Emanuel felt in Serra's pocket, took from his roll two five-hundred-dollar bills and then began to feed him.

"Good food, Mr. Serra," he said. "You will enjoy it."

When he went back into the kitchen after feeding Serra, the others were at the table. He showed the bills to his wife, then gave them to her and she put them in her bosom.

"Five times he eats," he announced comfortably, as he seated himself, "and then we go away from here. You got to think now, Mamma, how we do about Mr. Serra. We can't leave him tied up here."

"The way to do that," Percival informed them, "is from somewhere far off you call up the police station. You say, 'If you go such-and-such a place you'll find a man tied up.' When the police station says, 'Who is talking?' you don't answer anything and hang up."

EMANUEL looked at his son unhappily. "He is ten years old," he commented, "and already he knows everything how crooks do it. Like Mamma said, we got to change our name. We don't call ourselves Swartz no more, children. We call ourselves Black. You got to learn that, all of you. Millicent, what is your name?"

"Millicent Black, Papa."

"Waldo, what is your name?"

"Waldo Black, Papa."

"What is your papa's business?"

"I don't know, Papa. What is my papa's business?"

"He grows oranges in California. Imogene Black, what is Papa's business?"

"He gwows owanges in Talifornia."

"You are good children." But he looked at them sadly. For he was afraid, with the terrible example he had set them, they would all grow up to be crooks.

"Hey, wait! I got sand in my shoe!" *Richard Decker*

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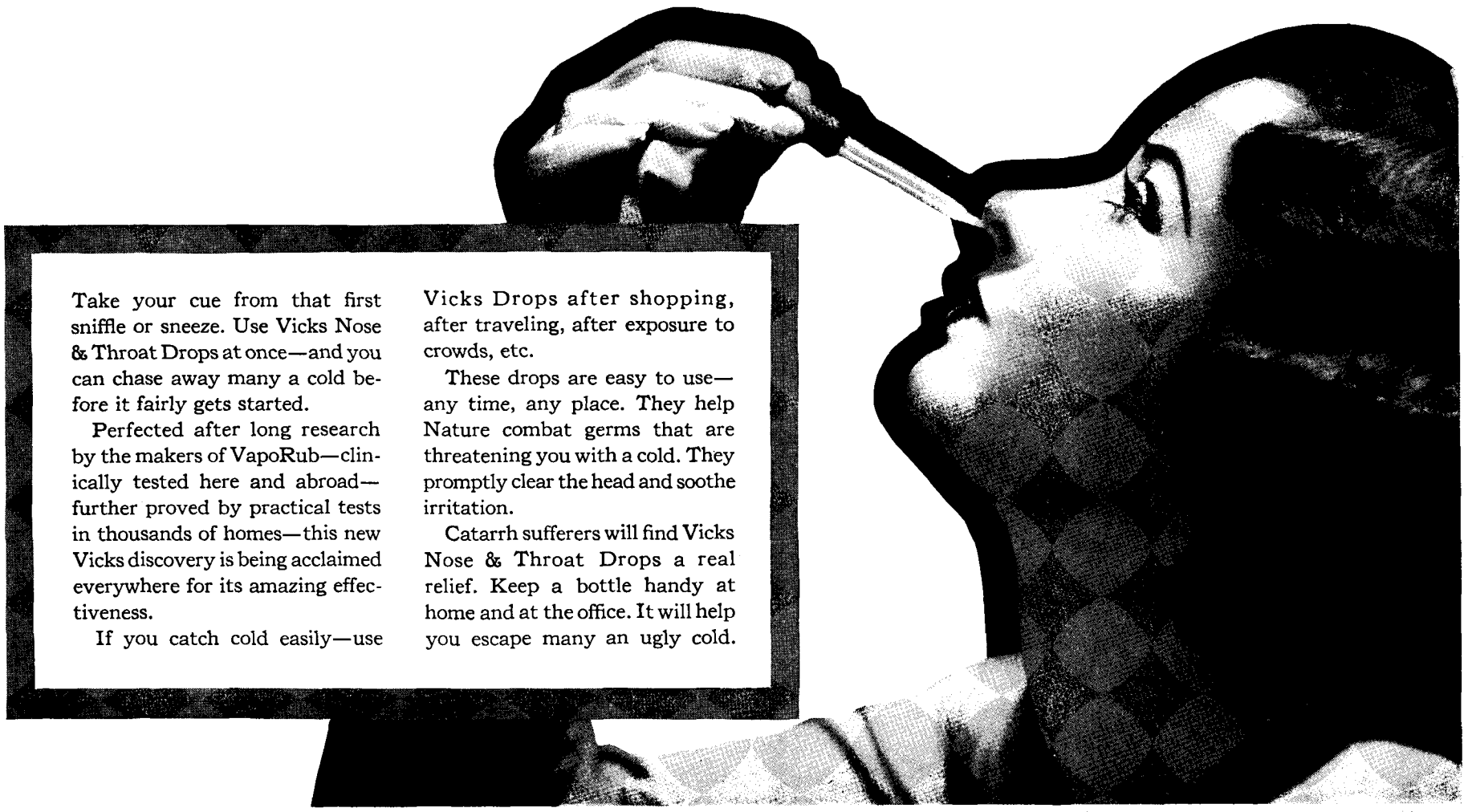
THESE AMAZING VICKS NOSE DROPS stop many a COLD right at the start



Take your cue from that first sniffle or sneeze. Use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops at once—and you can chase away many a cold before it fairly gets started.

Perfected after long research by the makers of VapoRub—clinically tested here and abroad—further proved by practical tests in thousands of homes—this new Vicks discovery is being acclaimed everywhere for its amazing effectiveness.

If you catch cold easily—use Vicks Drops after shopping, after traveling, after exposure to crowds, etc.

These drops are easy to use—any time, any place. They help Nature combat germs that are threatening you with a cold. They promptly clear the head and soothe irritation.

Catarrh sufferers will find Vicks Nose & Throat Drops a real relief. Keep a bottle handy at home and at the office. It will help you escape many an ugly cold.

Discovery makes possible new VICKS PLAN *for better* CONTROL-OF-COLDS

THE perfection of Vicks Nose & Throat Drops marks a further advance in your defense against colds. Vicks Drops are based on a new idea for *preventing* colds. Vicks VapoRub is the modern method of *treating* colds. Together, these companion products now form the Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Use of the Vicks Plan will help you cut down your family's colds—lessen their severity—lessen their cost in time, money and health. Get Vicks Nose Drops at your druggist's to-day. Use with Vicks VapoRub as directed. Unless you're more than pleased with results, your druggist will cheerfully return your money. Here, briefly, is the plan:

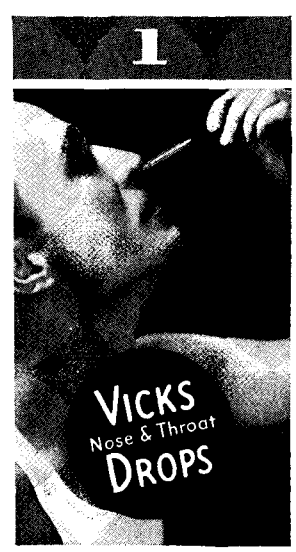
1 Before *a cold starts*

At that first sniffle or stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages—Nature's warning that you're "catching cold"—use Vicks Nose Drops at once, as directed. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2 After *a cold starts*

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white *stainless* form, if you prefer). VapoRub acts like a poultice or plaster and at the same time gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled all night long.

During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops as needed for greater ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vicks Cough Drops—actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.) This will give you full 24-hour treatment.



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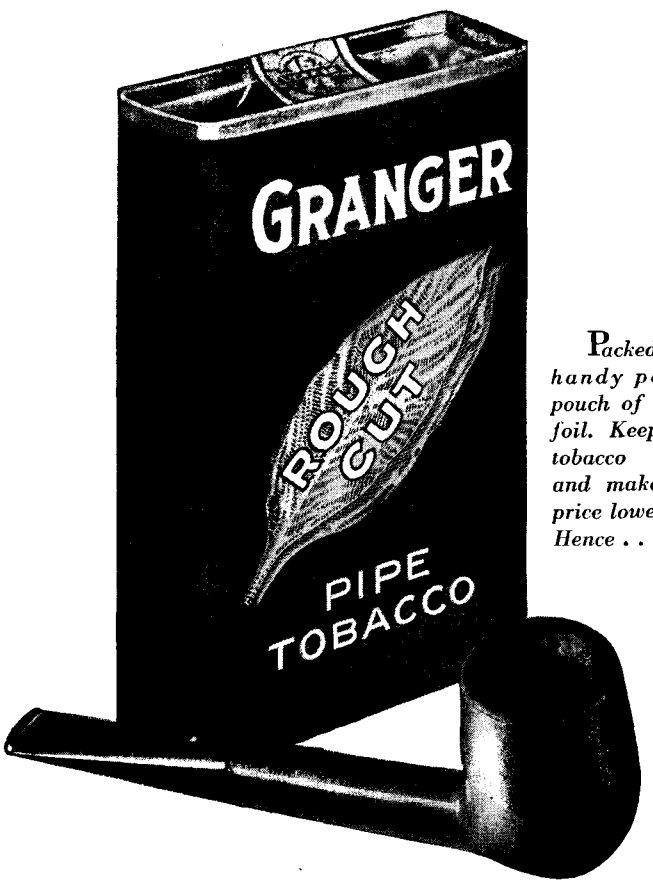
"Look daddy..."

The only pipe smoker who doesn't like it, is the one who never tried it!



Packed in a handy pocket pouch of heavy foil. Keeps the tobacco better and makes the price lower. Hence . . . 10c

YOU CAN DEPEND ON A LIGGETT & MYERS PRODUCT

The Big Pink

Continued from page 21

"Good night," said Winship.

"Good-by," said Wilhelmina.

Winship turned quickly to her. Instantly the easy, confident assurance with which he had dealt with Frisbee forsook him. With it fled all his preconsidered eloquence. He groped his way to limping speech.

"I—if you would only let me explain—"

"Explain?" Wilhelmina laughed softly, a laugh in which reproach was somehow blended with forgiveness. "As if I needed explanations! As if I didn't know that you were only trying—" she laughed again—"to make me jealous of all those other women! As if I didn't know why, all at once, you stopped trying to look and act like a professor in a comic paper and began to behave like a human being! Did you really think I wouldn't understand unless you told me? Oh, Pink!"

THE sound of voices and approaching footsteps summoned Beekman Winship to wake from his impossibly ecstatic dream. To his astonished joy he discovered that illusion came with him past the borderline.

The soft, faëry radiance about him was only real moonlight, after all; the celestial music in his ears was the whisper of real leaves, the murmur of waves, far away but real; the seraphic presence before him was a real and living woman.

He was almost glad, therefore, of the intrusion, almost grateful to Beechy and Eddie for thus proving to him that the miracle had actually happened. Instead of loosening his hands he tightened them, as if to corroborate, by eye-witnesses, his own incredible impression that he held the hands, real and magically consenting, of Wilhelmina.

"Well, it's about time!"

Beechy spoke with appeased exasperation.

"I thought it was going to take me all summer to make you two understand what ailed you."

Her voice relented. She laughed softly and, in her husky, small contralto, sang:

"Without the aid of Burbank
You'll make a peach of a pair!"

She danced gayly up the stairs and kissed them both. Eddie Jewett, following, pumped Winship's hand in eloquent silence.

"Well, Buffoon," Beechy addressed Mr. Jewett, as always, with crisp disfavor, "I guess this lets us out. They can go on from here by themselves."

She darted to the doorway and returned with a small dressing-case which she proffered to Eddie.

"Here, Obnoxious! You might have manners enough to pretend that you're an *impatient* bridegroom."

"Nobody'd believe I'm *that* simple," Eddie retorted. He moved without haste to relieve her of the case. She waved a gay hand at her speechless elders.

"Take good care of yourselves; you both belong to me now," she quoted.

"Wait!" Wilhelmina found her voice. "What does it mean? Where are you going with that dressing-case?"

"Oh, places," Beechy said. "Of course it's old stuff, but I guess a wedding trip does kind of take the curse off getting married, especially when you're marrying a Serious Error like Eddie."

"Beechy! You wouldn't! Why, you don't even *like* Eddie. You quarrel with him every time you see him."

"That's just it," Beechy said cheerfully. "Everybody knows that you spend most of your time quarreling after you're married, but hardly anybody seems to have sense enough to quarrel beforehand so as to be sure they're going to like it. Eddie's a pretty terrible thing, of course, but—" she sighed happily—"but he's fun to fight with."

Eddie was already in his car. Possibly from force of habit its horn beeped irritably. Beechy, dancing to obey the summons, waggled a farewell arm.

"Well, we'll be seeing you, I'm afraid," she called back.

GRAVEL spurted from below the tires. The red dot of the tail lamp disappeared among the trees.

Wilhelmina spread her hands, a helpless gesture.

"Those two children! Babes in the wood! Going out into the world with nobody to take care of them!"

A gleam of clear vision was tardily vouchsafed to Winship.

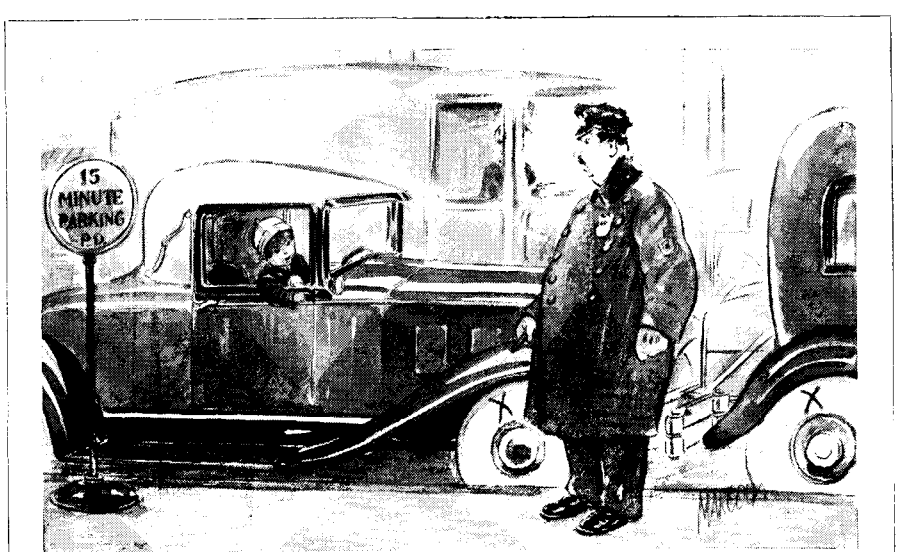
"Nobody to take care of *us*," he amended. "We're the ones who need it, if anybody does. The world won't hurt them. They own it."

Wilhelmina laughed softly.

"No matter who owns it," she said, "it's a scrumsh—I mean scrumptious world, isn't it—Pink?"

"Yeah," said Winship with conviction. "Scrumshus!"

(THE END)



Boy: "Yuh better not let my father see yuh markin' up our new car!"

George Marcoux

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SLEEP TONIGHT WHEN YOU GO TO BED

Instantly . . *Without Drugs*

STOP LYING AWAKE FOR HOURS LIKE THIS

YOU FALL ASLEEP AT ONCE
THIS NATURAL DRUGLESS WAY

No More Bed Tossing . . *New Energy Tomorrow*

DO you lie awake and toss at night? Do you turn and thrash, with nerves unstrung before you fall asleep?

And do you pay the price next day, with overwrought nerves—a head that aches—or a mind that's logy and dull?

If you do, take heart. For 20,000 doctors will tell you that there's now a drugless way to bring you sleep—naturally, quickly.

Deep sleep! Sound sleep! Sleep that rebuilds fagged-out minds and bodies in a most amazing way.

It's a delicious food-drink you take before you go to bed. As free from drugs as the bread you eat—or the milk you drink.

You fall asleep almost the moment you close your eyes. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far.

For this new way does more than induce sound sleep. It rebuilds your body, your tissues, your nerves while you rest. So try it without fail.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink you take at night with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a wholly *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and muscle cells. For, in addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains (in concentrated form) a natural vital property called "lecithin" which is an important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these valuable food properties rebuild worn-out nerve, brain and body cells as you sleep.

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is because it contains a high proportion of a food element known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs—helps your stomach "rest." And in this way combats digestive unrest—one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

At the same time—by stimulating and aiding digestive processes—Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

You'll Sleep Tonight

If you're troubled with sleeplessness, don't suffer longer. That's simply folly now. Try Ovaltine this very night. See for yourself how quickly your nerves calm down—how swiftly you fall asleep.

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. Forget the fact that its use has spread to 54 different countries . . . *Try it and see for yourself.*

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep this pure food-drink brings you—and the extra energy that's yours next day.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—for nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.***

875

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

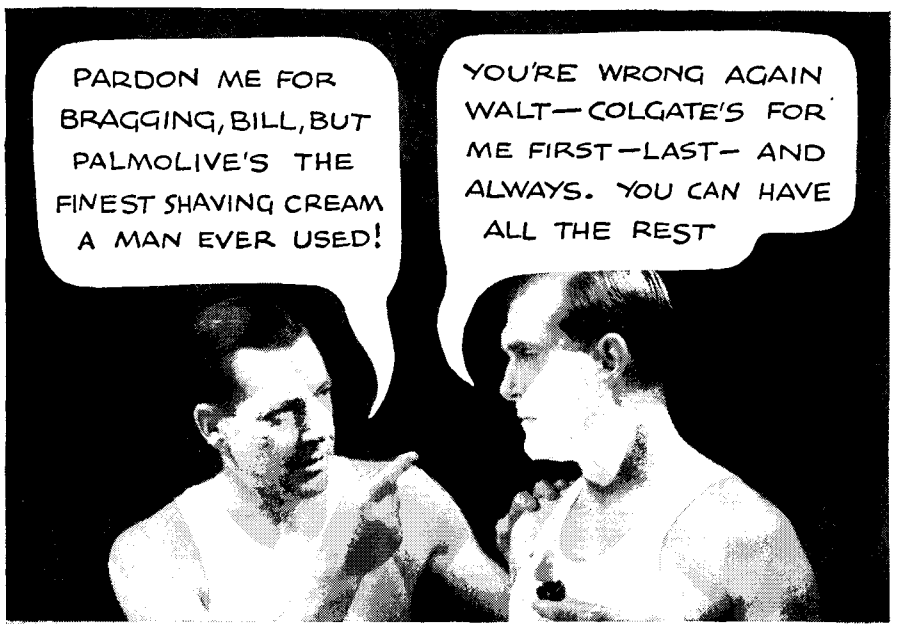
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

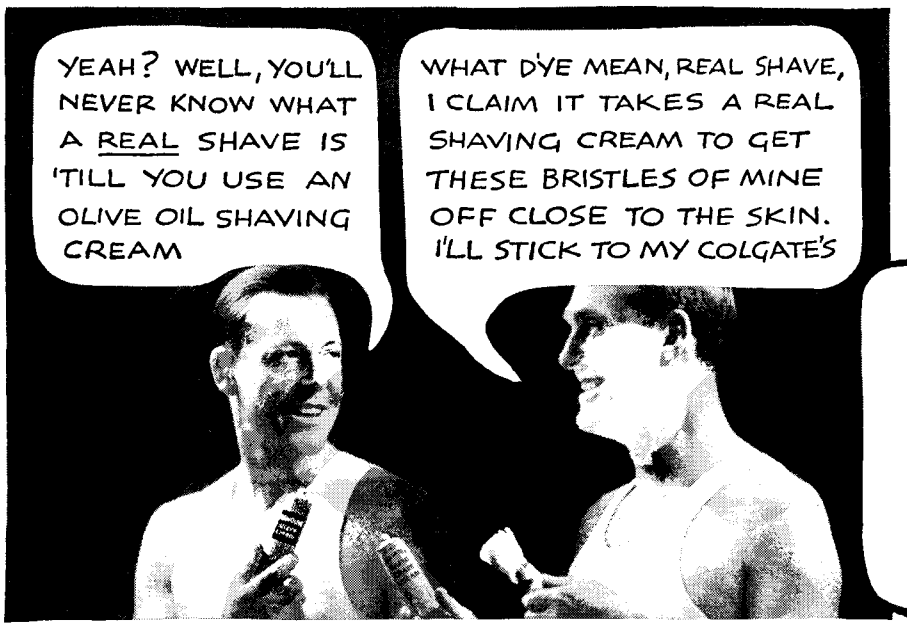
$25,000 IN PRIZES!

and may the best "Blurbs" win

464 cash prizes each month

2 FIRST PRIZES OF $500 EACH.. JUST WRITE A "BLURB"





Come on you shavers—Get in on this $25,000 argument

Walt wants you Palmolive users to say your say. Bill says "Stick with me, you Colgate users." If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money.

GET into this shaving cream "blurb" contest, men! Who are *you* for—Walt or Bill? Palmolive or Colgate's?

We've discovered that men are rabid on the subject of shaving creams. Just try to tell a Colgate user there's anything better! Or try to convert a Palmolive user to anything else. You'll soon find out!

These are the two leading sellers among all shaving creams. Think of that—in a field of 176 competing brands! What we want to know is—why do *you* like Palmolive? Or why do *you* swear by Colgate's? Tell us! In your own words.

Hence this little contest. There's money in it—lots of money. Get some of it! Help Walt out. Or help Bill out. Notice the two empty "blurb" spaces in the last picture above. In ONE of these spaces write what *you'd* say in favor of Palmolive—or what *you'd* say in favor of Colgate's. Write it now!

FREE SAMPLES

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. 21, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE—for contest rules and hints to help you win

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CONTEST RULES

Here Are The Prizes
For Each Month
—464 In All

For Best Colgate "blurbs"		For Best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5

WRITE your "blurb" in one of the empty spaces on the opposite page, or on a separate sheet of paper. Mail with name and address to **Contest Editors, Dept. G-2, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Illinois.** Residents of Canada, address: **64 Natalie St., Toronto 8.**

There will be six contests in all—one each month. Six sets of prizes, each set totaling $4200, will be awarded. Prize winners for Contest No. 1 (this contest) will be decided Feb. 29 1932. Prize winners for succeeding contests will be decided at the end of each month. Sixth and final contest closes July 31, 1932.

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families are *not* eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

Here are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams — Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream and Palmolive Shave Cream. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles get down to the base of the beard, hold water against each hair at skin-line and soak it soft where the razor works.
3. Gives a close, skin-line shave due to small bubble action.
4. Gives a lasting, 24-hour shave.

A Man Must Fight

Continued from page 9

I boiling, feeling that advantage had been taken of me. I learned that I was but a child in the hands of a professional. I never knew that nine minutes could be such an eternity. If only I could learn a little of this man's knowledge.

After a shower and a half-mile walk home I was still dazed when I got to bed. I slept soundly. The next morning my head was clear and after going over in my mind the experience of the night before I decided that I would never box a professional again.

It is curious how long this respect for professionals stayed with me. Some weeks later, just as the gymnasium was closing for the evening, Willie Green came into the building and asked Willie Ward and me to come over to the apartment of the instructor, Gerald Byrnes, to give him a little work-out. I intended to refuse but suddenly something about the prospect of boxing with him fascinated me. My desire to acquire some of this fellow's knowledge returned to me overpoweringly and I agreed to go along.

Long Rounds

We boxed in the kitchen of the apartment. We did not have over three feet one way and six another. I held the watch while he and Willie Ward boxed, after which Ward held the watch for Green and me. I was so spellbound while holding the watch for Ward that I let one round go five minutes. When it was Ward's turn to be timekeeper, thinking that I had purposely extended his match, he played the same trick on me. The third round went six minutes. Although at times I felt as though the kitchen ceiling had fallen on my head, my frame of mind after this match was somewhat different from the confusion which followed the first. I gained confidence. I was but sixteen and entirely free from pugilistic aspiration but I loved the sport.

I had a good position, as positions went in those days, with all the opportunity for advancement that is possible in a shipping office. I hoped one day to be chief clerk and later advance to the position of port agent. It would be a long, hard road, but one that could be gradually traversed if there were the necessary ambition and driving force.

My interest in athletics was great, first, because I adored sports and, secondly, because I had an ambition to be well-developed physically. I yearned for a healthy, strong, athletic body. I avoided smoking, late hours and what habits I thought injurious.

During the first six months with the Ocean Steamship Company, while delivering bills-of-lading to various offices along Broadway, I saw in a window a demonstration of spring exercisers by a well-muscled man. Using up my spending money for two weeks I purchased a pair of these exercisers for eighty-nine cents. Next to the boxing gloves I had received from my father, I got more use out of these spring exercisers than I did out of anything I have ever owned. If ever there was a person who got his money's worth it was I. I got up an hour earlier to do the course of exercises prescribed in the pamphlet that came with the apparatus.

At the request of a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus I agreed to go to a smoker held at a Knights of Columbus Council Hall at 23d Street and Second Avenue, in New York, and box Willie Green. This was my first public exhibition and the third time to box Willie. The chairman of the entertainment committee told me he could get no one to work with Green. All the boys of the Villagers' Athletic Club whom he had asked threw their hands up in horror at the suggestion. By this time Willie had become pretty well established as a knocker-out of novices. Getting only a glass of ginger ale and a ham sandwich, a sock on the chin and no glory was not appealing to the young athletes of the Villagers' Athletic Club.

I boxed Willie three rounds at this affair, and did much better than on the previous occasions when I had faced him. This probably was due to the fact that I had more room in which to get around. At any rate, I took my reward of a glass of ginger ale and a ham sandwich with great appetite.

On each of the three occasions that I had thus far boxed Willie I was conscious of the fact that he was trying to knock me out. Though in all our subsequent boxing he always had both barrels loaded, he never succeeded in hitting the bull's-eye. He seemed in a constant state of disappointment. The realization of his inability to flatten me ruined his life. He became a disgruntled man.

The fact that I had boxed the great Willie Green an exhibition at the smoker got me quite a local reputation, and made me the recipient of many invitations to appear at other smokers. Moreover, the Villagers' Athletic Club had the reputation of being able to furnish five or six good bouts for any smoker at a moment's notice. The Villagers were justly proud of this reputation.

It was shortly after the Green exhibition that I went over to Brooklyn, N. Y., to a smoker of the Presentation Catholic Young Men's Club to box an exhibition with Leonard Ross, a fellow member of the Villagers' Athletic Club. Douglas Carnegie, National A. A. U., 105-pound champion of that period, was also appearing in an exhibition. Carnegie was arranging a stag for a National Guard Cavalry troop of which he was a member, and wanted to see some of the Villagers' Athletic Club boys and decide whether their knowledge of boxing would justify his engaging them to furnish some of the entertainment.

He Didn't Qualify

He picked all four matches furnished by the Villagers' Athletic Club that had been put on before Ross and I got into the ring to show our wares. After we finished Douglas said to Willie Ward:

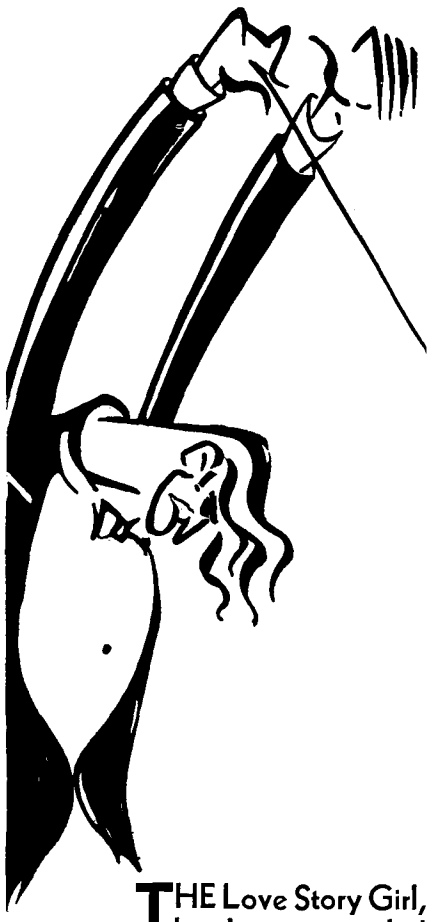
"Willie, those first four matches that your boys had tonight were very good, but I am sorry I cannot ask Gene Tunney and Leonard Ross to appear at the smoker next week. You see, the troop pays five dollars for each match and expects to see some real boxing skill. Gene and Leonard are too awkward and wild. I am sorry about this; you let them know how it is, won't you?"

On our way home that night Willie Ward reluctantly advised me that I had not qualified for the big armory show and, to let me down easy, said:

"Gene, you were all right, but Leonard Ross is awfully wild and made you look very bad."

This disqualification in no way disheartened me. I continued to appear at all the smokers in and around the neighborhood for the next year or two, and those of my readers who remember that period in New York will know that they

(Continued on page 48)



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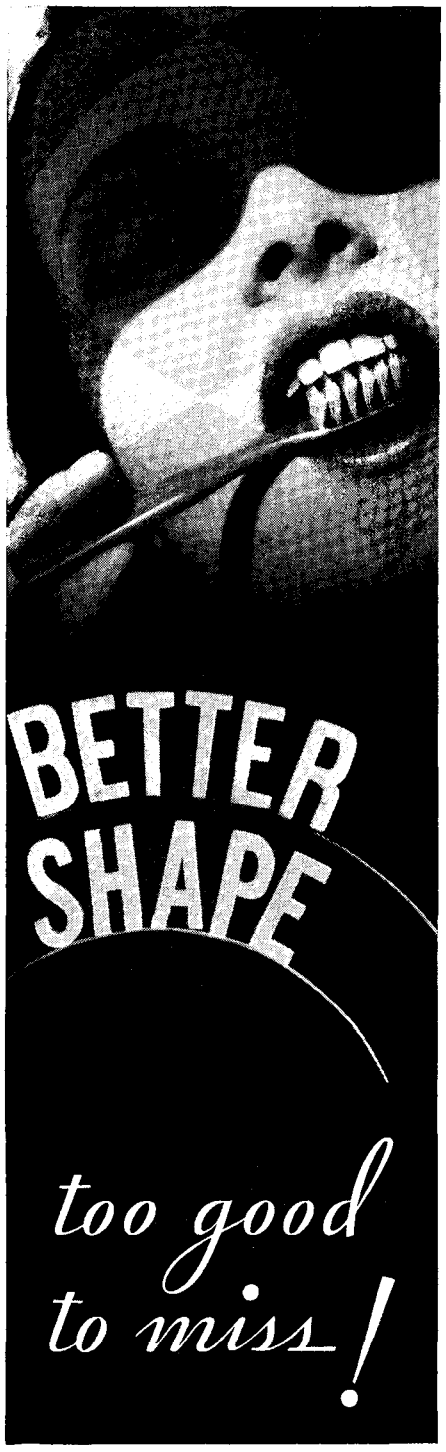

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Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern tooth brush

(*Continued from page 47*)

were many. At none of these smokers did I receive a cent of compensation, nor have I yet qualified for the armory shows. In most cases we paid our own carfare, and were rewarded at the end of our exhibition with the usual glass of ginger ale and a ham sandwich.

These smokers, which used to be so popular among the young men of New York fifteen or twenty years ago, have unfortunately become things of the past. They were healthy and happy forgatherings of working young men and made an evening of fine amusement and entertainment. There was invariably beer, with soft drinks and sandwiches of all kinds. I attended during those early days at least a hundred of these functions. I never saw an exhibition of drunkenness or rowdyism of any kind. It was all clean, vigorous entertainment, free from smut.

A Bid to Sharkey's

Willie Green, discovering a comeback not at all to his liking, accepted a position as boxing and games instructor at the Greenwich Settlement House, on Jones Street. Finding it impossible to get a workout from any of his pupils, he invited me to come down and box with him on the night he was free from classes—Saturday. I accepted his invitation and, at the beginning, boxed three rounds with him.

As the weeks passed we gradually increased our matches up to ten rounds. My steady Saturday night engagement for two years, with hardly an exception, was boxing with Green in a little room in the Greenwich Settlement House. Green was a resourceful, skillful, hard-hitting lightweight. He had a splendid knack of delivering short, hard blows. I learned during those two years how to slip and knock down leads, counter with lefts or rights, feint, sidestep, avoid being hit unnecessarily, how to conserve my energy and time my attacks.

At the beginning the Villagers used to say, "Let's go down and see Willie Green make a punching bag of Gene Tunney." Much time passed and considerable patience was exercised during this period. The boys eventually were saying, "Let's go down and see Willie Green and Gene Tunney box." This early boxing with this hard-hitting, dangerous fellow made a careful boxer of me. This cautiousness always remained a part of my boxing technique.

On nights other than Saturday, I was over at Public School 41 with the boys of the athletic club, either running up Fifth Avenue, playing basketball, soccer, indoor baseball, or boxing with my team mates. Occasionally we would mix the evening and do several things.

After starting boxing with Willie Green, I became greatly interested in technique, and at the recreation center I used to watch the boys from the sidelines, and study their defense and methods of delivery. I noticed when leading a left they could be countered with a left; when using a right, they could be hit with a right. I also noticed that they knew no more about in-fighting than they did about body attack. I began developing ideas about technique and effective points.

I quietly studied each department and practiced what I thought helpful. At the end of two years, I had improved so that when boxing with Willie Green he would occasionally say, "Don't cross your right so hard." Oftentimes in desperate efforts to hit me he would fall flat on his face, finding only air the target of his well-intended blows. Willie eventually refused to put the gloves on with me at all.

However, during this period of development, Willie Green became very proud of his pupil. He thought that he ought to exhibit him. The pupil had great confidence and respect for Green and believed that Green could do no wrong. As fighters went, Green was rather intelligent. This made his influence over me doubly strong.

I had secured quite a local reputation through the various smokers I attended. This and the fact that I was accepted as the best boxer in Greenwich Village brought me to the attention of Billy Jacobs, who was matchmaker of the Sharkey Athletic Club, immortalized by George Bellows' lithograph "A Stag at Sharkey's." Accordingly, Jacobs came to me with an overture to box at the Sharkey Athletic Club.

He said, "Gene, I will put you in a star bout. No fighter that I have ever known has been given a star bout for his first professional fight."

Though this was a very flattering offer, the consciousness of my secure position with two jobs overcame vanity.

I said to Jacobs, "Why should I box professionally? I have two positions, both of which are paying me fairly well."

By this time, I had gotten another position. I was still with the steamship company, where I had advanced to the "important" and "responsible" position of rate clerk. The second job was that of athletic instructor and club organizer at Public School 41, for which my development in general athletics and boxing had qualified me. Curiously enough, I was recommended for this position by Dudley Field Malone's sister, Mae, who was a representative of the Board of Education at Public School 41. She had made me the junior chairman of the board of governors two years earlier. In the absence of the chairman who decided at the meetings what activities the recreation center was to follow, I presided. It seemed to me that the chairman had a knack of always finding an appointment elsewhere on the night of these board meetings. However, I was later rewarded for the time spent in this way by receiving the position mentioned above.

At my rebuff, Jacobs, not being altogether discouraged, turned to Green and another friend, Eddie O'Brien.

Eddie O'Brien was one of those old-fashioned saloonkeepers who never let a drop of alcohol pass their lips. Though he sold many thousands of gallons in the liquor business, all he ever did was smell it and sell it. Eddie was a fine family man and the father of several children about my age. A son, Edward, Jr., was in my class in St. Veronica's School for several years. "Old Eddie," as we called him to differentiate him from his son, had an ardent, fatherly interest in me.

Before the Fight

Eddie knew a great deal about prize fighting, having been for many years a member of the Avonia Athletic Club, which turned out some great fighters—Jack Goodman, Harry Schumacher, Tommy Maloney, Kid Black and others. All the Walker boys—Jimmy, the present Mayor of New York, Doctor William and George—were members of the Avonia Athletic Club.

Eddie was confident that I was a great fighter. He used to say in those early days: "Gene, you are the greatest fighter I ever seen."

Jacobs' appeal to Green and O'Brien was heard by eager and enthusiastic ears. The idea of a star bout and the consequent reflection of glory that would be theirs convinced them they should persuade me to accept the match. O'Brien put it to me in this manner: "There ain't no fellow ever produced in this city ever had such an offer, and you can lick anybody they throw into the ring with you." Green was very anxious to show his boxer-making ability.

They finally induced me to accept the match. I lay awake most of the night ruminating over and regretting what I had done.

The evening of the match came around all too soon, and I found myself sharing a dressing-room with K. O. Eggers in the dingy Sharkey Athletic Club. This club was nothing more than a loft, with tiers of wooden benches to the ceiling, in an old building in Lincoln Square. It was an absolute fire-trap. How they got permission from the fire department to open it is still a mystery.

Upon my being introduced to K. O. Eggers by Billy Jacobs, who is not to be confused with the present manager of Max Schmeling, Eggers said, "This Bobby Dawson is a tough fellow, but not clever. I boxed him four years ago and gave him an awful beating for ten rounds. You won't have any trouble with him. Don't be afraid of him."

This knowledge, though given in the best of faith, did not add to my confidence. I weighed for this match about 140 pounds and was just eighteen.

It was the custom in those days for boxers to weigh-in in the presence of each other. Dawson got on the scales and wanted to know where I was. Jacobs advised him I was in my dressing-room. Dawson asked to have me come out. Jacobs told Dawson to go in and invite me to the scales. Dawson, who had learned that this was my first professional fight, came into my room with considerable bluster and exclaimed, "Where's Tunney?"

The Bluff that Failed

I was sitting in the corner with my trunks and shoes on and said meekly, "Here."

"Come on, I want to see what you weigh," growled Dawson.

"Where are the scales?" I asked.

He replied, "Right out here."

I stood up and started to follow him. He looked at me, taking in my long, slim arms, thin waist and long neck, and sneeringly remarked, "Aw, sit down. I don't care if you weigh a ton." I sat down.

It occurred to me then that this fellow Dawson, an experienced fighter, taking one look at me, realized that I was not a fighter. My timid and subdued mood naturally added to his confidence. I also realized this in a moment, and thought, "He will dash from his corner in the first round, and try bullying me."

That is what he did, but after running into six or seven straight lefts he timed his rushes more carefully. Along about the fifth round, I began to feel the strain of the going. My arms got heavy, my legs began trembling. By the seventh round, I was completely arm-weary. Toward the end of this round I happened to catch him, coming in, with a wild uppercut which knocked him down. The count reached nine, when the bell rang. He did not come up for the eighth round. That was my first professional fight.

For my pugilistic effort, which was a scheduled ten-round star bout, I got the grand sum of eighteen dollars. My plan was to divide the purse three ways. Accordingly, I gave six dollars to Green. O'Brien refused his share, leaving me with twelve, with which I bought a dinner for the boys of the club the next day down at Rockaway Beach. I might mention here that though O'Brien accompanied me and worked in my corner in all my early matches, he had never accepted a penny.

Mr. Tunney will continue his story in next week's Collier's.

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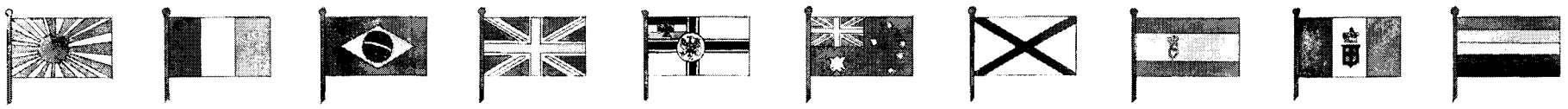

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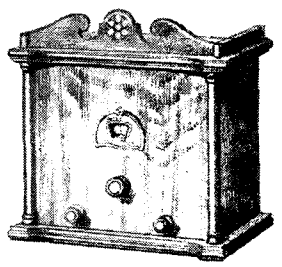

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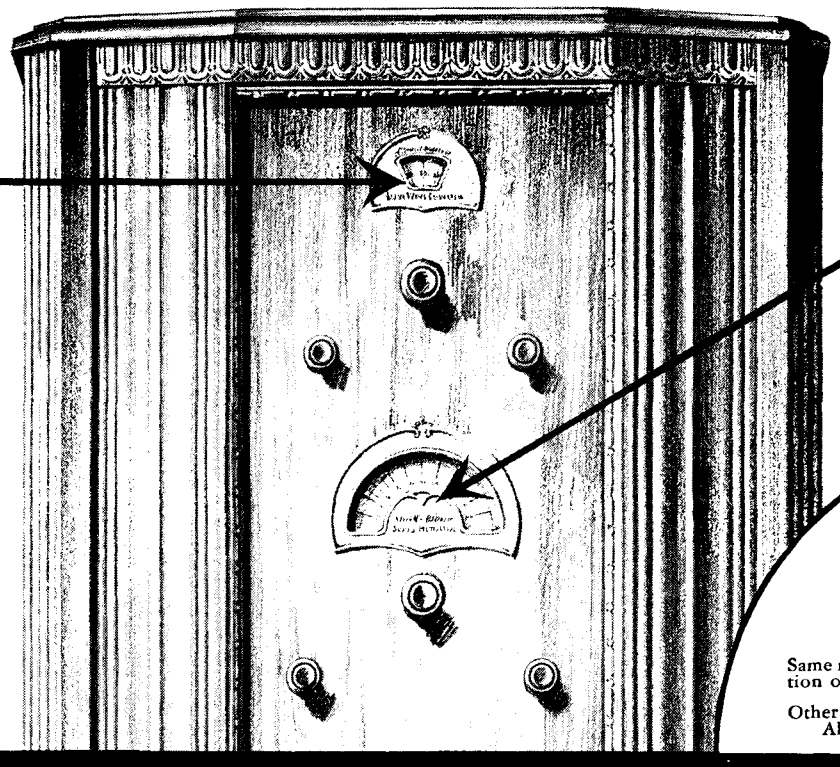

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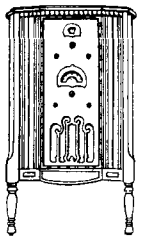

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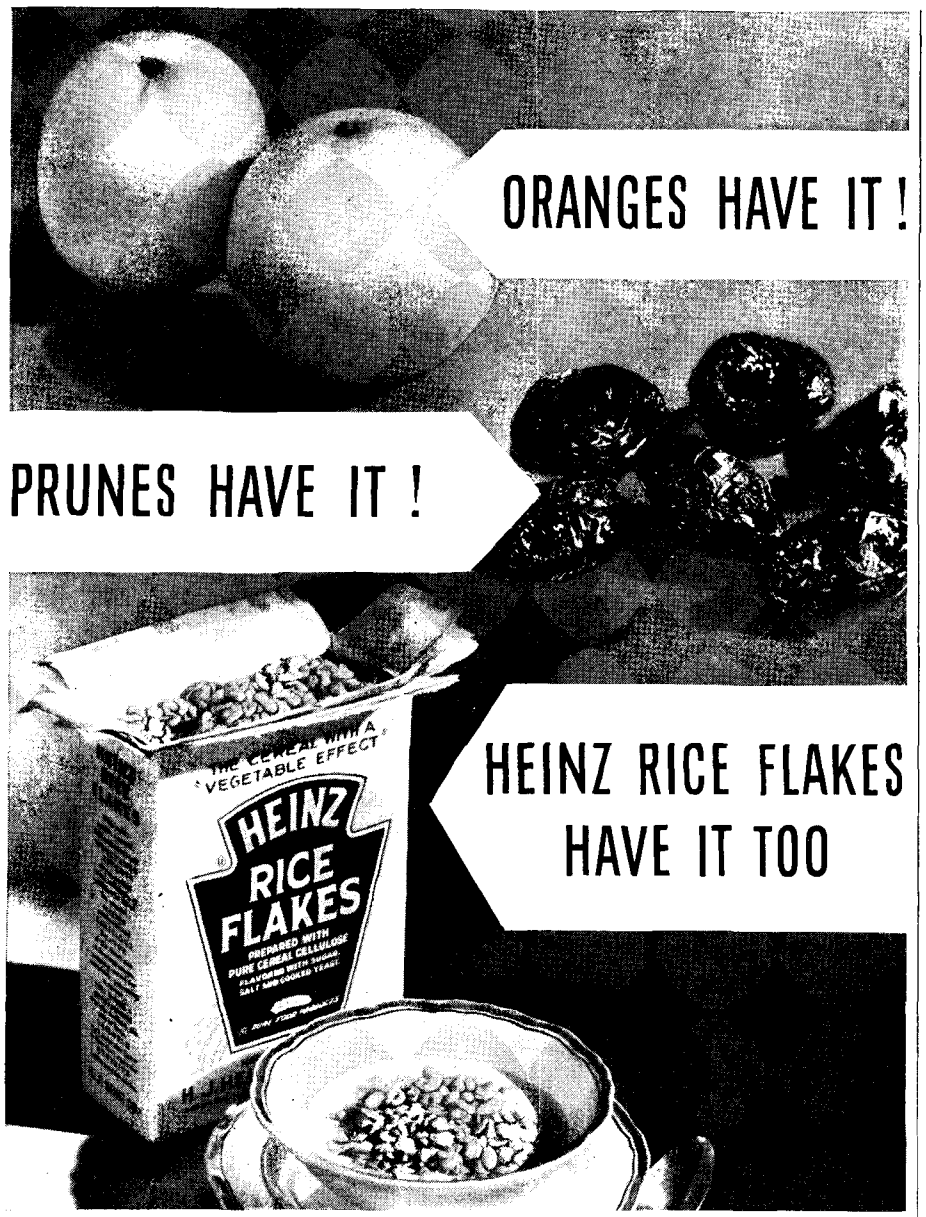

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Pure cereal-cellulose is added to these crisp, delicious flakes!

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It is this *added* cereal-cellulose that gives these crunchy, delicious little flakes their important regulative quality—often referred to as a "corrective vegetable effect".

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FREE—A GENEROUS TRIAL PACKAGE . . . Now — try Heinz Rice Flakes at our expense! Send the coupon for a generous free trial package — enough for three delicious servings! Introduce these crisp little flakes to every member of your family!

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Please send me a trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes — enough for three servings — free of charge.
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"Fine hand, partner—we ought to make a grand slam"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 7-6-5-4-2
H. 10-9-7
D. K-8-5
C. 9-7

West
S. Q-10-9-8
H. A-K-J
D. A-3
C. J-10-4-2

East
S. 3
H. 8-6-5-4-3-2
D. 7-2
C. 8-6-5-3

South (Dealer)
S. A-K-J
H. Q
D. Q-J-10-9-6-4
C. A-K-Q

WITH the above hand, published in last week's Collier's, an Auction Bridge South probably would open the bidding with one Diamond. West would be apt to double, North pass and East would bid one Heart. On the second round, South would bid two Diamonds, and the chances are that West, having doubled with minimum strength, would pass, and so would North and East. If either East or West ventured two Hearts, South again would overcall with Diamonds and secure the contract.

In the seven-table game of Duplicate Contract in which the hand was played, three Souths started with a Game-Demand two-Club bid. West doubled, North passed, East bid two Hearts; and South, despairing of receiving any assistance from North, showed his real strength by bidding three Diamonds. The adverse Heart bid had spoiled South's plan to bid No Trump, but South was interested in seeing whether North would call any suit other than Hearts. When West passed, North, commanded to keep the bidding open until a game-bid had been reached, called four Diamonds; after which South took a chance and bid five.

At the tables where the artificial two-Club was not used, some Souths made their "demand" by calling three Diamonds, which West did not feel strong enough to double, and North "responded" with a bid of four Diamonds. At all other tables South took a chance and made a final bid of five Diamonds.

West led the King of Hearts, and continued with the Jack to force the strong adverse hand and make a start toward unblocking the suit for East. At trick 3 South at three tables led the Queen of Diamonds. West won with the Ace and forced South a second time by leading the Ace of Hearts. Declarer then drew the remaining adverse trumps, played South's Ace of Spades, and put North in the lead with a third trump to lead a Spade for the finesse; but when East refused North's Spade lead, Declarer saw that he must lose one Spade, one Heart and one Diamond and suffer defeat.

At three other tables the Declarer was canny enough to see the possibility of eliminating Hearts and Clubs from his combined hands and compelling West to lead up to South's Spade tenace. To tricks 3, 4 and 5 South led his three high Clubs, dummy discarding his remaining Heart on the third. South then led a small Diamond, hoping that West had the Ace and only one other, and would not play the Ace on the first round; in which case a second round of Diamonds would put West in the lead and assure game as aforesaid. If West led Hearts or Clubs, North would ruff and South would discard the Spade Jack; if he led a Spade, it would be up to South's Ace-King-Jack.

That was Declarer's lovely plan, but West, seeing through it, won the first Diamond trick with the Ace and led a second Diamond; then Declarer could not put him in the lead and had no chance left except the Spade finesse, which failed.

The one Declarer who succeeded realized that starting the elimination at once might betray his object, and after ruffing the second round of Hearts he led the Jack of Diamonds. This excellent false-card made it look to West as if East might hold the Queen of Diamonds, in which case Declarer probably would finesse if West did not play the Ace. So West played small and of course the Jack took the trick. This was immediately followed by three rounds of Clubs from the South hand, North discarding a Heart on the third Club. Then came another Diamond which West perforce was obliged to take. This play accomplished its purpose. West was placed in the lead and could see that a Heart or a Club would lose a trick, so his only choice was to lead a Spade and that choice led to ruin, South holding the Ace-King-Jack.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. J-10
H. None
D. 10-9-8-7-6
C. J-10-9-8-7-6

East
S. None
H. 8-7-6-5-4
D. 5-4-3-2
C. 5-4-3-2

West
S. 9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2
H. A-Q-10-3-2
D. None
C. None

South (Dealer)
S. A-K-Q
H. K-J-9
D. A-K-Q-J
C. A-K-Q

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Belle Starr, Bandit

Continued from page 21

honeymoon, the young couple set up housekeeping in the Indian Territory and Jim had just about come to the point where he could condone his wife's cooking when he again lost her. Dad, of course, was at the bottom of it, and this time the old gentleman, who appeared on the scene when Jim wasn't there, bringing with him plenty of half-inch rope, decided to make it a permanent abduction by shipping Belle, all neatly tagged and tied up, to her uncle's ranch far away in the Colorado Rockies.

Babies and Bullets

Even that wasn't far enough. After months of searching Jim found out where his wife was, and thus it happened that one morning, as Belle looked longingly toward the east, her heart gave a leap. On a distant sky line she saw a solitary horseman, and when she noted that he was bringing a led-horse with him she knew that Jim Reed was indeed her man. She ran to him; together they rode away, and the next thing that Judge Shirley knew about it was when he got a message from Rich Hill, Missouri, telling him that in spite of all the precautions he had taken to prevent such a catastrophe, he had at last become a grandfather.

Belle's child was a daughter. She named the baby Pearl, and when Pearl was only three months old her travels began.

Papa Jim's rustling and straight-shooting career continued. They visited California, Utah, Oregon and all points West, but it was no use. For more than two years—during which period Belle took time out and presented her father with another grandchild, named Willie—the law followed them constantly, until finally they decided that if they had to keep on the dodge anyway they might as well do it nearer home and among friends.

Back down in Texas then the two babies soon squared things between Belle and her fiery old Dad, but as far as Jim was concerned this didn't help any. His wife and children could live peaceably at home with Judge Shirley, but he couldn't. "Dead or alive," he was an asset of too much value to remain long in any one place, and as time went on he just naturally got to be worth more and more to more and more men.

One day a detective who passed himself off as a well-known Texas horse-thief, threw in with Jim and made a couple of business trips with him. On the third, while they were eating dinner in the home of a friendly farmer, where Jim as a matter of courtesy had left off his shooting-irons, the detective jerked out one of his own and let him have it.

The Widow's Might

That shot ended Jim's career and it marked the beginning of a new phase of Belle's. When she was sent for, to come and claim the body of her man, she appeared on the scene dry-eyed, cold and indifferent. She looked at the corpse and laughed: "Why'd you send for me?" she asked. "I don't know this fellow. This isn't Jim Reed. You've killed the wrong man and if you expect to collect any reward on my husband you'll have to try again."

Nobody interposed any objection to that statement. The men present who knew the truth took one look at Belle's face and decided to keep quiet. The detective slunk out of the room, and that settled that. Jim Reed's unclaimed body was buried in the potter's field

(Continued on page 52)

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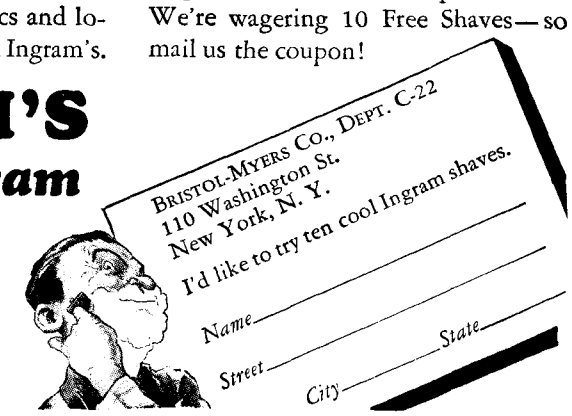

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(Continued from page 51)

and nobody ever came forward to demand any of the blood money.

As a widow Belle was an almost instantaneous success. This was inevitable. She was good-looking, she had a husky bank roll, and in addition to that she also possessed another invisible and invaluable asset, left her by her late husband, in the form of a mailing list of the names and addresses of all the best horse-thieves and highwaymen in Texas and the Indian Territory. Most of these men Belle could have sent either to the pen or the gallows. They knew it, she knew that they knew it; therefore what was more natural than for her to go to Dallas, step out high, wide and handsome, open a swell livery and sales stable and tell the boys to come across and keep it filled up with first-class stock?

Bossing the Boys

Another of Belle's bids for public applause was more successful. Those were the days in Texas, as Belle had found out, when the populace would just step over a corpse in the public highway and not notice it, but they all turned out, came from miles around, even, to attend a good fire. This was one way, then, to make the front page and Belle tried it. For some reason—maybe she really was chilly, or maybe she didn't like the fellow who ran the place—Belle stopped one day at a country store, noted that the wind was from the right direction, and touched a match to the establishment. It burned merrily, clear to the ground, and as arson was a crime, even if murder wasn't, Belle was arrested and placed on trial by an ungrateful public to whom she had furnished an amusement feature they could talk about for weeks.

However, nothing Belle had ever engineered up to that time turned out as well as that temporary lapse into pyromania. While her trial was in progress a wealthy lumberman, who wanted to take a look at the notorious woman, dropped into the courtroom for that purpose, and, as far as he was concerned, it was *some* drop. He fell in love with Belle at first sight, slipped her $25,000 as a guarantee of the purity of his motives and used his influence to get her case dismissed. *His* case, however, didn't cause Belle a lot of worry. She merely overruled his pleadings, dismissed his suit on her own motion, and we regret to say when we next meet her, quite a few months later, she is again in the clutches of the law.

On this occasion the charge against her is the serious one of horse-stealing and once more we see Justice get it between the eyes in its scrimmage with a charming woman. This time Belle was really good. She vamped the sheriff, who was of course a tired married man, induced him to elope with her, and just as soon as they had crossed the state line she sent him back to his wife along with a note in which she assured that good woman that her husband was being returned to her whole and undamaged.

Following this artistic evasion, Belle drops out of sight for a couple of years, but in 1877 she bulges into the spotlight again as president, secretary, treasurer, general manager and head coach of as happy a gang of highwaymen as ever stuck up a stagecoach or robbed a bank.

Included in her list of gallants were such potential gallows birds as Jim French, Jack Spaniard, John Middleton, and the Blue Duck. Naturally, as the authorities never could do it, it would be useless for us to try to follow these lads along the crooked path that Belle laid out for them. Suffice it to say that wherever she said go the gang went: they looted stores, stole stock, nabbed Indian pay rolls, and once in a while they cleaned out a bank. Strange to say, Belle herself was never an active participant in any of these enterprises. She was too smart for that. She issued the orders and bossed all the jobs from a distance.

As we have already pointed out, Belle was a very good-looking woman. She knew it and, knowing also that it was her face and her figure, more than her six-shooters and her vocabulary, that enabled her to control her men, she naturally felt that it was her duty to herself to preserve her s. a. intact as long as possible.

For that purpose she made annual pilgrimages to centers of civilization where she could procure the services of dressmakers, masseuses, and beauty doctors. It was while she was on an expedition of this kind to a Texas city that a highly respectable banker had the misfortune to fall in love with Belle and gall enough to tell her about it. This sounded like easy money and that's what it turned out to be. For several days Belle kept her man dangling and then she yielded. She agreed to meet him in the bank one evening after hours, when they could be all, all alone, and you bet he was there. So was Belle. She gave him one kiss and as they came out of the clinch the banker felt something round and hard pressed forcibly against his left temple.

"What—what does this mean?" he stammered.

"Sh, sh, honey. Open the vault and put the money in this sack or I'll shoot your damn' head off. Hurry, darling, hurry!"

The banker did just that. He put $30,000 in Belle's bag, and then she said:

"Now, dearie, don't make any fuss; your life depends on your keeping quiet for the next few minutes. Good-by, sweetheart; come and see me if you ever get around in the Territory." And, backing out of the bank building, Belle went to a near-by livery stable, jumped on her horse and was gone.

Yes, Belle was gone, but where to? We don't know. Right at this point in her career she did another disappearing act, remained below the horizon for some time, and then, when she finally does again emerge to the sky line, she is the possessor of a second husband. And such a husband! His name was Sam Starr, he was a half-breed Cherokee Indian, and he could neither read nor write. When we become acquainted with the facts we will see that he had other attractions and accomplishments which, from Belle's point of view, were far more desirable than mere book learning.

Queen of the Wilderness

To begin with, Sam Starr had been first a pupil and then a business associate of Belle's first husband. Then, attached to him, there was another asset which was not to be sneezed at. As a member of the Cherokee tribe he was entitled to a section of land in the newly opened "strip;" if Belle married him she would automatically become one of his own people and as such would be entitled to another section, and that settled it.

Before a duly authorized J. P. this attractive white woman, who could have married almost any white man she wanted, swore to love, honor and obey a red one, with whom, at the conclusion of the ceremony, she immediately headed out for a wild, unbroken section of the country on the Canadian River. In this beautiful wilderness Belle located a claim of more than a thousand acres, and thereon built a good log house, which she had fitted up with carpets, window curtains, books, a piano and complete arsenal, and to whose front door no wagon road ever led.

But none was needed. The people for whom Belle kept open house did all their traveling on horseback, and as she was a hospitable soul it was not long until her place became a regular hangout for a good many nationally advertised celebrities, not the least of whom was her old friend, Jesse James.

Alas, it was only a few months until Belle and her husband found themselves on the way to the Federal prison in Detroit, where they were destined to do a year for horse-stealing.

When she left her prison, Belle went straight back into the old game again. She did it with renewed vigor; the boys who had been almost idle while she was locked up, became livelier than ever and private ownership of personal property anywhere within one hundred miles of her residence became increasingly insecure.

The end of things, however, was not a long way off. Evil communications, you know, corrupt good manners, and thus Sam Starr, through his intimate association with his wife's rough and ready followers, became so coarse in his technique that after he had robbed a post office he allowed himself to be arrested for having done it. Of course there was a little gun-play preceding the arrest, and also, as another matter of course, Sam was bailed out to await trial. As a dutiful wife should have been, Belle was right there at Sam's side in the courtroom, and a few hours later, in celebration of his temporary freedom, she went with him to a party where the men, including a couple of the officers who had arrested Mr. Starr, were lapping up quite a bit of liquor.

Quick, Watson, the Shotgun!

The inevitable of course happened and when they finally swept the smoke out of the room it was immediately apparent that Belle was again a widow.

For a little more than two years thereafter Belle continued to operate with but one charge filed against her. That charge she was able to beat in court but the next one, which came from a double-barreled shotgun and caught her between the shoulder blades, was too much for her. It ended her career ingloriously and ignominiously, and this was the way of it:

A stranger moved into Belle's neighborhood; she looked him up in her well-thumbed copy of Who's Who in American Crime; found that he was wanted for murder in Florida and, as that fact rather raised than reduced the man in her estimation, she said nothing about it. Later on, though, when she and this man, whose name was Watson, were indulging in a friendly, neighborly spat over a lease on a part of her acreage, she used her knowledge to her own extreme disadvantage. During the argument Mr. Watson was ungentlemanly enough to say something about the frequency with which Federal officials came out to look Belle over, to which she retorted: "Yes, and maybe the Florida officers might like to know where you are."

That was enough for Watson. He went home, thought the matter over, decided that Belle was going to turn him in, and so the next day, which was Belle's forty-third birthday, he hid in a fence corner, waited for her to ride past, and pulled both triggers.

Her tombstone, with no name carved on it, bears the following inscription:

Born Feb. 3, 1846.
Died Feb. 3, 1889.
Shed not for me one bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret.
'Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

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The Owl

Continued from page 32

features and sensing the reason, sank from gloom to a hopeless despondency; and thus they walked together in that silent communion only friendship may know.

"Aha, see yonder, Roly—trespassers, b'Gad!" Sir Roland started, glanced at the travel-worn van and dingy tent pitched in the little glade before them, and shook his head.

"No, Tom, gypsies," he sighed. "I let 'em camp hereabouts, like my father before me, and on the whole they behave surprisingly well, save for an occasional rabbit or—" he stopped suddenly, for the door of this van had opened and a tall old woman stood looking down on them—a handsome, stately creature despite her age, and crowned with a splendor of white hair and who, lifting hand in salutation, spoke soft-voiced:

"*Kosko divvus*, my gorgio rye! And God bless 'ee, young master, you as be's good to the Poor Folk. Shoot ye when the owl hooteth! But, oh mark ye this—let it be nigh unto th' old tithe-barn, for thy safety shall be hid there . . . th' old tithe-barn—remember!" Then she waved her hand again and vanished into the van.

"DOOCE take me!" exclaimed the Captain. "But 'twas she Darvell struck . . . and flew at him like a dem'd fury. A rare, handsome creeter once, Roly!"

"I wonder what she meant by the owl . . . and tithe-barn?"

"Dooce knows! But when you fight—demme if I don't place you as near the barn as possible, Roly."

"As well there as anywhere else, Tom. And now come in to breakfast." Approaching the house, they beheld two elegant creatures sunning themselves on the terrace: one a tall, rosy, jovial personage, the other a smallish, slim gentleman, very languid yet extremely sinister. Perceiving them, these gentlemen paused to salute them, hats a-flourish.

"A delightful morning for our little affair, Sir Roland."

"Perfect, Mr. Darvell," answered the young baronet, contriving to meet the unwinking stare of the speaker's pale eyes. "You have breakfasted?"

"Thank you, yes. And, by the by, the . . . surgeon has arrived." Young Roland blenched and, aware of this, flushed, bowed and turned away and entered his house to greet the cheery doctor and thereafter to sit at table and make pretense of eating; hearing nothing, seeing nothing except the hands of the clock creeping remorselessly on and on to his death hour. . . . He started violently to feel the Captain's friendly hand on his shoulder.

"It's the damned suspense!" Roland whispered. So come, let's be done, Tom; let's have it over—now!" Arm in arm they went forth into the sunshine, but a sun this with no power to warm him. He followed dumbly whither he was led. He saw the old barn . . . Surgeon Purdy laying out glittering instruments on a white cloth. . . . Then a pistol was thrust into his fingers, he saw Darvell take the other . . . Mr. Ponsonby was speaking loud and high:

"Gentlemen, the word will be: One! Two! Three! Fire! On the word 'Fire' I shall drop my handkerchief. Are you ready?"

Roland heard Darvell's languid "yes" and nodded dumbly.

"One!" cried Ponsonby. Roland lifted his weapon, and then the air thrilled to the sudden fierce hooting of an owl. Darvell spun round upon his heel to glare round about him, crying: "Damnation! What was that?"

"Sounded like a dem'd owl," answered the Captain, staring round about also.

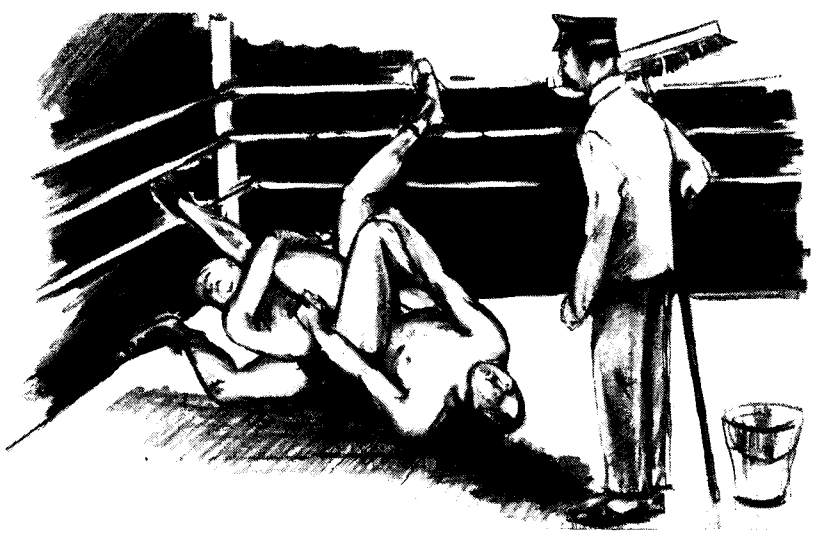
"But true owls don't cry i' the sun!" snarled Darvell. "Count again, Ponsonby."

So once more Roland heard that high-pitched, fateful voice: "One . . . Two . . . Three . . . Fire—"

Even as Roland pulled trigger he was aware of something that wheeled heavily in the air above him, monstrous, silent, ghastly white . . . then Darvell's gasping, agonized voice:

" 'Twas the owl . . . the damned white owl . . . distracted my aim . . ." He saw Darvell writhing in the arms that supported him, glaring at the dripping, red ruin of what had been his deadly pistol hand . . . Like one a-dream he watched that twisted, pain-racked form carried away. Then, letting fall smoking pistol, young Roland drew a deep breath and glanced from earth to heaven like one awaking to a new and greater life. . . . A voice spoke softly behind him and, turning, he espied a white head nodding to him from the gloom of the old tithe-barn; the voice spoke again:

"The Hearns gives good for good!" Here she held up a large basket. "They likewise gives ill for ill!" Here she gestured fiercely towards where Darvell's blood spattered the grass. "And so, long life and happiness to 'ee, young master. *Kosko divvus!*"



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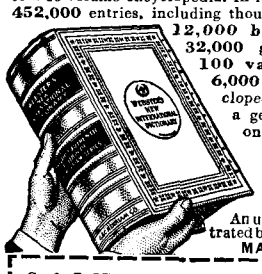

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Winter Range

Continued from page 15

Bishop had received had been an angling one, in the back; he could not tell whether the bullet had lodged at the bottom of the lung or someplace else.

Catching up Bishop's rifle, Kentucky threw a shot into the general vicinity of the ambush, and instantly drew fire in recent. Apparently their attackers were not attempting to close.

Kentucky immediately set about the improvisation of bandages. Twice a minute he interrupted his work to sight across the valley floor for sign of approach. Occasionally also he set his ear to the frozen ground in the bottom of the coulee, but could detect no sound of advance in the cover of the cut.

STILL keeping constant lookout, he prepared for the night. Lee Bishop's horse had gone to grazing a quarter of a mile away; he believed he could catch the animal under cover of the dark, but this would do him little good. Bishop appeared to be too seriously hurt to be moved without aid.

Already the light was uncertain; the molten gold of the last sun still touched the upper peaks of the Maricopas, but the wide reaches of Trap Canyon were pooled in blue dark. Dragging Bishop's rifle with him, Kentucky Jones went out to his dead horse and got his saddle blanket, and the saddle itself to prop Lee's head. He shucked off his sheepskin coat and used it with the blanket to make Bishop a bed in a snow-drifted angle.

Working along the lip of the coulee, he collected greasewood and broken drift, and with this built a tiny fire to warm the wounded man's feet, and another fire at Bishop's side.

Lee Bishop opened his eyes long enough to say faintly, "That'll only be a mark for gunfire, Kentuck."

"I'll take care of that, Lee. It's near dark enough to fire at the flash of the guns."

When these things were done there was nothing more to do but wait, keep watch and maintain their store of fuel. An hour after dark, walking far up the coulee after more wood, he found a tangled jam of broken branches and bits of rotten log stranded in a backwater; and with this he built a third fire—a signal fire on the edge of the coulee, a hundred yards from their forlorn bivouac. When Campo Ragland and Harry Wilson returned to the Bar Hook it was reasonable to suppose that they would make some effort to find Bishop, who had gone out looking for trouble with every probability of finding it. If they came to look, the signal fire would be visible a long way off. If they did not come to look, Kentucky Jones had a long wait ahead, a wait perhaps equal to the remainder of Lee Bishop's life.

Slowly the hours passed, cold with a bone-piercing cold, and marked only by the imperceptible turn of the stars. After an hour or two Lee Bishop began to mumble from the depths of a delirious stupor; but it must have been nearly midnight when the wounded man's mind cleared.

"Kentucky," he said.

"Right here, Lee."

"I don't know but what I've got my come-uppance, Kentuck."

"That's the bunk, Lee," said Kentucky sharply.

"Don't make me waste my darn' breath," said Bishop with a weak irritability. "I got something I got to tell you, Kentuck."

"You better wait until—"

"Shut up! I ought to have told somebody this before; I don't know as it'll do you much good, telling you now. But you ought to know it." Bishop's voice was very faint, but he seemed to speak with little effort, as long as he did not try to raise his tone.

"Lee," said Kentucky, "I don't want to encourage you to talk, but if you can tell me why Bill McCord wants to kill you, it sure might help in what's going to come after this."

"Kentucky, I ain't got any more idea than you," Lee said. "I don't know as I care a whole darn. What I'm worrying about is the way you're getting dragged into this killing of Mason."

"Don't you worry about me. I'm not dragged into it."

"The hell you're not! Kentuck, what time did you leave the Bar Hook the day Mason was killed?"

"I can prove I was in Waterman by half past one."

"Then," said Bishop, "you couldn't possibly have killed John Mason."

"I never claimed I did, Lee."

"There's others will claim you did," Bishop mumbled. He seemed to trail off, but recovered himself, and his eyes opened wide and clear. "You couldn't have killed Mason," he repeated, "because Mason was still alive when you got back to Waterman. I know he was alive because I saw him alive."

"What time was this?" Kentucky demanded, hitching forward.

"It was between three and four in the afternoon. He was sitting his horse just below a knob, about a quarter mile from the Bar Hook ranch house. Right in there the snow let up for a little bit, and I saw him plain."

"But when you found him," Kentucky pointed out, "there was no snow under him; proving he was killed before the snow began to fall."

"I can't account for that. Maybe the snow under him melted, or something."

This seemed unlikely to Kentucky, but he did not interrupt.

"I was a couple furlongs away," Bishop admitted, continuing. "But don't you tell me I made a mistake. I mind how John Mason used to sit, kind of half crooked in the saddle; and I mind the round of his shoulders as he sat his horse, and the tilt of his hat. I'd know him any distance, out of a thousand men."

THERE was something peculiarly familiar about Lee Bishop's claim of recognition. Suddenly Kentucky knew why. He had heard Joe St. Marie use almost the same words in explaining to Jean Ragland, the night they found Zack Sanders, that he had seen a ghost.

"It isn't hardly likely," Kentucky offered speculatively, "that you'd mistake that pinto horse Mason rode that day."

"They was wrong about that," Bishop said promptly. "That was just one more of them wrong things that came out at the inquest. Mason wasn't riding no pinto horse. He was riding a little blood bay pony—an 88 pony they call Three Spot. . . . I was the other side of Shadow Canyon and I hadn't finished my work; I had a long, roundabout way to go yet, and was delayed besides, so it was near dark before I got back to the Bar Hook. Though it was not far off from the Bar Hook that I seen him sit."

"Tell me one more thing," Kentucky said. "Did this—did Mason see you?"

"He ought to have seen me. I was in plain sight. But he didn't answer to my wave."

Kentucky rose and went about his work of keeping up the fires. By the signal fire he stood listening for a long time, suspicious of small sounds far away; but he could make certain of no indication of near-by human life. He went back to Lee Bishop.

"Are you there, Kentucky?"

"Right here, Lee."

"Kentucky, I'm sorry I never told that. If only I'd told some people about it, it would clear you. But—use it any way you can."

"You never told anybody at all?"

"Just one person in the world, Kentucky; and that isn't liable to do you much good."

"Who was that?"

"Jean Ragland. . . . She'll back up your word if you tell 'em what I said. But I don't know as it will carry much weight. Anybody can see that she's dead gone on you, Kentuck. Most likely they'll discount what she says in your favor, on that account."

Kentucky Jones said gently, "You're wrong there, Lee."

"You're a fool if you think I am. I told her about seeing Mason, and she made me promise not to tell anybody else. I disremember what I thought was her reason for that; it seemed a reasonable thing to ask, at the time."

KENTUCKY JONES sucked in his breath through his teeth. "Lee," he said slowly, "you sure you got this straight?"

"Sure, Kentucky. I wouldn't disrecognize Old Iron—"

"I don't mean that, Lee. I mean—you told Jean about seeing this, and she told you not to tell anyone?"

"You beat me, Kentucky. How the hell would a man get a thing like that mixed up?"

"All right, Lee."

"What's the matter with you, Kentuck?"

"There's a link or two missing yet, Lee," Kentucky said. "But I'm dead sure in my own mind, now."

"What are you talking about?"

"You've got me the killer of Mason," Kentucky said.

Lee Bishop started, winced, and settled back again, more limp and more still than before. "You mean," he said at last, "you know who killed Mason?"

"Don't you?"

"I— Listen!"

They were silent for a long moment while Lee Bishop lay with closed eyes, as if the life had gone out of him once and for all.

"There's a horse coming," Bishop said at last.

Kentucky listened, but could hear nothing; it seemed to him that the small purr and hiss of the fire over which he crouched was preventing him from distinguishing far-off, fainter sounds. He got up and walked down the gully, past the signal fire, to a place from which he could sight across the flat snow to the canyon narrows. Here the firelight was no longer in his eyes, and the small whisper of the embers could not confuse his ears; and presently he was certain that he distinguished the slow trample of a walking horse. He listened for what seemed a long time, while the sound came sometimes distinct and unmistakable, and again died away until he was half convinced that the rider had turned and drawn off.

Then the sound of the walking hoofs suddenly became sharp and close at hand. Three hundred yards away Kentucky made out the movement of a shadow in shadows, and knew that the rider was sitting his horse in the mouth of the notch. Kentucky Jones freed his rifle's safety catch, carefully, without any click of metal.

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For nearly five minutes the rider in the notch sat motionless, and Jones knew that their visitor was watching the signal fire, trying to make out figures near it, or other sign of what the builders of the fire intended.

The rider moved out of the mouth of the notch at last, turned uncertainly to the right, and began to skirt the foot of the canyon wall so slowly that for a little while Kentucky Jones was inclined to think that there was no rider there at all, but only an unridden horse wandering about in search of its bunch. Moving slowly, it circled the signal fire, as if trying to pass at the greatest possible distance. Then the pony passed before a drift of gullied snow which stood like a panel of white set into the gray rock; and against this Kentucky Jones saw the unmistakable silhouette of the figure in the saddle.

THE rider turned now, cutting back to circle the signal fire more closely; and at last, as if suddenly impatient, turned directly toward the fire itself and rode to the edge of its circle of light. At a distance of no more than fifty feet, Kentucky Jones slid his rifle over the lip of the coulee and brought it to bear upon the mounted figure.

Then the rider turned; and the firelight showed him Jean Ragland's face.

"Hello, Jean," he said.

Her horse jerked as if it would shy, but its rider sat steady, leaning down to peer into the shadows.

Jean called out sharply, "Is that you, Kentucky? Are you hurt?"

"They hit Lee Bishop, Jean."

She slid out of the saddle, tossing the reins over her pony's head, and came to the edge of the coulee. "Where's Lee?"

"Drop down and I'll take you to him." He held up his arms and she let herself drop into them, but freed herself immediately.

"Is he hit bad?"

He whispered, "He can hear us from here, I think. I don't know but what they've finished him, Jean. He's shot in the side of the back, and Lord knows where the bullet stopped. You shouldn't have come here—don't you know that?"

"Somebody had to come. Campo—my father is back from Waterman; but Harry Wilson quit when Campo wouldn't bring out more riders. You and Campo and I are all that's left. And now poor Lee—poor Lee—"

He led her down the cut to where Bishop lay. The range boss opened his eyes and turned his face toward her. "Is that you, Jean?"

She dropped on her knees beside him. "Yes, Lee."

"Didn't know but what I might be hearing things. Where's Campo?"

"He's making a sweep of the upper Bench trail. Lee, you must be plumb frozen."

"Pretty near," Bishop admitted.

Jean slipped off her coat, and carefully wrapped Bishop's legs. Then she scrambled out of the cut, ran to her horse and, loosening the cinch, jerked her blanket from under the saddle. When this was placed to suit her, she made ready to go.

"It's sure a shot-to-pieces outfit you bought into, Kentucky."

"That deal is off," he told her. "I own no share in the Bar Hook, nor any part of a share."

Jean looked at him but there was no expression in her face, nor in her voice as she answered, "So you're quitting, too."

"No, not quite yet," Kentucky told her grimly. "I'm just going ahead in a little different way than we figured I was going to; that's all."

Jean dropped beside Lee Bishop again, and for a long time studied the mask of his face, yellow in the firelight. He seemed asleep. Irrepressible tears appeared on Jean's cheeks, glinting in the light of the fire. She bent over Lee Bishop and kissed him. "Good-by, Lee," she said softly. "I'll be back pretty quick."

Lee Bishop smiled faintly. "Take your time, kid."

Jean caught Kentucky's wrist and led him a little way down the cut. "Do you think there's any chance of moving him?"

"I don't know as we better try, Jean. When you get back to the house, phone to Waterman for Doc Hopper. Then pack a horse and come back. Get hold of a tent if there's any on the place, and all the bed-rolls that come handy, and grub, and bandages and stuff. You know what we'll need."

Jean Ragland scaled the side of the cut, re-cinched her saddle, and rode off at a sharp trot.

Lee Bishop said, "There goes a great girl, Kentucky. You're lucky, all right."

"Lucky? Me?"

"She'd ride her horse square off the rim," Lee Bishop said, "if you told her to." He was talking in a queer and somehow childish tone of voice which Kentucky had never heard him use. "Listen, Kentucky. Get this—can you hear me all right?"

"I can hear you, Lee."

"You're worse off than you think, Kentucky. Campo believes you killed Mason."

Kentucky said slowly, "I don't know but what Campo has almighty good reason to know better than that, Lee."

"What if he has?" Lee demanded. "What you don't know is, he's been gathering up stuff against you—tracing guns, and the like of that. In a pinch he'll turn on you, Campo will! But believe in that girl. She believes in you; and she'll stand by you."

"The pinch will come quick, now," Kentucky said. "But she'll not be with me, Lee."

Lee Bishop said in a curious, hoarse whisper, "She'd jerk the heart out of her, if you needed it. She's got a faith in you that you don't have in her."

"Faith?" Kentucky repeated savagely. "If she'd trusted me only halfway, only quarter-way, you and I wouldn't be sitting here tonight."

Lee Bishop looked at Kentucky a long time, and his mind seemed to be turning vague.

"You ain't licked, Kentucky," he said at last in a weak voice. "You can beat this game yet."

"Sure I'll beat it," Kentucky assured him. "Lee, I'll beat it in spite of her!"

Lee Bishop said in a queer voice, "You—you couldn't go against that girl, Kentucky."

"I'd sooner cut off my right hand, Lee; but I've got to go square against her now."

FOR another long moment Lee Bishop fixed staring, vacant eyes upon Kentucky's face. "You love her, huh?" he said at last.

Kentucky Jones shivered; he felt as if the grip of the night cold was getting the better of him, so that his body had a core of ice. He covered his face with his hands. "I think," he said, "I hate her as I've never hated any living thing in my life."

Lee Bishop's words jerked out of him incoherently, but unexpectedly sharp and strong. "God help you, Kentucky—don't say that!"

"All right, Lee."

Jean Ragland made the round trip—and loaded a mule at the other end—in a little over four hours, which was wonderful time on those night trails. But she might as well have saved her animals; for an hour before she reached Trap Canyon again, Lee Bishop was dead.

(To be continued next week)

NEW KIND OF AUTO EYES

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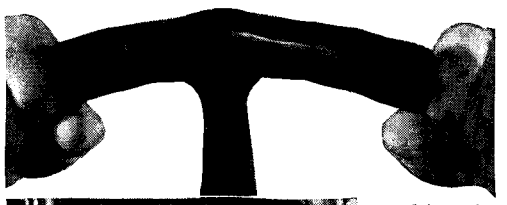
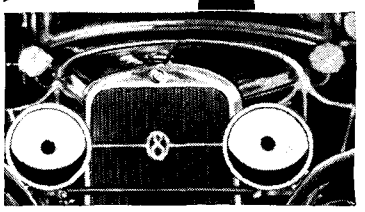
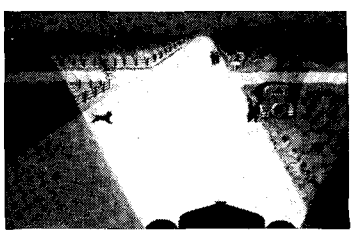
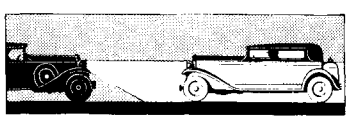




This new kind of Light even LOOKS entirely different. No wonder every installation brings a dozen more sales.



Lights up entire roadway, including ditches at side. Gives perfect illumination without shadows or flickering.



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Patent rights on this new lighting invention are fully protected. There is no wiring or installation. No extra up-keep. In the past, millions of motorists have paid from $10 to $25 for so-called spotlights and driving-lights. This new method costs only a fraction as much and actually doubles road illumination with your present headlights! No wonder fleet owners, manufacturers, taxi and bus lines, etc., concerns like Wallace & Tiernan, N. J., Blue & Grey Bus Line, W. Va., Columbus Fire Trucks, etc., are fast turning to this discovery as standard equipment.

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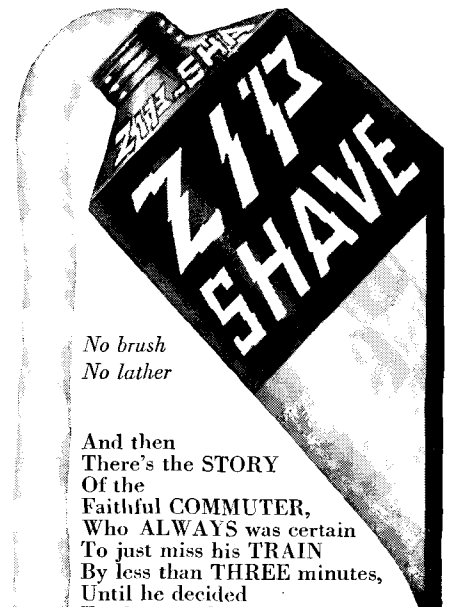

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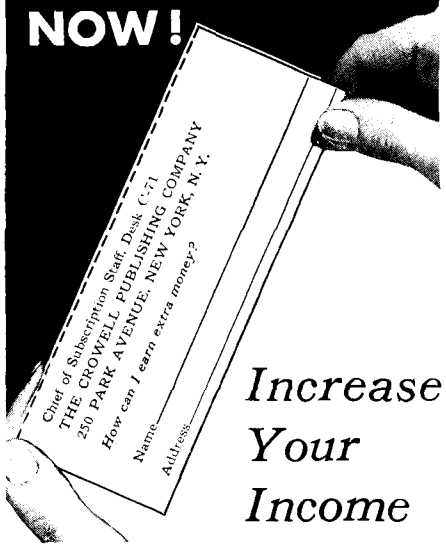

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Dollars for Doughnuts

Continued from page 11

the guy," and pointed at me with his thumb and the fellow come over to me and says, "We want that two hundred grand you collected this morning."

"I did not collect any jack," I says, holding my hands up high because he was punching me with the nose of the gun. "I don't get it until tomorrow."

"Yeah?" he says and starts to go through my clothes.

Well, I did not mind when he looked through my pockets but when he pulled out Bozo Elephant and says, "What is this damn' thing?" and threw it on the floor, I popped him on the chin. And the next thing I knew I was on the floor like I said, with my head going "Zowie! Zowie! Zowie!" and a considerable pain in my shoulder.

Pretty soon I heard a fellow say, "That's all, folks, and thank you very much," and somebody kicked me hard in the side and says, "We'll get you later, saphead." Then another fellow said, "You mugs lay there for five minutes. We're liable to come back and put a slug in anybody that's standing up."

I heard the door close and the beautiful blonde says, "It's all over now. Get up. That five-minute thing is a lot of hooey."

Most of the folks stayed on the floor, taking no chances, but the beautiful blond girl got up and I rolled over and sat up and the bartender says, "Did they get ya bad, friend?"

"Not bad," I says.

"Call the police, quick!" the beautiful blonde says to the bartender. "What are you standing there for? And an ambulance, too!"

The bartender grinned. "Aw, lady," he says, "we don't call cops or ambulances for little things like this." He took me under the arms and hoisted me to my feet. "I'll get you a taxi," he says. "You can go to a hospital."

"All right," I says, "but wait till I find my elephant."

The bartender put his fists on his hips and looked at me queer-like and says to the beautiful blonde, "This guy is nuts. You better step on it before he gets violent."

Then I found my elephant on the floor and he said, "Oh," and we went.

IN THE taxi the beautiful blond girl helped me get my coat off and she tore off part of my shirt and, like I thought, it was not much of a wound, and she tied it up.

"You're a brave kid," she says, "but, Lord, aren't you stupid!"

"He threw Bozo on the floor," I says.

"He threw who?"

"Bozo Elephant," I says. "Bozo brought me all my luck. Didn't you read about me in the morning papers—with my picture and Mr. Tillwatter's? He's New York City agent of the lottery. I won two hundred thousand dollars and I collect it in cash tomorrow when the man arrives from Ireland. Bozo did all that."

"Umm," she said. "And those hoodlums saw the papers, too. You heard what that gunman said when he kicked you good-by. They aren't through with you. They won't be, until—"

"Bozo will take care of me. Let me tell you, er, Miss—Miss—I don't believe I know your name."

"Connie," she answered. "Connie Parsons."

"Gee," I says, looking into her big blue eyes. "That's a pretty name, Connie." I did not know what was happening to me. I was all itchy, sort of. "Let's us be good friends, Connie," I says, "and we'll go to supper tonight and to a show. My name's Bill Bonner, Connie, and—"

"I know," said Connie, and the way she said it made me feel powerful uneasy, someway, and I says right quick, "How do you know?"

"I've been looking for you all morning," she says.

"Ooo!" I says, and I remembered what Mom Johnson said about blond vampires in New York City that followed a fellow around. She was after me and my two hundred thousand dollars! "Ooo!" I say. I yell to the taxi driver. "Hey, stop here!"

He stopped all of a sudden at the curb. I grabbed my coat. Connie was screaming, "Wait! Listen!"

I opened the door and jumped out.

"Beat it!" I says to the driver, slamming the door. "Drive like billy heck!"

AT THE Savoy-Ritz, the tailor and the house doctor fixed me up in a hurry.

I had moved right after breakfast from the Manhattan-Carlton because my picture and how I had won two hundred thousand dollars was in the papers that morning, and before 6 A. M. folks began calling me up telling me how they would let me in on very good investments and I had to move where they could not find me or go nuts.

I had gone to see Mr. Tillwatter, the lottery agent, as soon as I got in the day before. He could not pay me the money because he was just the selling agent for the lottery tickets and did not know anything about the results, but Mr. Dennington was on his way over from Dublin with all the money and the dope on the winning numbers and Mr. Dennington would settle everything on Thursday.

Mr. Tillwatter said I was the first winner on this drawing he had heard about and he called up the reporters and the picture men because he said it was very good publicity for the lottery. He wanted to see my ticket but Mom Johnson had put it on my back under a porous plaster and told me not to take it off until the money was in front of me.

I telephoned the manager of the Savoy-Ritz and told him I wanted a loan of one hundred dollars because I had been held up in a speakeasy and did not have anything left but small change and I wouldn't get my two hundred thousand until the next day.

He brought up the money himself and said it was a great pleasure.

Then I telephoned Mr. Dinnegar at the Krispy Kruller Kompany to tell him that the meeting we had talked about yesterday would be in my room at the Savoy-Ritz, because I had moved from the other hotel.

Dinnegar says, "Yes, sir, Mr. Bonner, and thank you very much indeed. I delivered your message to Mr. Gooker, our president, and he and our attorney and myself will be there promptly at four o'clock."

I sat down and leaned back, because my shoulder was hurting a little. I looked at Bozo Elephant that had fixed everything up and wondered why I was not whistling and singing and all of a sudden it come to me: I am in love with Connie, the vampire. And I hardly know her and I do not know where she lives!

Mr. Dinnegar brought Mr. Gooker, the president of the Krispy Kruller Kompany, and their lawyer, and the lawyer had papers all made out with places left open to write things in. The lawyer was a very nice man, having once lived in Kansas.

Mr. Gooker was very glad to see me and says, "Well, Mr. Bonner, you have won. We can't buck your windfall of two hundred thousand dollars. Let's be friends."

"Uh, huh, Mr. Gooker," I says.

He asks me what is the matter with my shoulder and I tell him how I got shot in the speakeasy.

"Of course," says Mr. Gooker, "you Westerners have to be quick on the trigger, but nevertheless in New York it is better to obey orders than to be sent home in a box."

"I GUESS that is right, Mr. Gooker." I did not tell him I never had shot a pistol in my life. "Let us get down to business."

"Right," he says. "Now we are willing to do exactly as you ask—with a few minor changes. You are—"

"Very good, Mr. Gooker," I says, "but there are not going to be any minor changes. Unless you agree to everything I told Mr. Dinnegar yesterday, I will come to New York City with two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Mother Made Doughnuts and give you the battle of your life. What I want is this: You will put half a million dollars in the Culbertson plant, give us first call on every machine and a royalty on every one you buy. You agree to keep out of our territory and we will keep

"Don't hiccough so loud, Martin—you've thrown her off key twice!"

Ralph Fuller

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out of yours. You will extend for three years those notes of mine you bought from the banks and give me all the credit I want on the Culbertson machines. And on those soda fountains—"

"I assure you, Mr. Bonner, we would do nothing to impair your credit with the soda-fountain companies! You misunderstand!"

"Yeah? Well, you'll guarantee that we get all the soda fountains we want with plenty of time to pay."

"Hum," says Gooker. "It seems to be a very fair proposition, I admit, except for the royalty on the machines. Now—"

"I showed Culbertson how to make that machine," I says.

WE ARGUED for half an hour and finally they give up. So the lawyer fixed up the papers and I sign two copies and Gooker was about to sign when there was a rattling at the door and somebody pounds on it and yells, "Quick! Hurry! Let me in!"

I jumped up and opened the door and it was Connie and she is all out of breath and she looks at the Krispy Kruller men and says, "Bill, am I in time?"

I was so glad to see Connie I was about to bust and I says, "Connie, I am so glad to see you I am about to bust. Come over here—"

"Am I in time?" she yells.

"For supper? Sure."

"I've been after you all day," she says. "I was going to tell you in the taxicab and you ran away. I got a telegram and I went to the hotel this morning and you had moved and they didn't know where you had gone. I called up a dozen hotels and then went to the lottery office and the man told me he had given you a card to a speakeasy and you had wanted to see life and drink beer so I had just got there and recognized you from your picture in the papers and—and everything busted loose. When you got away from me I started calling hotels again and just now found you and—and—" she was panting so she couldn't go on.

"For gosh sake, Connie, what's it all about?"

"Here's the telegram, from Mrs. Johnson," she says and begun fumbling around in her clothes. "Heavens, have I lost it?"

"What telegram?" I ask. "How did you get a telegram from Mom?"

"I'm a cousin of Mrs. Wilcox, who lives near Mrs. Johnson in Wichita, and Mrs. Johnson didn't know where to find you, so she wired me to get hold of you and—" There was a flash of skirts and I turned my head away, sort of. "Here it is!"

I read Mom's telegram. It says:

PLEASE FIND BILL BONNER WHO IS THERE TO COLLECT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS ON LOTTERY AND OPEN A LOT OF DOUGHNUT SHOPS OR SOMETHING YOU CANNOT TELL WHAT FIND HIM QUICK BEFORE HE SIGNS ANY CONTRACTS OR GETS TANGLED UP IN TROUBLE WITH THOSE CITY SLICKERS HE DID NOT WIN THE MONEY IT WAS ALL A MEAN JOKE PLAYED ON HIM BY HOODLUMS AT THE BARBER SHOP TELL HIM TO COME RIGHT HOME TO MOM WHERE HE IS SAFE GIVE HIM MY LOVE AND TELL HIM WE WILL GET ALONG SOMEWAY.

I just flopped down in a chair, all flabbergasted. I did not know what to do because if the Krispy Kruller crooks found out what was in that telegram before they signed the contract, I was sunk.

Gooker got up from the table and walked over, kind of suspicious. "Not bad news, I hope, Mr. Bonner," he says, wanting to stick his nose in.

"No, indeed," I says, swallowing.

"Well, then," says Gooker, glaring at Connie, "I see no reason for this interruption. Let's get back to these contracts."

"Contracts?" Connie yells at me. "You're not to sign any contracts!"

"Listen, Connie, please," I beg. "Will you please get out of here for a minute!" I was shaking at the knees.

"You're getting yourself in a mess," she said. She glared at Gooker. "Don't you dare to try to get him to open a lot of doughnut shops! He hasn't any two hundred thousand dollars," she says to him, "and I won't let you get him in a jam."

"Huh?" says Gooker, right quick.

"He thinks he has a lot of money, but he hasn't. Somebody played a joke on him," she explained just to make it very, very clear, and to be a helpful little woman. "And I won't let him be buncoed."

"Well, well, well!" says Gooker, all bright and happy, grinning at Dinnegar.

"Too bad," says the lawyer. "I'm sorry, Bonner. I really am."

Dinnegar bows to Connie and says, smart alecky, "You shall have a vote of thanks from the Board of Directors of the Krispy Kruller Kompany."

Gooker sneers at me and says, "Bonner, we'll move into your shops next month. Good morning!"

Connie was all in a panic now. She grabbed my arm and cried: "Good heavens, Bill, what did I do?"

"Sit down!" I yell at her and she sits. Then I run over and lock the door and put the key in my pocket.

"Sit down!" I roar. And Gooker sat down.

"That's a fair contract," I says to Gooker. "You said so yourself. You worked a lot of flimflam and got me in a jam and now you think you're going to steal my shops and rob a lot of nice old ladies. All I want you to do is to be decent and honest. It makes no difference whether I got money or not—that's a square agreement for both of us. Come on, now, sign."

I reached in my pocket to give Bozo Elephant a squeeze.

"Here, here!" Gooker says, kind of panicky, looking at my coat pocket. "No violence, sir! You can't use your cowboy methods on me, I'll tell you that!"

Right then I got the idea. I stepped close to him and looked down at him, keeping my hand on Bozo in my coat pocket.

"Better sign, Mr. Gooker," says the lawyer, looking at me.

"I'm signing," says Gooker, in a husky voice. . . .

WHEN they all had gone but Connie, I pulled out Bozo and set him on top of the contract.

"Some elephant," I says.

"Some boy," says Connie.

I says to Connie, "How about that supper and that show?"

"Sure," says Connie, "if you'll forgive me for thinking that you couldn't take care of yourself with these city crooks."

"This Mrs. Wilcox, in Wichita, that's a cousin of yours, why don't you ever come out to visit her?"

"I'm going to, some time."

"September's a swell month in Wichita. Make it next month, and you're forgiven."

"I'll be there in September, big boy," she says.

I discovered that I'd been holding her hand all the time, and I kind of blushed.

"I must go home and dress," she says. "Come for me in an hour." She told me where she lived.

"O. K." I says, and she went out.

Then I started singing and whistling, but I had to stop after a while and call a bell boy and he helped me get off the porous plaster that was hurting me something fierce and nothing that I did would stop it.

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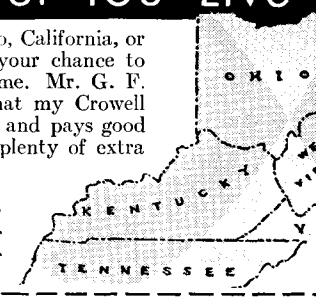

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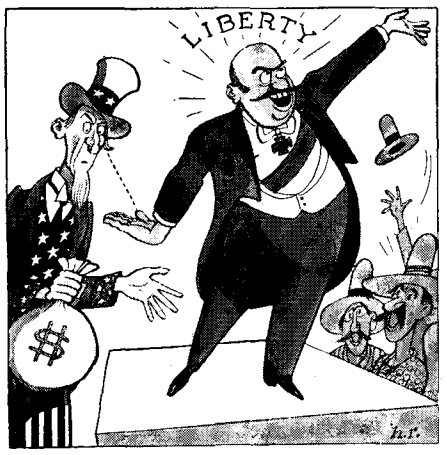

Dry by Courtesy

OF COURSE we all laugh pretty hard when that elderly story about the Costa Rican patriot is dug up. It is quite a favorite with politicians.

Briefly the gentleman announced his willingness to do anything for Liberty including, alas, dying. But before he should go too far toward voting for the priceless boon he wanted to be sure that somebody with money in the bank—preferably the United States—was going to pay for it.

All of which makes it now Costa Rica's turn to laugh at us if, by any chance, she read the recent State Expenditures bulletin of the United States Census Bureau. For in that revealing document we are informed that those states which profess to hold prohibition most sacred are doing least, when they are doing anything, to defend us against the evils of the saloon and the corruption of the liquor traffic. The statistics are for 1929—the latest year for which complete data are available.

How much do you suppose Texas, the home of the aggressively dry Senator Morris Sheppard, contributes to enforcement within her own borders? Not a dollar nor any part thereof. And with all the power that Smith Wildman Brookhart wields in Iowa, wouldn't you expect that lush state to contribute a part of her taxes to the cause? You would be mistaken if you did. Even Idaho, which sends to the Senate that sturdy constitutionalist—and dry—William E. Borah, depends upon the United States Treasury to defray the expenses of keeping her sober—if it can.

Forty-two states have their own prohibition laws. Just twenty appropriate funds for enforcement. It may be merely a coincidence that the greatest opposition to transferring the responsibility and expense of prohibition enforcement over to the states comes from those which devote the least of their own funds to the support of this great moral crusade. Is it a coincidence, too, that the demand for sterner enforcement, most drastic punishments, vaster appropriations, comes generally from these same states?

But perhaps it means merely that prohibition is losing its mirage qualities and becoming just a talking point, a common if tiresome theme for dinner-table discussion, like several other amendments that we tried once upon a time to enforce.

Bread, Booze and Taxes

THE people are thinking about bread instead of booze," said Josephus Daniels, the veteran dry Democrat of North Carolina. Accordingly his advice is to drift on.

The same day Charles D. Hilles, New York Republican National Committeeman, told his organization that prohibition can no longer be sidetracked as a political question. Mr. Hilles, incidentally, is wet.

Bread is more important than booze but neither Republicans nor Democrats can successfully evade prohibition during the coming Presidential campaign.

For the moment economic problems have obscured the deep-rooted difficulties which surround the unlawful liquor traffic. The depression, however, is a passing phenomenon. Prohibition is more persistent. We don't have to neglect one because we propose to deal with the other.

The Wickersham Commission wrote the doom of the Eighteenth Amendment. Briefly, it reported that the dry law is generally disregarded. It foresaw no tendency on the part of the American people to obey the law. It concluded that prohibition is unenforceable in this country. It pointed to the corruption of government, national, state and local, by means of which this law is nullified.

So ridiculous has enforcement become that after the recent convict riot at Leavenworth, Kansas, a still was found in the Federal penitentiary itself. If the government cannot prevent incarcerated felons from improvising a still in prison, what are the chances of restraining the inventive ingenuity of millions of free citizens?

The man who imagines that the people of this country will forget this governmental weakness and bribery, this rum-inspired epidemic of violent crime, this corrupting trade in beverage alcohol, simply does not understand America. The experiment failed, even though it was noble in purpose, and this country does not cherish failures. Temperance is a good enough cause to inspire other and more practicable experiments.

At the present time the outlaw industry collects a huge sum which is used to debauch public officials and to support gangs of criminals. You have only to take the estimates of police concerning the number of speakeasies in the larger cities to realize the enormous proportions of this revenue. The Wickersham Commission, moreover, made it abundantly clear that the smaller cities and even the country districts were well provided with liquor dealers.

Whatever the sum, whether it be $200,000,000, $500,000,000, $1,000,000,000, large or small, it is all wasted. Those who drink contribute a prodigious sum in excess of the economic costs of producing and distributing beverage alcohol. Of every dollar paid for bootleg liquor, at least 75 cents is the political cost.

The money now used to debauch officials is available for taxation. The amount of drink consumed is not less because the government pretends it does not exist.

Prohibition cannot be kept out of this campaign. It ought not to be kept out. No issue so charged with importance to the very integrity of government itself can be honorably or even safely ignored. The question is not bread or booze. It is bread and booze.

The very fact that tax money is scarce is an additional reason to employ usefully the tremendous revenue now wasted and, worse, used in the nullification of a law and the debauchery of government.

Feeding Our Future

THE country could do with a few more men like Mr. Lars Landsness, of whom you have probably never heard. Mr. Landsness is president of the Madison Milk Producers' Association in Wisconsin. Unlike so many business men, he refuses to shut his eyes and his mind to what the least forthright of us call the "dislocation of business." Even better than that, he gives none of his thoughts to a happier yesterday. Even today takes up little of his time because today is here and there is little we can do about it.

Mr. Landsness and his associates realize that what will come tomorrow is in the hands of those of us who are yet children with schoolbooks in our arms and the sun of youth in our eyes.

Therefore, of their own free will, Mr. Landsness and his dairymen have pledged themselves to give free to the poor children of Madison and to the mothers of the babies sixty-five thousand pounds of their purest milk during 1932. And more if necessary.

We have no ready word to describe gifts like that. To call it charity would be profanation. But a little while back we heard much about the gifts the Magi brought to a child. The Magi, too, were wise men.

In the Coop

OUR personal attitude toward jails is not sympathetic. Neither, we take it, is Mr. Bernard S. Allnut's. Mr. Allnut is City Manager of Excelsior Springs, Missouri, which town of five thousand souls is in the market for a second-hand jail. Some time ago Excelsior Springs had filled its regular lock-up to overflowing. Then, as if he hadn't enough to do, it became Mr. Allnut's duty to scurry hither and yon seeking to purchase a discarded jail for a modest sum.

He came within the proverbial ace by driving at tremendous speed to Kansas City, which had abandoned a tier of cells which might be strong enough for Excelsior Springs' law-breakers but were mere mousetraps for big-town prisoners. But he was just too late. They had been purchased by a farmer who wanted them for his chickens, whose eggs, we suppose, are hurried to a safe-deposit vault.

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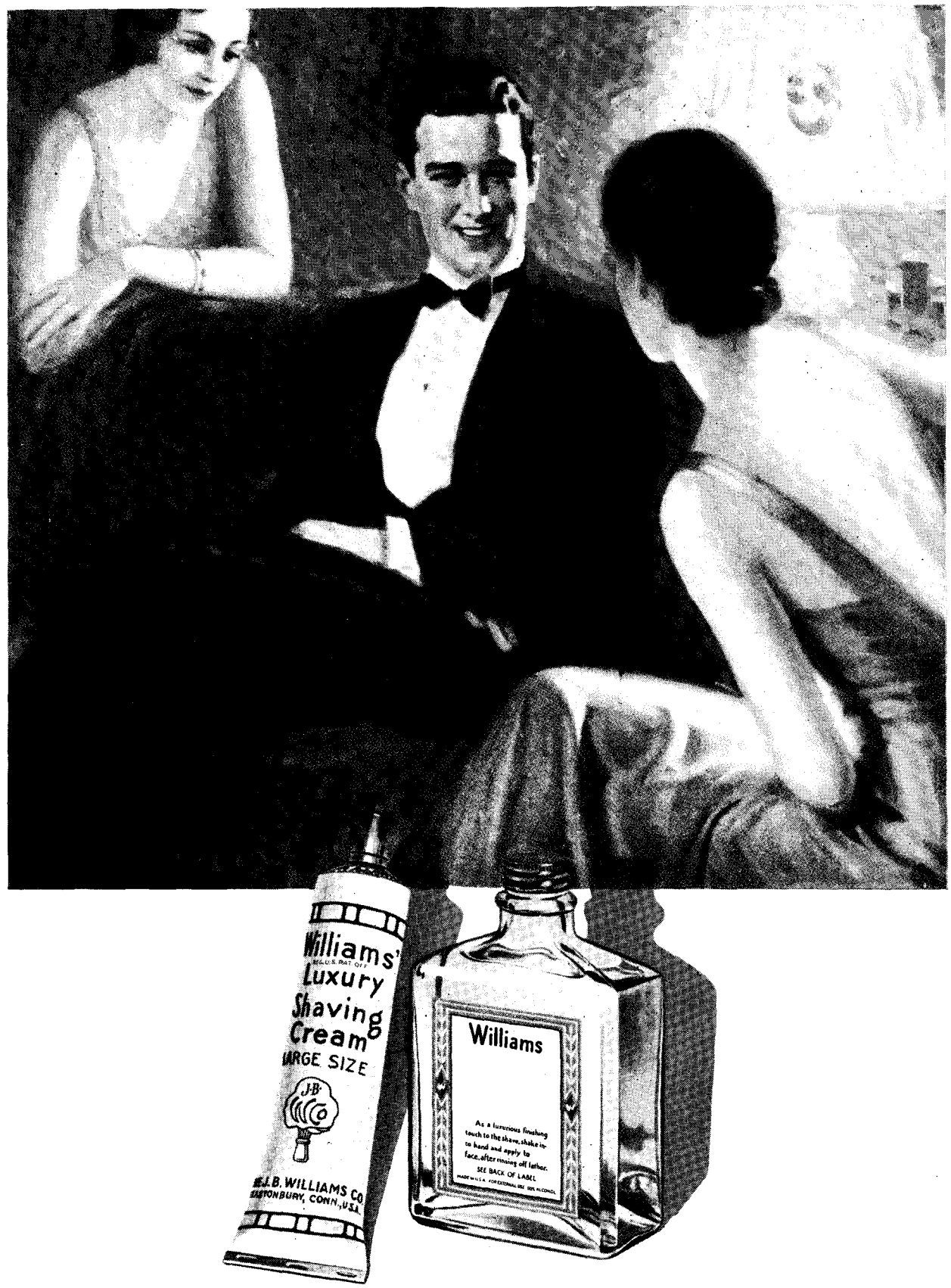

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Last fall 35 bags of Pillsbury's Best, bought at random in 35 stores scattered from Maine to California, were mailed to a domestic science school in New York. Over 1600 separate foods were baked—35 loaves of nut bread, 444 biscuits, 210 gingerbread cupcakes, 444 muffins, 35 pies, 444 shortcakes. Home methods and home recipes were used. Method and results were closely checked by Good Housekeeping Institute. Every food was perfect. Not one failure—*not one even a trifle below standard!*

This is more baking than you'll do in three or four years—all done without a single failure! Could there be any more convincing proof of the economy and dependability of Pillsbury's Best?

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Here is the nut-bread recipe used in the above test:

2 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
⅓ cup sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup nut meats
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons shortening
1 egg

Sift dry ingredients together. Add egg and milk, and shortening melted and cooled. Break nut meats coarsely and fold into mixture. Bake in deep pan, well greased, in moderate oven, 375° F., for 40 to 45 minutes.

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